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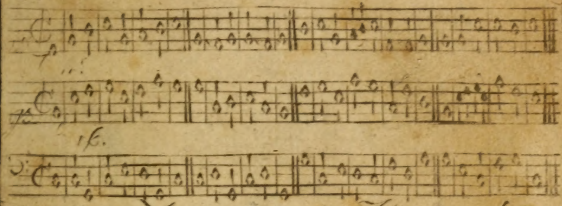
Hallelujah

Worminster

All Saints

Mansfield

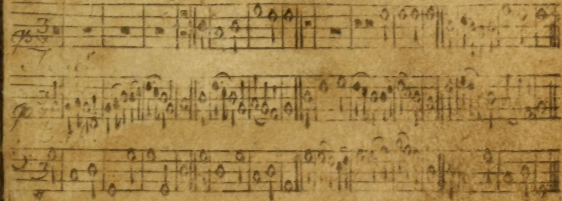
St. James's



Funeral Thought

Tiddermenster

St. Martins



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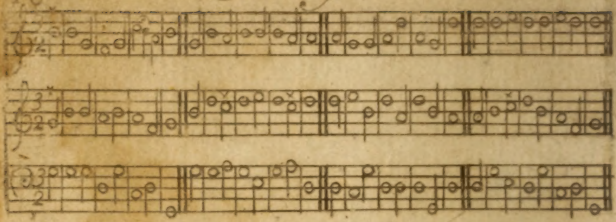

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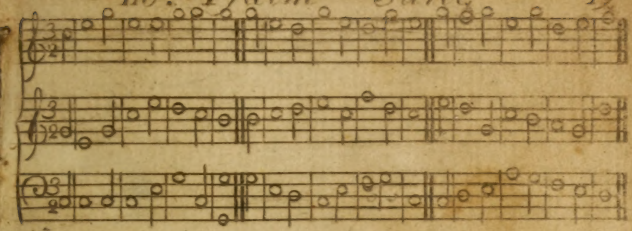
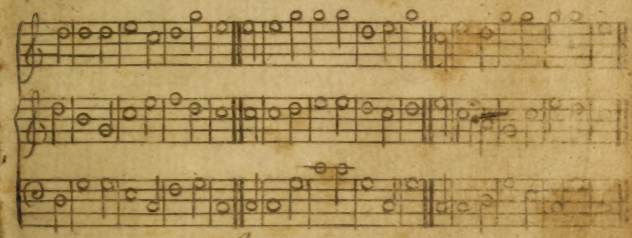
Wells





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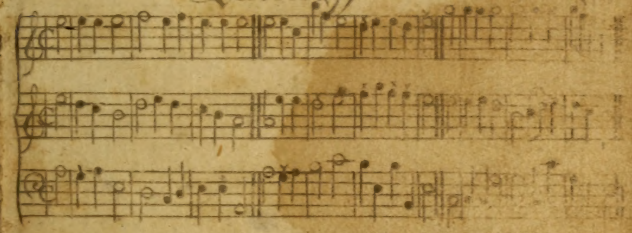

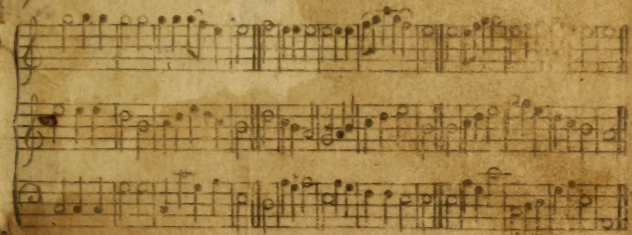

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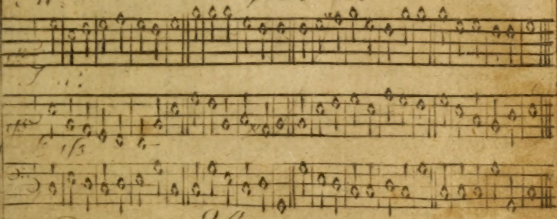

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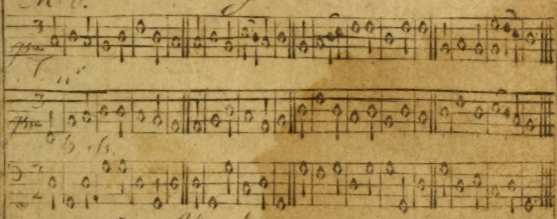

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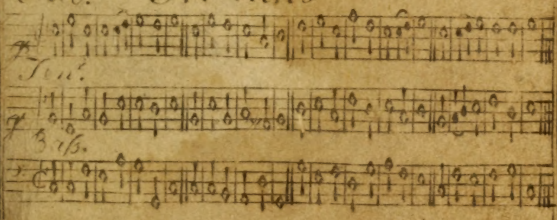

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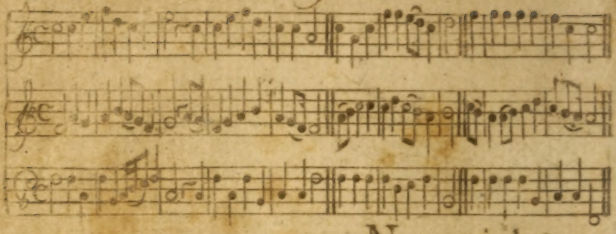

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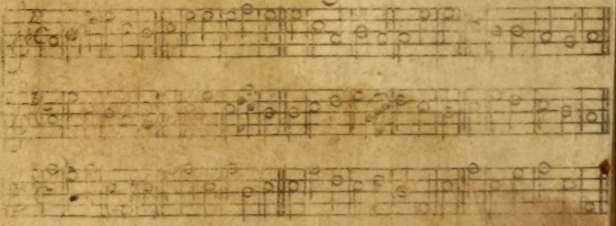

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THE PSALMS OF DAVID

Imitated in the Language of the

New Teſtament.

And applied to the

Chriſtian STATE and WORSHIP.

WITH THE

PREFACE, or, An Enquiry into the right way of fitting the Book of PSALMS for Chriſtian worſhip, and NOTES.

By I. WATTS, D. D.

The TWENTY-SIXTH EDITION.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All things muſt be fulfilled which were written in . . . the Pſalms concerning me.*
Heb. xi. 32.---David, Samuel, *and the prophets*, ver. 40.---*That they without us, ſhould not be made perfect.*

BOSTON:

Printed by MEIN and FLEEMING, and to be ſold by WILLIAM APPLETON at Portſmouth, in New-Hampſhire.

M DCC LXVIII.

1768

THE

PREFACE

OR

An Enquiry into the right way of fitting the Book of PSALMS for Christian Worship.

THOUGH the *Psalms* of *David* are a work of admirable and divine composure, tho' they contain the noblest sentiments of piety, and breathe a most exalted spirit of devotion; yet when the best of Christians attempt to sing many of them in our common translation, that spirit of devotion vanishes, and is lost, the Psalm dies upon their lips, and they feel scarce any thing of the holy pleasure.

If I were to render the reasons of it, I would give this for one of the chief, viz. That the *Royal Psalmist* here expresses his own concerns, in words exactly suited to his own thoughts, agreeable to his own personal character, and in the language of his own religion: this keeps all the springs of pious passion awake, when every line and syllable so nearly affects himself; this naturally raises in a devout mind, a more lively and transporting worship. But when we who are Christians sing the same lines we express nothing but the character, the concerns, and the religion of the *Jewish King*. While our own circumstances, and our own religion, (which are so widely different from his) have

the inspired *words of scripture*, than he hath often done, in order to suit his thoughts to the state and worship of *Christianity*. This I esteem his peculiar Excellency in those Psalms wherein he has practised it: This I have made my chief care and business in every Psalm, and have attempted at least to exceed him in this as well as in the art of verse, and yet I have often kept nearer to the text.

But, after all, this good man hath suffered himself so far to be carried away by custom, as to make all the other personal characters and circumstances of *David* appear strong and plain, except that of a *Jew*; and many of them he has represented in stronger and plainer terms than the original. This will appear to any one that compares these following texts in Dr. *Patrick* with the Bible, *viz.* Psal. iv. 2. and ix. 4, 5. and xviii. 43. and li. 4. and lx. 6, 7. and ci. 1. and cxli. 6. and cxliii. 3. and several others: So that it is hard to find, even in this version, six or eight stanza's together in any psalm (that has personal or national affairs in it) so fit to be assumed by a *vulgar Christian*, or so proper to be sung by a *whole congregation*. This renders the due performance of psalmody every where difficult to him that appoints the verses: But it is extremely troublesome in those assemblies where the psalm is sung without reading it line by line, which yet is, beyond all exception, the truest and the best method: For in this way of singing there can be no omission of a verse, though it be never so improper; but the whole church must run down to the next division of the psalm, and sing all that comes next to their lips, till the clerk puts them to silence. Or, to remedy this inconvenience,

if a wise man leads the song, he dwells always upon the four or five and twenty pieces of some select psalms, though the whole hundred and fifty lie before him; and he is forced to run that narrow round still, for want of larger provision suited to our present circumstances.

I might here also remark, to what a hard shift the minister is put to find proper hymns at the *celebration of the Lord's Supper*, where the people will sing nothing but out of *David's* psalm-book: How perpetually do they repeat some part of the xxiiid or the cxviiith psalm? And confine all the glorious joy and melody of that ordinance to a few obscure lines, because the translators have not indulged an evangelical turn to the words of *David?* no not in those very places where the *Jewish Psalmist* seems to mean the gospel; but as excellent a poet as he was, he was not able to speak it plain, by reason of the infancy of that dispensation, and longs for the aid of a *Christian* writer. Though, to speak my own sense freely, I do not think *David* ever wrote a psalm of sufficient glory and sweetness, to represent the blessings of this holy institution of *Christ*, even though it were explained by a copious commentator; therefore it is my opinion, that other *Spiritual Songs* would sometimes be used to render *Christian Psalmody* complete. But this is not my present business, and I have written on this subject elsewhere.

To proceed to the *second part* of my preface, which is to shew, *how insufficient a strict translation of the psalms is to attain the designed end.*

There are several songs of this *Royal Author* that seem improper for any person besides

himself; so that I cannot believe that the *whole book of Psalms* (even in the original) was appointed by God for the ordinary and constant worship of the *Jewish Sanctuary or the Synagogues*, though several of them might be often sung; much less are they all proper for a *Christian Church*: Yet the way of a close translation of this whole book of *Hebrew Psalms*, for *English* and *Christian Psalmody*, has generally obtained among us

Some pretend, *it is but a just respect for the Holy Scriptures*; for they have imbibed a fond opinion from their very childhood, that nothing is to be sung at church but the inspired writings, how different soever the sense is from our present state. But this opinion has been taken upon trust, by the most part of its advocates, and borrowed chiefly from education, custom, and the authority of others; which, if duly examined, will appear to have been built upon too slight and feeble foundations; the weakness of it I shall shew more at large in another place: But it appears of itself more eminently inconsistent in those persons that scruple to address God in prose in any precomposed forms whatsoever; and they give this reason, because they cannot be fitted to all our present occasions; and yet in verse they confine their addresses to such forms as were fitted chiefly for *Jewish* worshippers, and for the special occasions of *David* the King.

Others maintain, that a strict and scrupulous confinement to the sense of the original is *necessary to do justice to the Royal Author*; but in my judgment, the Royal Author is most honoured when he is made most intelligible; and when his admirable compositures are copied in such language, as gives light

and joy to the saints that live two thousand years after him: Whereas such a mere translation of all his verse into *English*, to be sung in our worship, seems to darken our religion, by running back again to *Judaism*, it damps our delight, and almost forbids the *Christian Worshipper* to pursue the song. How can we assume to ourselves all his words in our personal or public addresses to God, when our condition of life, our time, place, and religion, are so vastly different from those of *David?*

I grant it is necessary and proper, that in translating every part of scripture for our *reading* or *hearing*, the sense of the original should be exactly and faithfully represented; for there we learn what God says to us in his word. But in *singing*, for the most part, the case is altered: For as the greatest number of the psalms are devotional, and there the Psalmists express their own personal or national concerns, so we are taught by their example, what is the chief design of Psalmody, *viz.* that we should represent our own sense of things in singing, and address ourselves to God, expressing our own case; therefore the words should be so far adapted to the general state of the worshippers, as that we might seldom sing those expressions in which we have no concern: Or at least our translators of the Psalms should observe this rule, that when the peculiar circumstances of ancient saints are formed into a song, for our present and public use, they should be related, rather in an historical manner; and not retain the personal pronouns *I* and *We*, where the transactions cannot belong to any of us, nor be applied to our persons, churches, or nation.

Moſes, *Deborah*, and the Prince of *Iſrael*; *David*, *Aſaph*, and *Habakkuk*, and all the ſaints under the *Jewiſh* ſtate, ſung their own joys and victories, their own hopes and fears, and deliverances, as I hinted before; and why muſt we, under the goſpel, ſing nothing elſe but the joys, hopes, and fears of *Aſaph* and *David*? Why muſt *Chriſtians* be forbid all other melody, but what ariſes from the victories and deliverances of the *Jews*? *David* would have thought it very hard to have been confined to the words of *Moſes*, and ſung nothing elſe on all his rejoicing days, but the *drowning of* Pharaoh *in the Fifteenth of* Exodus. He might have ſuppoſed it a little unreaſonable, when he had peculiar occaſions of mournful muſic, if he had been forced to keep cloſe to *Moſes's prayer in the Nineteenth Pſalm*, and always ſung over the *ſhortneſs of human life*, eſpecially, if we were not permitted the liberty of a paraphraſe: And yet the ſpecial concerns of *David* and *Moſes* were much more akin to each other, than ours are to either of them; and they were both of the ſame religion, but ours is very different.

It is true, that *David* has left us a richer variety of holy ſongs, than all that went before him; but, rich as it is, it is ſtill far ſhort of the glorious things that we *Chriſtians* have to ſing before the Lord. We, and our churches, have our own ſpecial affairs as well as they: Now, if by a little turn of their words, or by the change of a ſhort ſentence, we may expreſs our own meditations, joys and deſires in the verſe of thoſe *ancient Pſalmiſts*, why ſhould we be forbid this ſweet privilege? Why ſhould we under the *Chriſtian* diſpenſation be tied up to forms more than the *Jews* themſelves were,

and such as are much more improper for our age and state too? Let us remember, that the very power of *singing* was given to human nature chiefly for this purpose, that our own warmest affections of soul might break out into natural or divine melody, and that the tongue of the worshipper might express his own heart.

I confess it is not unlawful, nor absurd for a person of knowledge and skill in divine things, to sing any part of the *Jewish Psalm Book*, and consider it merely as the *Word of God*; from which, by wise meditation, he may draw some pious inferences for his own use: For instruction is allowed to be one end of Psalmody. But where the words are obscure *Hebraisms*, or where the poet personates a *Jew* a *Soldier*, or a *King*, speaking to himself, or to God, this mode of instruction in a song seems not so natural or easy even to the most skilful Christian, and it is almost impracticable to the greatest part of Mankind. And both the wise and the weak must confess this, that it does by no means raise their own devotion so well, as if they were speaking in their own persons, and expressing their own sense. Besides that, the weaker Christian is ready to chime in with words he sings, and use them as his own, though they are never so foreign to his purpose.

Now though it cannot be, that a large book of lively devotions should be so fram'd, as to have every line perfectly suited to all the circumstances of every worshipper; but, after the writer's utmost care, there will still be room for Christian wisdom to exercise the thoughts aright in singing when the words seem improper to our particular case: yet,

as far as possible, every difficulty of this kind should be removed, and such sentences should by no means be chosen, which can scarce be used, in their proper sense, by any that are present.

I could never persuade myself, that the best way to raise a devout frame in *plain Christians*, was to bring a *King*, or a *Captain* into their churches, and let him lead and dictate the worship in his own style of royalty, or in the language of a field of battle. Does every menial servant in the assembly know how to use these words devoutly? *viz. When I receive the congregation, I will judge uprightly*; Psal. lxxv. 2. *A bow of steel is broken by mine arms.*——*As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me*; Psal. xviii. 34, 44. Would I encourage a parish-clerk to stand up in the midst of a country-church, and bid all the people join with his words, and say. *I will praise thee upon a Psaltery*; or *I will open my dark saying upon the Harp*: When even our Cathedrals sing only to the sound of an organ, most of the meanner churches can have no music but the voice, and others will have none besides? Why then must all who will sing a Psalm at church, use such words, as if they were to play upon Harp and Psaltery, when thousands never saw such an instrument, and know nothing of the art.

You will tell me, perhaps, that when you take these expressions upon your lips you mean only *That you will worship God according to his appointment now, even as* David *worshipped him in his day, according to God's appointment then.* But why will ye confine yourselves to speak one thing, and mean another? Why must we be bound up to such words, as can never be ad-

dreſſed to God in their own ſenſe? And ſince the heart of a Chriſtian cannot join herein with his lips, why may not his lips be led to ſpeak his heart? Experience itſelf has often ſhewn, that it interrupts the holy melody, and ſpoils the devotion of many a ſincere good man or woman, when in the midſt of the ſong, ſome ſpeeches of *David* have been almoſt impoſed upon their tongues, where he relates his own troubles, his baniſhment, or peculiar deliverances; where he ſpeaks like a *Jewiſh* Prince, a Muſician, or a prophet; or where the ſenſe is ſo obſcure, that it cannot be underſtood without a learned commentator.

Here I may with courage addreſs myſelf to the heart and conſcience of many pious and obſerving Chriſtians, and aſk them, whether they have not found a moſt divine pleaſure in ſinging, when the words of the Pſalm have happily expreſſed their frame of ſoul? Have you not felt a new joy ſpring within you, when you could ſpeak your own deſires and hopes, your own faith, love, and zeal in the language of the holy Pſalmiſt? Have not your ſpirits taken wing, and mounted up near to God and glory, with the ſong of *David* on your tongue? But on a ſudden the clerk has propoſed the next line to your lips with dark ſayings and prophecies, with burnt-offerings or hyſſop, with new-moons and trumpets, and timbrels in it, with *confeſſion of ſins* which you never committed, with *complaints of ſorrows* which you never felt, *curſing ſuch enemies* as you never had, giving *thanks for ſuch victories* as you never obtained, or leading you to ſpeak in your own perſons, of *things*, *places* and *actions*, that you never knew. And how have all

your souls been discomposed at once, and the strings of harmony all untuned! You could not proceed in the song with your hearts, and your lips have sunk their joy, and faultered in the tune; you have been baulked and ashamed, and knew not whether it were best to be silent, or to follow on with the clerk and the multitude, and sing with cold devotion, and perhaps in darkness too, without thought or meaning.

Let it be *replied* here, that to prevent this inconvenience, *such psalms or sentences may be always omitted by him that leads the song*, or may *have a more useful turn given in the mind of those that sing*. But I *answer*, since such psalms or sentences are not to be sung, *they may be as well omitted by the translator*, or may *have a more useful turn given in the verse*, than is possible for all the singers to give on a sudden in their minds. And this is all that I contend for.

I come therefore to the *third thing* I proposed, and that is to explain my own design, which in short is this; *viz. to accommodate the Book of Psalms to Christian worship.* And in order to this, it is necessary to divest *David* and *Asaph*, &c. of every other character but that of a *Psalmist* and a *Saint*, and to *make them always speak the common sense of a Christian.*

Attempting the work with this view, I have entirely omitted some whole Psalms, and large pieces of many others; and have chosen, out of all of them, such parts only, as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various occasions of the Christian life, or at least might afford us some beautiful allusion to Christian affairs. These I have copied and explained in the general style of the gospel; nor have I confined my expressions

to any particular party or opinion; that in words, prepared for public worſhip, and for the lips of multitudes, there might not be a ſyllable offenſive to ſincere Chriſtians, whoſe judgments may differ in the leſſer matters of religion.

Where the Pſalmiſt uſes ſharp invectives againſt his perſonal enemies, I have endeavoured to turn the edge of them againſt our ſpiritual adverſaries, *ſin ſatan* and *temptation*. Where the flights of his faith and love are ſublime, I have often ſunk the expreſſions within the reach of an ordinary Chriſtian. Where the words imply ſome peculiar wants or diſtreſſes, joys or bleſſings, I have uſed words of greater latitude and comprehenſion, ſuited to the general circumſtances of men.

Where the original runs in the form of a prophecy concerning *Chriſt* and his ſalvation, I have given an hiſtorical turn to the ſenſe. There is no neceſſity that we ſhould always ſing in the obſcure and doubtful ſtyle of prediction, when the things foretold are brought into open light by a full accompliſhment. Where the writers of the New Teſtament have cited or alluded to any part of the Pſalms, I have often indulged the liberty of paraphraſe, according to the words of *Chriſt*, or his Apoſtles. And ſurely this may be eſteemed *the word of God ſtill*, though borrowed from ſeveral parts of the holy ſcripture. Where the Pſalmiſt deſcribes religion by the *fear of God*, I have often joined *faith and love* to it. Where he ſpeaks of the pardon of ſin, through the *mercy of God*, I have added the *blood* or *merits of a Saviour*: Where he talks of ſacrificing *goats* or *bullocks*, I rather chuſe to mention the ſacrifice of *Chriſt*, *the lamb of God*. When he

attends the *ark with ſhooting* into *Zion*, I ſing the *aſcenſion of my Saviour* into heaven, or his *preſence in his Church* on earth; where he promiſes abundance of *wealth honour* and *long life*, I have changed ſome of theſe *typical* bleſſings for *grace*, *glory* and *life eternal*, which are brought to light by the goſpel, and promiſed in the New Teſtament: And I am fully ſatisfied, that more honour is done to our bleſſed Saviour, by ſpeaking his name, his graces, and actions, in his own language, according to the brighter diſcoveries he hath now made, than by going back again to the *Jewiſh* forms of worſhip, and the language of types and figures.

All men will confeſs this is juſt and neceſſary in preaching and praying; and I cannot find a reaſon why we ſhould not ſing praiſes alſo in a manner agreeable to the preſent and more glorious diſpenſation. No man can be perſuaded, that to read a ſermon of the royal preacher out of the book of *Eccleſiaſtes*, or a prayer out of *Ezra* or *Daniel*, is ſo edifying to a Chriſtian church (though they were inſpired) as a well compoſed prayer or ſermon delivered in the uſual language of the goſpel of *Chriſt*. And why ſhould the very words of the ſweet-ſinger of *Iſrael* be eſteemed ſo neceſſary to Chriſtian pſalmody, and the *Jewiſh ſtyle* ſo much preferable to the *evangelical*, in our religious ſongs of praiſe?

Now ſince it appears ſo plain, that the *Hebrew Pſalter* is very improper to be the preciſe matter and ſtyle of our ſongs in a *Chriſtian church*; and ſince there is very good reaſon to believe that it is left us, not only as a moſt valuable part of the word of God, for our faith and practice, but as an admirable and

divine pattern of ſpiritual ſongs and hymns under the goſpel; I have choſen rather to *imitate*, than to *tranſlate*; and thus to compoſe a *pſalm book* for *Chriſtians*, after the manner of the *Jewiſh Pſalter*.

If I could be perſuaded that nothing ought to be ſung in worſhip, but what was of immediate inſpiration from God, ſurely I would recommend *anthems* only; *viz.* the pſalms themſelves, as we read them in the Bible, ſet to muſic as they are ſung by choriſters in our cathedral churches; for theſe are neareſt to the words of inſpiration; and we muſt depart far from thoſe words, if we turn them into rhyme and metre of any ſort. And upon the foot of this argument, even *The Scotch Verſion*, which has been ſo much commended for its approach to the original, would be unlawful as well as others.

But ſince I believe that any *divine ſentence*, or *Chriſtian verſe*, agreeable to ſcripture, may be ſung, though it be compoſed by men uninſpired; I have not been ſo curious and exact in ſtriving every where to expreſs the antient ſenſe and meaning of *David*; but have rather expreſſed myſelf, as I may ſuppoſe *David* would have done, had he lived in the days of *Chriſtianity*. And by this means, perhaps, I have ſometimes hit upon the true intent of the ſpirit of God in thoſe verſes, farther and clearer than *David* himſelf could ever diſcover as St. *Peter* encourages me to hope, 1 *Pet.* i. 11, 12. where he acknowledges that the antient *prophets*, who *foretold of the grace that ſhould come to us*, were in ſome meaſure ignorant of this great ſalvation; for though *they teſtified of the ſufferings of Chriſt and his glory*, yet they were forced to *ſearch and enquire* after

the meaning of what they ſpake and wrote. In ſeveral other places I hope my reader will find a natural expoſition of many a dark and doubtful text, and ſome new beauties and connections of thought diſcovered in the *Jewiſh* poet, though not in the language of a *Jew*. In all places I have kept my grand deſign in view, and that is, *to teach my author to ſpeak like a Chriſtian*. For why ſhould I now addreſs God my Saviour in a ſong, *with burnt-ſacrifices of fatlings, and with the incenſe of rams?* Why ſhould I pray to be *ſprinkled with hyſſop*, or recur to the *blood of bullocks and goats?* Why ſhould I *bind my ſacrifice with cords to the horns of an altar*, or ſing the praiſes of God to *high ſounding cymbals*, when the goſpel has ſhewn me a nobler atonement for ſin, and appointed a purer and more ſpiritual worſhip? Why muſt I join with *David* in his legal or prophetic language, to curſe my enemies, when my Saviour, in his ſermons, has taught me to love and bleſs them? Why may not a *Chriſtian* omit all thoſe paſſages of the *Jewiſh* pſalmiſt, that tend to fill the mind with overwhelming ſorrows, deſpairing thoughts, or bitter perſonal reſentments, none of which are well ſuited to the ſpirit of Chriſtianity, which is a diſpenſation of hope, and joy, and love? What need is there that I ſhould wrap up the ſhining honours of my redeemer in the dark and ſhadowy language of a religion that is now for ever aboliſhed; eſpecially when Chriſtians are ſo vehemently warned, in the epiſtles of St. *Paul*, againſt a judaizing-ſpirit, in their worſhip as well as doctrine? And what fault can there be in enlarging a little on the more uſeful ſubjects in the ſtyle of the goſpel, where the pſalm gives any occaſion,

since the whole religion of the *Jews* is censured often in the New Testament as a defective and imperfect thing?

Though I have aimed to provide for a variety of affairs in the *Christian Life*, by the different *metres*, *paraphrases*, and *divisions* of the psalms, (of which I shall here speak particularly;) yet, after all, there are a great many circumstances that attend *common Christians*, which cannot be agreeably expressed by any paraphrase on the words of *David*; and for these I have endeavoured to provide in my book of *hymns*, that Christians might have something to sing in divine worship, answerable to most, or all their occasions. In the *preface* to that book I have shewn the insufficiency of the common versions of the *psalms*, and given further reasons for my present attempt.

I am not so vain as to expect, that the few short hints I have mentioned in that *preface*, or in this, should be sufficient to justify my performance in the judgment of all men, nor to convince and satisfy those who have long maintained different sentiments. All the favour therefore that I desire of my readers, is this, that they would not censure this work till they have read my *Discourse of Psalmody*, which I hope will shortly be published; but let them read it with serious attention, and bring with them a generous and sincere soul, ready to be convinced, and to receive truth wheresoever it can be found. In that treatise I have given a large and particular account how the psalms of *Jewish* composure ought to be translated for *Christian* worship, and justified the rules I lay down by such reasons, as seem

to carry in them moſt plentiful evidence, and a fair conviction.

If I might preſume ſo much, I would intreat them alſo to forget their younger prejudices for a ſeaſon, ſo far as to make a few experiments of theſe ſongs; and try whether they are not ſuited, through divine grace, to kindle in them a fire of zeal and love, and to exalt the willing ſoul to an evangelic temper of joy and praiſe. And if they ſhall find by ſweet experience, any devout affections raiſed, and a holy frame of mind awakened within them by theſe attempts of *Chriſtian pſalmiſtry*; I perſuade myſelf, that I ſhall receive their thanks, and be aſſiſted by their prayers towards the recovery of my health, and my public labours in the church of *Chriſt*. Whatſoever ſentiments they had formerly entertained, yet ſurely they will not ſuffer their old and doubtful opinions to prevail againſt their own inward ſenſations of piety and religious joy.

Before I conclude, I muſt add a few things concerning my diviſion of the pſalms, and my manner of verſifying.

Of the Diviſion of the Pſalms.

In many of theſe ſacred ſongs it is evident, that the pſalmiſt had ſeveral diſtinct caſes in view at the ſame time: As *pſalm* lxv. the firſt four or five verſes deſcribe the *temple worſhip of prayer and praiſe*; the following verſes repreſent the *providence of God in the ſeaſons of the year*. So in *pſalm* lxviii. the firſt ſix verſes declare *the majeſty and mercy of God*; and from the 7th verſe to the 16th, *Iſrael is brought from Egypt* to fix divine worſhip at *Jeruſalem*. The 17th and 18th are a prophecy of the *aſ-*

cension of Christ. Verse 24, *&c.* describes a *religious procession,* &c. The like may be observed in many other psalms, especially such as represent some complicated sorrows, or joys of the psalmist. Now it is not to be supposed that Christians should have all the same distinct occasion of meditation, complaint, or praise, much less all at the same time to be mentioned before God; therefore I have divided many psalms into several parts, and disposed them into distinct Hymns on those various subjects, that may be proper matter for *Christian Psalmody.*

Besides, that excessive long tone of voice, that stretches out every syllable in our public singing, allows us neither time nor spirits to sing above six or eight stanza's at once, and sometimes we make use of but three or four: Therefore I have reduced almost all the work into Hymns of such a length, as may suit the usual custom of the churches; that they may not sing broken fragments of sense, as is too often done, and spoil the beauty of this worship; but may finish a whole song and subject at once.

For this end I have been forced to transpose, or omit, some of the verses; and by this means (some will object) that I have left out some useful and significant lines. Perhaps so; but if I had not, the clerk would have left them out, to save the time for other parts of worship; and I desire but the same liberty which he has to chuse which verses shall be sung. Yet I think it will be seldom found that I have omitted any useful psalm, or verse, whose sense is not abundantly repeated in other parts of the book; and what I have left out in one metre, I have often inserted in another.

When the occasion or subject are much the same throughout a long psalm, I have either abridged the verses, or divided the psalm by *pauses* after the *French* manner, (where the sense would admit an interruption) that the worship may not be tiresome.

Of the Verse.

I resign to Sir *John Denham* the honour of the best poet, if he had given his genius but a just liberty; yet his work will ever shine brightest amongst those that have confined themselves to a mere translation. But that close confinement has often forbid the freedom and glory of verse, and by cramping his sense, has rendered it sometimes too obscure for a plain reader and the public worship, even tho' we lived in the days of *David* and *Judaism*. These inconveniences he himself suspects, and fears in the preface.

I am content to yield to Mr. *Milbourn* the preference of his poesy in several parts of his psalms, and to Mr. *Tate* and Dr. *Brady* in some of theirs; but in those very places their turns of thought and language are too much raised above a vulgar audience, and fit only for persons of an higher education.

I have not refused, in some few psalms, to borrow a single line or two from these three authors; yet I have taken the most freedom of that sort with Dr. *Patrick*, for his style best agrees with my design, tho' his verse be generally of a lower strain. But where I have used three or four lines together of any author, I have acknowledged it in the *notes*.

In some of the more elevated psalms I have given a little indulgence to my *genius*; and if it should appear that I have aimed at the *su-*

blime, yet I have generally kept within the reach of an unlearned reader. I never thought the art of ſublime writing conſiſted in flying out of ſight; nor am I of the mind of the *Italian*, who ſaid, *Obſcurity begets greatneſs*. I have always avoided the language of the poets, where it did not ſuit the language of the goſpel.

In many of theſe compoſures, I have juſt permitted my verſe to riſe above a flat and indolent ſtyle; yet I hope it is every where ſupported above the juſt contempt of the critics: Tho' I am ſenſible that I have often ſubdued it below their eſteem; becauſe I would neither indulge any bold metaphors, or admit of hard words, nor tempt an ignorant worſhipper to ſing without his underſtanding.

Tho' I have attempted to imitate the ſacred beauties of my author in ſome of the ſprightly pſalms, ſuch as *Pſal.* xlv. xlvi, xlix, lxv, lxxii, xc, xci, civ, cxiv, cxv, cxxxix, *&c.* yet if my youthful readers complain, that they expected to find here more elegant and beautiful deſcriptions with which the ſacred original abounds, let them conſider that ſome of thoſe pieces of deſcriptive poeſy are the flowery elegancies peculiar to *Eaſtern* nations and antique ages, and are much too large alſo to be brought into ſuch ſhort *Chriſtian* ſonnets as are uſed in our preſent worſhip; almoſt all thoſe pſalms I haſt contracted and fitted to more ſpiritual devotion, as *Pſal.* xviii, lxviii, lxxiii, lxxviii, cv, cvi, cix, *&c.*

Of the Metre and Rhyme.

I have formed my verſe in the *three moſt uſeful metres* to which our Pſalm-tunes are fitted *viz.* the *common metre*, the metre of the old xxvth pſalm, which I call *ſhort metre*, and

that of the old c, pſalm, which I call *long metre*. Beſides theſe, I have done ſome new pſalms in ſtanza's of ſix, eight, or twelve lines, to the beſt of the old tunes. Many of them I have alſo caſt into two or three metres, not by leaving out or adding two ſyllables in a line, whereby others have cramped or ſtretched their verſe to the deſtruction of all poeſy; but I have made an intire new ſong, and oftentimes, in the different metres, I have indulged theſe different ſenſes, in which commentators have explained the inſpired author. And if in one metre I have given the looſe to a paraphraſe, I have confined myſelf to my text in the other.

If I am charged by the critics for repeating the ſame Rhymes too often, let them conſider, that the words, which continually recur in divine poeſy, admit exceeding few Rhymes to them fit for ſacred uſe; theſe are *God, world, fleſh, ſoul, life, death, faith, hope Heaven, earth*, &c. which I think will make ſufficient apology; eſpecially ſince I have coupled all my lines by Rhymes much more than either Mr. *Tate* or Dr. *Patrick* have done, which is certainly moſt muſical and agreeable to the ear, where Rhyme is uſed at all.

I muſt confuſs I have never yet ſeen any *Verſion*, or *Paraphraſe of the Pſalms*, in their own *Jewiſh* ſenſe, ſo perfect as to diſcourage all further attempts. But whoever undertakes the noble work, let him bring with him a ſoul devoted to piety, an exalted Genius, and withal a ſtudious application. For *David*'s harp abhors a profane ſinger, and diſdains to anſwer to an unſkilful or a careleſs touch. A meaner pen may imitate at a diſtance, but a compleat tranſlation, or a juſt paraphraſe,

demands a rich treasury of diction, an exalted fancy, a quick taste of devout passion, together with judgement strict and severe to retrench every luxuriant line, and to maintain a religious sovereignty over the whole work. Thus the *Psalmist of Israel* might arise in *Great Britain* in all his *Hebrew glory*, and entertain the more knowing and polite *Christians* of our age. But still I am bold to maintain the great *principle* on which my present work is founded; and that is, that if the brightest Genius on earth, or an angel from heaven, should translate *David*, and keep close to the sense and style of the inspired author, we should only obtain thereby a bright or heavenly copy of the *devotions of the Jewish King*; but it could never make the fittest *Psalm book for a Christian people*.

It was not my design to exalt myself to the rank and glory of poets; but I was ambitious to be a servant to the churches, and a helper to the joy of the meanest Christian. Though there are many gone before me, who have taught the *Hebrew* Psalmist to speak *English*, yet I think I may assume this pleasure of being the first who hath brought down the royal author into the common affairs of the Christian life, and led the Psalmist of *Israel* into the church of *Christ*, without any thing of a *Jew* about him. And whensoever there shall appear any *Paraphrase of the book of Psalms*, that retains more of the savour of *David*'s piety, discovers more of the style and spirit of the gospel, with a superior dignity of verse, and yet the lines as easy and flowing, and the sense and language as level to the lowest capacity, I shall congratulate the world, and con-

ſent to ſay, *let this attempt of mine be buried in ſilence.*

'Till ſuch a work ariſe, I muſt attend theſe evangelic ſongs, which have been the labour of ſo many years, with a devout wiſh.

May that God, who has favoured me with life and capacity to finiſh this work for the ſervice of his churches, after ſo many years of tireſome ſickneſs and confinement, accept this humble offering from a thankful heart. May the Lord, who dwelt of old amidſt the praiſes of *Iſrael*, encourage and bleſs this Eſſay, to aſſiſt Chriſtians in the work of praiſe! And may his churches exalt him here on earth in the language of his goſpel and his grace, till they ſhall be called up to heaven and the noble ſociety above! There *David* and *Aſaph* have changed their antient ſtyle, and the ſong of *Moſes* and of the *Lamb* are one: there the *Jews* join with the *Nations*, to exalt their God and Redeemer in the language of angels, and in the ſtrains of compleat glory. *Amen.*

ADVERTISEMENT
TO THE
READERS.

THE chief design of this work was to improve Psalmody, *or* religious singing, *and to encourage the frequent practice of it in public assemblies, and private families, with more honour and delight; yet the author hopes the reading of it may also entertain the parlour and the closet with devout pleasure and holy meditations. Therefore he would request his readers, at proper seasons, to peruse it through, and among 240 sacred hymns, they may find out several that suit their own case and temper, or the circumstances of their families and friends; they may teach their children such as are proper for their age, and by treasuring them in their memory, they may be furnished for pious retirement, or may entertain their friends with holy melody.*

Of chusing or finding the Psalm.

The perusal of the whole book will acquaint every reader with the author's method, and by consulting the index, *or* table of contents *at the end, he may find hymns very peoper for many occasions of the Christian life and worship, though no copy of* David's Psalter *can provide for all.*

Or, if he remember the first line of any Psalm, the table of the first lines *will direct where to find it.*

Or if any shall think it best to sing all the Psalms in order in churches or families, it may be

done with profit: provided those Psalms be omitted that refer to special occurrences of nations, churches, or single Christians.

Of Naming the Psalms.

Let the number of the Psalm be named distinctly, together with the particular metre, and particular part of it: As for instance; Let us sing the 33d Psalm, 2d part, common metre; *or,* let us sing the 91st Psalm, 1st part, beginning at the pause; *or,* ending at the pause; *or,* let us sing the 84th Psalm as the 148th Psalm, &c. *And then read over the first stanza before you begin to sing, that the people may find it in their books, whether you sing with, or without reading line by line.*

Of Dividing the Psalm.

If the Psalm be too long for the time, or custom of singing, there are pauses *in many of them at which you may properly rest: Or you may leave out those verses which are included in chrotchets* [] *without disturbing the sense: Or in some places you may begin to sing at a* pause.

Do not always confine yourselves to six stanza's, *but sing seven or eight, rather than confound the sense, and abuse the Psalm in solemn worship.*

Of the Manner of Singing.

It were to be wished that all congregations and private families would sing as they do in foreign protestant countries, without reading line by line. Though the author has done what he could to make the sense compleat in every line or two, yet many inconveniences will always attend this unhappy

manner of singing; but where it cannot be altered, these two things may give some relief.

First, *Let as many as can do it bring* Psalm-Books *with them, and look on the words while they sing, so far as to make the sense compleat.*

Secondly, *Let the clerk read the whole Psalm over aloud before he begins to parcel out the lines, that the people may have some notion of what they sing, and not be forced to drag on heavily through eight tedious syllables without any meaning, till the next line comes to give the sense of them.*

It were to be wished also that we might not dwell so long upon every single note, and produce the syllables to such a tiresome extent with a constant uniformity of time; which disgraces the music, and puts the congregation quite out of breath in singing five or six stanza's; Whereas if the method of singing *were but reformed to a greater speed in pronunciation, we might often enjoy the pleasure of a longer Psalm with less expence of time and breath; and our Psalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourselves.*

The various Measure of the Verses are fitted to the Tunes of the Old PSALM-BOOK.

To the Common Tunes *sing all entitled* Common Metre.

To the Tunes of the 100th Psalm *sing all entitled* Long metre.

To the Tune of the 25th Psalm *sing* Short Metre.

To the 50th Psalm *sing one metre of the* 50th, 93d.

To th 112th *or* 127th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 104th *and* 148th.

To the 112th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 19th, 33d, 58th, 89th, *last Part*, 96th, 112th, 113th.

To the 122d Psalm *sing one of the Metres of the* 93d, 122d, *and* 133d.

To the 148th Psalm *sing one Metre of the* 84th, 121st, 136th, *and* 148th.

To a New Tune *sing one Metre of the* 50th, and 115th.

Dec. 1*st*. 1718.

THE PSALMS of *DAVID*

Imitated in the

LANGUAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1. BLEST is the man who ſhuns the place,
where ſinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
and hates the ſcoffer's ſeat.

2. But in the ſtatutes of the Lord
has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
and meditates by night.

3. [He like a plant of gen'rous kind
by living waters ſet,
Safe from the ſtorms and blaſting wind,
enjoys a peaceful ſtate.]

4. Green as the leaf, and ever fair
shall his profeſſion ſhine :
While fruits of holineſs appear,
like cluſters on the vine.

5. Not ſo the impious and unjuſt ;
what vain deſigns they form !
Their hopes are blown away like duſt,
or chaff before the ſtorm.

6. Sinners in judgement ſhall not ſtand
amongſt the ſons of grace ;
When *Chriſt* the judge at his right-hand
appoints his ſaints a place.

7. His eye beholds the path they tread,
his heart approves it well ;
But crooked ways of ſinners lead
down to the gates of hell.

In this Work I have often borrowed a line or two from the *New Teſtament* ; that the excellent and inſpired compoſures of the *Jewiſh* pſalmiſt may be brightened by the clearer diſcoveries of the goſpel.

Stanza 6. *He ſhall ſet his ſheep at his right-hand*, &c. Matth. xxv. 33.

PSALM I. Short Metre.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miſerable.

1. THE man is ever bleſt
who ſhuns the ſinner's ways,
Among their counſels never ſtands,
Nor takes the ſcorner's place.

2 But makes the law of God
his ſtudy and delight,
Admiſt the labours of the day,
and watches of the night.

3 He like a tree ſhall thrive,
with waters near the root :

Fresh as the leaf [his name shall live,
his works are heav'nly fruit.

4. Not so th' ungodly race,
they no such blessings find :
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
before the driving wind.

5. How will they bear to stand
before that judgement-seat,
Where all the saints at *Christ*'s right-hand
in full assembly meet ?

6. He knows and he approves
the way the right'ous go,
But sinners and their works shall meet]
a dreadful overthrow.

PSALM I. Long Metre.

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

1. HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2. He loves t'employ his morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord ;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pond'ring o'er the Word.

3. He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green ;
And Heav'n will shine with kindest beams
On ev'ry work his hands begin.

4. But sinners find their counsels crost ;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5. In vain the rebels seek to stand
In judgement with the pious race;
The dreadful judge with stern command
Divides them to a different place.

6. " Strait is the way my saints have trod,
" I bless the path, and drew it plain;
" But you would chuse the crooked road,
" And down it leads to endless pain."

Stan. 1. *line* 2. and *Stan.* 6. *l* 4. Broad is the way that leads to destruction, *Matt.* vii. 13, 14.
Stan. 4 *l.* 4. At the last trump. *&c.* 1 *Cor.* xv. 52.

PSALM. II Short-Metre.

Transfated according to the divine pattern. *Act.* iv. 24, &c.

Christ Dying, Rising, Interceeding, and Reigning.

1. [MAKER and sov'reign Lord
of Heav'n, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
and answers thy decrees.

2. The things so long foretold
by *David* are fulfill'd,
When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join'd to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.]

3. Why did the *Gentiles* rage,
and *Jews* with one accord
Bend all their counsels to destroy
th' anointed of the Lord?

4. Rulers and kings agree
to form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
against his Christ they join.

5. The Lord derides their rage,
and will support his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead,
hath own'd him for his son.

PAUSE.

6. Now he's ascended high,
and asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
and pleads his heav'nly birth.

7. He asks, and God bestows,
a large inheritance;
Far as the world's remotest ends
his kingdom shall advance.

8. The nations that rebel
must feel his iron rod;
He'll vidicate those honours well
which he receiv'd from God.

9. [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
and worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
to God's exalted Son.

10. If once his wrath arise,
ye perish on the place:
Then blessed is the soul that flies
for refuge to his grace.]

Stan. 1. *l.* 1. *Lord thou art God who hast made Heaven---Who by the mouth of thy servant* David, *hast said, why did the Heathen rage* &c. Acts iv. 24. &c.

Stan. 1. l. 3. *To do whatsoever thy hand and thy council determined to be done*, &c. Ver. 28. And several other lines of this version are evidently borrowed from the fuller discoveries of *Christ* in the New Testament.

Stan. 8. *Shall rule the nations with a rod of iron, even as I received of my Father*. Rev. ii. 27.

PSALM II. Common Metre

1. WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's anointed son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
and tread his gospel down?

2. The Lord that sits above the skies,
derides their rage below,
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
and strikes their spirits thro'.

3. "I call him my eternal son,
"and raise him from the dead:
"I make my holy hill his throne,
"and wide his kingdom spread.

4. "Ask me, my son, and then enjoy
"the utmost *Heathen* lands:
"Thy rod of iron shall destroy
"the rebel that withstands."

5. Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
obey th' anointed Lord;
Adore the king of heav'nly birth,
and tremble at his word.

6. With humble love address his throne,
for if he frown, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone,
who on his grace rely.

PSALM. II. Long Metre.

Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.

1. WHY did the *Jews* proclaim their rage?
The *Romans* why their swords employ?
Against the Lord their pow'rs engage
His dear anointed to destroy?

2. "Come, let us break his bands, they say;
"This man shall never give us laws:"

And thus they caſt his yoke away,
And nail'd the monarch to the croſs.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls;
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And ſpeak in thunder to their ſouls.

4 "I will maintain the King I made
"On *Zion's* everlaſting hill,
"My hand ſhall bring him from the dead,
"And he ſhall ſtand your ſov'reign ſtill."

5. [His wond'rous riſing from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heav'nly birth,
"This day have I begot my ſon.

6. "Aſcend, my ſon, to my right-hand,
"There thou ſhalt aſk, and I beſtow
"The utmoſt bounds of heathen lands;
"To thee the *Northern* iſles ſhall bow."]

7. But nations that reſiſt his grace,
Shall fall beneath his iron ſtroke;
His rod ſhall cruſh his foes with eaſe,
As potter's earthen work is broke.

PAUSE.

8. Now ye that ſit on earthly thrones,
Be wiſe, and ſerve the Lord the Lamb;
Now at his feet ſubmit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love addreſs the Son,
Leſt he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealouſy.

10. His ſtorms ſhall drive you quick to hell,
He is a God, and ye but duſt:

Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.

Stan. 5. Declared to be the son of God with power by his resurrection from the dead; *Rom.* i. 4.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

Doubts and Fears suppress'd; or, God our Defence from Sin and Satan.

1. MY God, how many are my fears!
how fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
they break my present peace.

2. The lying tempter would persuade
there's no relief in Heav'n;
And all my swelling sins appear
too big to be forgiv'n.

3. But thou, my glory and my strength,
shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
and raise my drooping head.

4. [I cry'd, and from his holy hill
he bow'd a list'ning ear;
I call'd my father and my God,
and he subdu'd my fear.

5. He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
in spight of all my foes;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace
that guarded my repose.]

6. What tho' the hosts of death and hell
all arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
my refuge is my God.

7. Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
while I thy glory sing:

My God has broke the ſerpent's teeth,
and death has loſt his ſting.

8. Salvation to the Lord belongs,
his arm alone can ſave:
Bleſſings attend thy people here,
and reach beyond the grave.

In this pſalm I have changed *David's* perſonal enemies into the ſpiritual enemies of every Chriſtian, (viz.) ſin, ſatan, &c. and have mentioned the ſerpent, the tempter, the guilt of ſin, and the ſting of death, which are words well known in the *New Teſtament.*

PSALM III. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long Metre.

A Morning Pſalm.

1. O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak ſtate of fleſh and blood!
My peace they daily diſcompoſe,
But my defence and hope is God.

2. Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry:
Thou heard'ſt when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.

3. Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
I laid me down and ſlept ſecure:
Not death ſhould make my heart afraid,
Tho' I ſhould wake and riſe no more.

4. But God ſuſtain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to ſee the light,
And make his praiſe my morning ſong.

In the 3d and 4th pſalms there is a verſe or two that ſhew the one to be writ in the morning, the other in the evening; wherefore I have choſen out thoſe parts that ſeem moſt eaſily applicable and have turned them into a morning and evening ſong.

PSALM IV. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

Hearing of Prayer; or, *God our Portion, and Christ our Hope.*

1. O GOD of grace and right'ousneſs,
Hear and attend when I complain:
Thou haſt enlarg'd me in diſtreſs,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2. Ye ſons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into ſhame:
How long will ſcoffers love to lye,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3. Know that the Lord divides his ſaints
From all the tribes of men beſide;
He hears the cry of penitents
For the dear ſake of Chriſt that dy'd.

4. When our obedient hands have done
A thouſand works of righteouſneſs,
We put our truſt in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5. Let the unthinking many ſay,
Who will beſtow ſome earthly good?
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our ſouls deſire this heav'nly food.

6. Then ſhall my chearful pow'rs rejoice,
At grace and favour ſo divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn, and all their wine.

Though this pſalm may not directly intend the *Meſſiah*, yet I have taken occaſion to apply ſome expreſſions in it to *Chriſt* and his goſpel, I hope with ſome advantage, and without offence.

PSALM IV. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An Evening Pſalm.

1. LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine,

I fear before thee all the day,
nor would I dare to sin.

2. And while I rest my weary head
from cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
with my own heart and thee.

3. I pay this evening sacrifice;
and when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
upon thy grace alone.

4. Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
and will my slumbers keep.

PSALM V.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

1. LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
my voice ascending high:
To thee will I direct my prayer,
to thee lift up mine eye.

2. Up to the hills where *Christ* is gone
to plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his father's throne
our songs and our complaints.

3. Thou art a God before whose sight
the wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
nor dwell at thy right hand.

4. But to thy house will I resort,
to taste thy mercies there:
I will frequent thine holy court,
and worship in thy fear.

5. O may thy spirit guide my feet
in ways of right'ousness!

Make every path of duty ſtraight,
and plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6. My watchful enemies combine
to tempt my feet aſtray;
They flatter with a baſe deſign,
to make my ſoul their prey.

7. Lord, cruſh the ſerpent in the duſt,
and all his plots deſtroy;
While thoſe that in thy mercy truſt,
for ever ſhout for joy.

8. The men that love and fear thy name,
ſhall ſee their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compaſs them
with favour as a ſhield.

This pſalm begins with the mention of morning prayer, and proceeds to the worſhip of God in his temple, which inclined me to entitle it, *for a Lord's-Day Morning.*

Stan. 2. and 5. Where any juſt occaſion is given to make mention of *Chriſt*, and the *Holy Spirit*, I refuſe it not; and I am perſuaded *David* would not have refuſed it, had he lived under the goſpel, nor St. *Paul*, had he written a pſalm-book.

PSALM VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in Sickneſs; or, *Diſeaſes healed.*

1. IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
withdraw the dreadful ſtorm;
Nor let thy fury grow ſo hot
againſt a feeble worm.

2. My ſoul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
my fleſh with pain oppreſt;
My couch is witneſs to my tears,
my tears forbid my reſt.

3. Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waſte the night with cries,

Counting the minutes as they pass,
till the slow morning rise.

4. Shall I be still tormented more?
mine eye consum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
thy hand afford relief?

5. He hears when dust and ashes speak,
he pities all our groans;
He saves us for his mercy's sake,
and heals our broken bones.

6. The virtue of his sov'reign word
restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
nor is he known in death.

Vexation by personal enemies is not a constant attendant of sickness; therefore in this version I have omitted it as a peculiar circumstance of *David*'s. In the next version I have changed these *enemies* for *temptations* and *despairing thoughts*.

The 5th verse of this psalm, which is a plea in the prayer, may be naturally transposed to the end, as a ground of praise.

PSALM VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in Sickness overcome.

1. LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise!

2. Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!

3. See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night,
My bed is water'd with my tears,
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

4. Look how the pow'rs of nature mourn!
How long almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

5. I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

6. Depart, ye tempters, from my soul;
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and chear my heart.

Part of the three first stanza's I have borrowed from Dr *Patrick* being pleased with the agreeable turn he gives to *David*'s sense.

PSALM VII.

God's Care of his People, and Punishment of Persecutors.

1. MY trust is in my heav'nly friend,
my hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
from those that seek my blood.

2. With insolence and fury they
my soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
when no deliv'rer's near.

3. If I had e'er provok'd them first,
or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my life to dust,
and lay mine honour low.

4. If there be malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
nor ask my God to rise.

5. Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
their pride and pow'r controul;

Awake to judgment, and command
deliv'rance for my ſoul.

PAUSE.

6. Let ſinners and their wicked rage
be humbled to the duſt:
Shall not the God of truth engage
to vindicate the juſt?

7. He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
he will defend th' upright:
His ſharpeſt arrows he ordains,
againſt the ſons of ſpight.

8. For me their malice digg'd a pit,
but there themſelves are caſt;
My God makes all their miſchief light
on their own heads at laſt.

9. That cruel perſecuting race
muſt feel his dreadful ſword;
Awake my ſoul, and praiſe the grace
and juſtice of the Lord.

In this pſalm I have not exactly followed every ſingle verſe of the pſalmiſt, but have endavoured to contract the ſubſtance of it into fewer lines, yet not without a regard to the literal ſenſe and words alſo, as will appear by the compariſon.

PSALM VIII. Short metre.

God's Sovereignty and Goodneſs; and Man's Dominion over the creatures.

1. O LORD, our heav'nly king,
thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are ſpread,
and o'er the heav'ns they ſhine.

2. When to thy works on high
I raiſe my wond'ring eyes,
And ſee the moon, compleat in light,
adorn the darkſome ſkies.

3 When I survey the stars,
and all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
a-kin to dust and worms?

4. Lord, what is worthless man,
that thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
and lord of all below.

5. Thine honours crown his head,
while beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
and fish that cleave the sea.

6. How rich thy bounties are!
and wond'rous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
a monument of praise.

7. [Out of the mouths of babes
and sucklings thou canst draw
Surprizing honours to thy name,
and strike the world with awe.

8. O Lord, our heavenly king,
thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
and o'er the heavens they shine.]

Stanza 7. The transposing of the 2d verse of this psalm towards the end, will not appear offensive, since the connection of it, with the other parts of the psalm, appears so much more visible.

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

Christ's Condescension and Glorification; or, *God made Man.*

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
is thine exalted name!
The Glories of thy heavenly State
let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
the moon that rules the night,
And ſtars that well adorn the ſky,
thoſe moving worlds of light:

3 Lord what is man, or all his race,
who dwells ſo far below,
That thou ſhould'ſt viſit him with grace,
and love his nature ſo!

4 That thine eternal ſon ſhould bear,
to take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
to ſave a dying worm?

[5 Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
and men would not adore,
Th' obedient ſeas and fiſhes own,
his godhead and his power.

6 The waves lay ſpread beneath his feet;
and fiſh, at his command,
Bring their large ſhoals to *Peter's* net.
bring tribute to his hand.

7 Theſe leſſer glories of the ſon
ſhone thro' the fleſhly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
and men confeſs him god.]

8 Let him be crown'd with majeſty
who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honours founded high,
by all things that have breath.

9 Jeſus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly ſtate
let the whole earth proclaim.

Stanza 4. If the citation of part of this Pſalm by the Apoſtle, *Heb.* ii. 5. be but a mere allution, yet it affords ground enough for the turn I have given it in this verſion, and the application of it to *Chriſt*.

St. 6. *l.* 1. Jesus *went to them walking on the sea*, Matt. xiv. 25.
Line 2. *He said to* Simon, *Launch out*, &c. *and they enclosed a great multitude of fishes*, Luke v. 4, 6.
Line 4. *Cast an hook and take up the fish-thou shalt find a piece of money*, &c. Matt. xvii. 27.

PSALM VIII. *Ver.* 1, 2. *Paraphrased.* *The First Part.* Long Metre.

The Hosanna *of the Children*; or *Infants praising God.*

1. ALMIGHTY ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

2. To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3. Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4. Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The son of *David* is their song,
And young *Hosannah*'s fill the place.

5. The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
Whilst *Jewish* babes proclaim their king.

The two first verses are here paraphrased and explained by the history of the children crying *Hosanna* to *Christ* Matt. xxi. 15. 16. where our Saviour cites and applies those words of the Psalmist.

PSALM VIII. *Ver.* 3, *&c. Paraphrased. The Second Part.* Long Metre.

Adam and Christ, *Lords of the Old and the New Creation.*

1. LORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

2. That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him Lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3. But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second *Adam*'s state?
What honours shall thy son adorn;
Who condescended to be born?

4. See him below his angels made;
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin;
But he shall reign with pow'r divine.

5. The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

I am persuaded the true meaning of the Apostle in citing the words of this Psalm, and applying them to our Saviour, *Heb.* ii. 5. *&c.* is to shew that *Christ*, the second *Adam* must have dominion over the New World, as *Adam*, the first man, had over the Old, and that he is truly and really man, because the first *Adam* is the figure and type of him in this his dominon.

PSALM IX. *The First Part.*

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

1. WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
thy wonders . . proclaim,

Thou ſovereign judge of right and wrong,
wilt put my foes to ſhame.

2. I'll ſing thy Majeſty and grace;
my God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteouſneſs,
and make his vengeance known.

3. Then ſhall the Lord a refuge prove
for all the poor oppreſt;
To ſave the people of his love,
and give the weary reſt.

4. The men, that know thy name will truſt
in thy abundant grace;
For thou haſt ne'er forſook the juſt,
who humbly ſeek thy face.

5. Sing praiſes to the righteous Lord,
who dwells on *Sion*'s hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
and doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. *Verſe* 12. *The ſecond Part.*
The Wiſdom and Equity of Providence.

1. WHen the great judge, ſupreme and juſt,
ſhall once enquire for blood;
The humble ſouls that mourn in duſt,
ſhall find a faithful God.

2. He from the dreadful gates of death
does his own children raiſe:
In *Sion*'s gates, with chearful breath,
they ſing their father's praiſe.

3. His foes ſhall fall, with heedleſs feet,
into the pit they made,
And ſinners periſh in the net
that their own hands had ſpread.

4. Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
are thy deep counſels known:

When men of mischief are destroyed,
the snare must be their own.

PAUSE

5. The wicked shall sink down to hell;
thy wrath devour the lands,
That dare forget thee, or rebel
against thy known commands.

6. Tho' saints to sore distress are brought
and wait and long complain,
Their cries shall not be still forgot,
nor shall their hopes be vain.

[7. Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat
to judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
and man prevail no more.

8. Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
and put their hearts to pain,
Make 'em confess that thou art God
and they but feeble men.]

PSALM X.

Prayers heard, and saints saved; or, Pride, Atheism, and Oppression punished.

For a Humiliation-Day.

1. WHY doth the Lord stand off so far?
and why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
and times of deep distress?

2. Lord, shall the wicked still deride
thy justice and thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
and still thy saints devour.

3. They put thy judgments from their sight,
and then insult the poor;

They boaſt in their exalted height,
that they ſhall fall no more.

4. Ariſe, O God, lift up thine hand,
attend our humble cry;
No enemy ſhall dare to ſtand
when God aſcends on high.

PAUSE.

5. Why do the men of malice rage,
and ſay with fooliſh pride,
"*The God of Heaven will ne'er engage*
to fight on Zion's *ſide?*

6. But thou for ever art our Lord:
and powerful is thine hand,
As when the heathens felt thy ſword,
and periſh'd from thy land.

7. Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
and cauſe thine ear to hear;
He hearkens what his children ſay,
and puts the world in fear.

8. Proud tyrants ſhall no more oppreſs,
no more deſpiſe the juſt;
And mighty ſinners ſhall confeſs
they are but earth and duſt.

PSALM XI.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

1. MY refuge is the God of love,
Why do my foes inſult and cry,
"*Fly like a timourous trembling dove,*
"*To diſtant woods or mountains fly?*"

2. If government be all deſtroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make juſtice void,
Where ſhall the righteous ſeek redreſs?

3. The Lord in Heaven has fixt his throne,
His eyes ſurvey the world below;
To him all mortal things are known,
His eye-lids ſearch our ſpirits thro'.

4. If he afflicts his ſaints ſo far
To prove their love, and try their grace,
What may the bold tranſgreſſors fear?
His very ſoul abhors their ways.

5. On impious wretches he ſhall rain
Tempeſts of brimſtone, fire, and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of *Sodom* with his angry breath.

6. The right'ous Lord loves right'ous ſouls,
Whoſe thoughts and actions are ſincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM XII. Long Metre.

The Saints Safety and Hope in evil Times; or, *Sins of the Tongue complain'd of* (viz.) *Blaſphemy, Falſhood,* &c.

1. LORD, if thou doſt not ſoon appear,
Virtue and truth will fly away;
A faithful man, amongſt us here,
Will ſcarce be found, if thou delay.

2. The whole diſcourſe, when neighbours meet
Is fill'd with trifles looſe and vain:
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3. But lips, that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaſpheming tongue.

"4. Yet ſhall our words be free, they cry;
"Our tongues ſhall be controul'd by none:

" Where is the Lord will aſk us why?
" Or ſay, our lips are not our own?

5. The Lord, who ſees the poor oppreſt,
And hears th' oppreſſor's haughty ſtrain,
Will riſe to give his children reſt,
Nor ſhall they truſt his word in vain.

6. Thy word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Void of deceit ſhall ſtill appear;
Not ſilver, ſeven times purify'd
From droſs and mixture, ſhines ſo clear.

7. Thy grace ſhall in the darkeſt hour,
Defend the holy ſoul from harm;
Tho' when the vileſt men have power
On every ſide will ſinners ſwarm.

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners; or, The Promiſe and Signs of Chriſt's coming to Judgment.

1. HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
religion loſes ground;
The ſons of violence prevail,
and treacheries abound.

2. Their oaths and promiſes they break,
yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they ſpeak,
and with a double heart.

3. If we reprove ſome hateful lye,
how is their fury ſtirr'd;
" *Are not our lips our own*, they cry,
" *and who ſhall be our Lord?*

4. Scoffers appear on every ſide,
where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to ſeats of power and pride,
and bears the ſword in vain.

PAUSE.

5. Lord when iniquities abound,
and blaſphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
and love is waxing cold,

6. Is not thy chariot haſt'ning on?
haſt thou not giv'n this ſign?
May we not truſt and live upon
a promiſe ſo divine?

" 7. Yes, ſaith the Lord, now will I riſe,
" and make oppreſſors flee;
" I ſhall appear to their ſurprize,
" and ſet my ſervants free."

8. Thy word, like ſilver ſeven times try'd,
thro' ages ſhall endure;
The man that in thy truth confide,
Shall find the promiſe ſure.

Stanza 4. The laſt verſe of this pſalm may naturally be inſerted here.

St. 5. The ſigns of Chriſt's coming, mentioned in the *New Teſtament*, Matt. xxiv. 12. Luke xviii. 8. *are abounding iniquity, love waxing cold, and faith ſcarce to be found*, and ſeem very much a-kin to the tenor of this pſalm.

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

Pleading with God under Deſertion; or, *Hope in Darkneſs.*

1. HOW long, O Lord, ſhall I complain,
Like one that ſeeks his God in vain?
Can'ſt thou thy face for ever hide?
And I ſtill pray, and be deny'd?

2. Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardeſt not
Still ſhall my ſoul thine abſence mourn,
And ſtill diſpair of thy return?

3. How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress't ?
And *Satan*, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low.

4. Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief ;
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

5. How will the pow'rs of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost ?
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

6. Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My chearful voice to songs of praise.

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.

1. HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face ?
my God, how long delay ?
When shall I feel those heav'nly rays,
that chase my fears away ?

2. How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
wrestle and toil in vain ?
Thy word can all my foes controul,
and ease my raging pain.

3. See how the prince of darkness tries
all his malicious arts,
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
and throws his firey darts.

4. Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
my soul in safety keep ;
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
in death's eternal sleep.

5. How would the tempter boaſt aloud
if I become his prey!
Behold, the ſons of hell grow proud
at thy ſo long delay.

6. But they ſhall fly at thy rebuke,
and *Satan* hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
and hears thy voice with dread.

7. Thou wilt diſplay that ſovereign grace,
where all my hopes have hung;
I ſhall employ my lips in praiſe,
and vict'ry ſhall be ſung.

PSALM XIV. First Part.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

1. FOOLS in their heart believe and ſay,
"that all religion's vain,
"There is no God that reigns on high,
"or minds th' affairs of men."

2. From thoughts ſo dreadful and profane
corrupt diſcourſe proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
abominable deeds.

3. The Lord from his celeſtial throne
look'd down on things below,
To find the man that ſought his grace,
or did his juſtice know.

4. By nature all are gone aſtray,
their practice all the ſame;
There's none that fears his maker's hand,
there's none that loves his name.

5. Their tongues are us'd to ſpeak deceit,
their ſlanders never ceaſe;

How swift to mischief are their feet,
not know the paths of peace!

6. Such seeds of sin (what bitter root)
in every heart are found:
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
till grace refine the ground.

Several verses of this psalm are cited by the apostle, *Romans* iii. 10, &c. to shew the universal corruption of human nature; which reason I have brought more of the Apostle's words, there used, into the 4th and 5th Stanza's here, and concluded this part of the psalm agreeably to *St. Paul's* design.

Note, The 2d part of this psalm speaks only of persecutors and the enemies of the church; therefore I have divided it from the former.

PSALM XIV. The Second Part.

The Folly of Persecutors.

1. ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
that they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
nor fear thine awful power?

2. Great God! appear to their surprize,
reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
nor turn our hope to shame.

3. Dost thou not dwell among the just,
and yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust;
great God! confound their pride.

4. O that the joyful day were come
to finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home,
our songs shall never cease.

PSALM XV. Common Metre.
Characters of a Saint; or, *a Citizen of* Zion; or, *the Qualifications of a Christian.*

1. WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness;
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
so near his throne of grace?

2. The man that walks in pious ways,
and works with righteous hands;
That trusts his maker's promises,
and follows his commands.

3. He speaks the meaning of his heart,
nor slanders with his tongue:
Will scarce believe an ill report,
nor do his neighbour wrong.

4. The wealthy sinner he contemns,
loves all that fear the Lord;
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
still he performs his word.

5. His hands disdain a golden bribe,
and never gripe the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
and find his Heav'n secure.

PSALM XV. Long Metre.
Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth; or, *Duties to God and Man*; or, *the Qualifications of a Christian.*

1. WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;

No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

[3. Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vents it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]

[4. Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

[5. He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold;
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

6. He loves his enemies and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7. Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

Since our blessed Saviour in the New Testament, has so much explain'd the duties of the law, and published the gospel, I could not pass over this psalm of the characters of the *Jewish* Saint, without inserting some brighter articles that must belong to the *Christian*: such as, *alms and charity to the poor, love to enemies, blessing those that curse us, doing to others as we would have them do to us, and hope of acceptance only through divine grace.*

I thought it necessary also to scare our the mention of *usury*, *vers.* 5, which tho' politically forbidden by the *Jews* among themselves, was never unlawful to the *Gentiles*, nor to any *Christians*, since the *Jewish* polity expired.

PSALM XVI. *The first Part.* Long Metre.

Confession of our Poverty, and Saints the best Company; or, *Good Works profit Men, not God.*

1. PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2. Oft have my heart and tongue confest
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3. Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4. Let others chuse the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine,
I love the men of Heav'nly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM XVI. *The second Part.* Long Metre.
Christ's All-Sufficiency.

1. HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol-god?
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

2. My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon:
He, for my life, has offer'd up
Jesus his best-beloved Son.

3. His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right:
And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4. I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right-hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprize,
And be my everlasting guard.

From the psalmist's mention of drink-offerings of blood, I take occasion to allude to the sacrifice of *Christ*. *His flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed*, John vi. 55.

PSALM XVI. *The Third Part.* Long Metre.

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

1. WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart; rejoice my tongue;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2. Tho' in the dust I lay my head.
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3. My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

4. There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discov'ries of thy grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread Heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

The last verses of this psalm are applyed only to *Christ*, Acts xiii. 36. and ii. 23. &c. yet since they contain so fair a view of a resurrection, which is so seldom found in this book, I have formed these four Stanza's into such expressions as may be assumed by Christians, and apply'd to themselves.

PSALM XVI. 1.——8. *The First Part,* Common Metre.

Support and Counsel from God without Merit.

1. SAVE me, O Lord, from every foe;
in thee my trust I place,

Tho' all the good that I can do
can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2. Yet if my God prolong my breath,
the saints may profit by't;
The saints the glory of the earth,
the men of my delight.

3. Let heathens to their idols haste,
and worship wood or stone:
But my delightful lot is cast
where the true God is known.

4. His hand provides my constant food.
he fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
but more rejoice in hope.

5. God is my portion and my joy,
his counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
and gentle hints by night.

6. My soul would all her thoughts approve
to his all-seeing eye:
Not death, nor hell, my hopes shall move,
while such a friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI. *The second Part.* Common Metre.
The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1. " I SET the Lord before my face,
" he bears my courage up;
" My heart and tongue their joys express,
" my flesh shall rest in hope.

2. " My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
" where souls departed are;
" Nor quit my body to the grave,
" to see corruption there.

3. " Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
" and raise me to thy throne:

" Thy courts immortal pleasure give ;
" thy presence joys unknown."

[4. Thus in the name of *Christ*, the Lord,
the holy *David* sung,
And providence fulfils the word
of his prophetic tongue.

5. *Jesus*, whom every saint adores,
was crucify'd and slain ;
Behold the tomb its prey restores,
behold he lives again.
6. When shall my feet arise and stand
on Heaven's eternal hills ?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
and there the Father smiles.]

In this version I have applyed the three last verses of this psalm to *Christ* alone, as St. *Peter* applies them, *Acts* ii. 23. yet instead of the fourth line of the second stanza, *To see Corruption there ;* you may read thus, *To dwell forever there*, And then the three first Stanza's may be sung alone, and applyed to every Christian.

Stanza 2. 'Tis now agreed by the learned, that the Hebrew word, *Sheol*, which is rendered *Hell*, signifies only the state of the dead, *i. e.* the grave for the body, and the *separate state for the spirit.*

PSALM. XVII. *ver.* 13. *&c.* Short Metre.
Portion of Saints and Sinners ; or, *Hope and Despair in Death.*

1. ARISE, my gracious God,
and make the wicked flee ;
They are but thy chastizing rod,
to drive thy saints to thee.

2. Behold the sinner dies,
his haughty words are vain ;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
and all beyond is pain.

3. Then let his pride advance,
and boast of all his store ;
The Lord is my inheritance,
my soul can wish no more.

4. I ſhall behold the face
of my forgiving God,
And ſtand compleat in righteouſneſs,
waſh'd in my Saviour's blood.

5. There's a new Heav'n begun,
when I awake from death,
Dreſt in the likeneſs of thy Son,
and draw immortal breath.

Stanza 5. The Heaven which ſouls enjoy in the ſeparate ſtate, is ſo much increaſed by the reſurrection of the body, that it may be called a new Heaven, the Heaven of the body as well as of the ſoul.

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope ; or, *The Heaven of ſeparate Souls and the Reſurrection.*

1. LORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love :
When men of ſpite againſt me join,
They are the ſword, the hand is thine.

2. Their hope and portion lies below :
'Tis all the happineſs they know,
'Tis all they ſeek ; they take their ſhares,
And leave the reſt among their heirs.

3. What ſinners value, I reſign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful face,
And ſtand compleat in righteouſneſs.

4. This life's a dream, an empty ſhow ;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere ;
When ſhall I wake, and find me there ?

5. O glorious hour ! O bleſt abode !
I ſhall be near and like my God !
And fleſh and ſin no more controul
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul.

6. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

The sense of a great part of this Psalm occurs so often in the book of Psalms, that I thought it necessary to translate no more than these few verses of it, namely, ver. 3. *Thou hast proved my heart, thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing.* Ver. 13. *The wicked are thy sword.* Ver. 14. *The men of the world have their portion in this life, whose belly thou fillest: They leave the rest of their substance to their babes.* Ver. 15. *I shall behold thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.*

I confess I have indulged a large exposition here, but I could not forbear to give my thoughts a look upon this divine description of compleat blessedness in the 15th verse; this bright abridgment of Heaven.

From the word *Awake*, I have taken occasion to represent the departing Soul's *awaking* into the world of spirits, as well as the body's *awaking* from the grave.

PSALM XVIII. *First Part.* Long Metre
Ver. 1—6, 25—18.

Deliverance from Despair; or, *Temptations overcome.*

1. THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2. Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3. I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrow there.
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurry'd to despair.

4. In my distress, I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
Then did his grace appear divine.

[5. With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliv'rer God.

6. Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his Almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

7. Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength and more their rage;
But *Christ*, my Lord, is conqu'ror still,
In all the wars that devils wage.

8. My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour:
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

I have divided this long psalm into three parts, and accommodated the several verses of it to our spiritual warfare and victory thro' grace, as being of more frequent and general use to Christians: Yet there are so noble expressions of triumph in God, and thanks for victory over temporal enemies scattered up and down, that persuaded me to form them afterwards in common metre, also agreeable to their original design.

PSALM XVIII.

The Second Part. v. 20——26. Long Metre.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1. LORD thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2. Since I have learnt thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before they face;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

3. What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and struglings in my breast!
But thro' thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.

4. That sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy spirit's sov'reign pow'r
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

[5. With an impartial hand the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.

6. The just and pure shall ever say
Thou art more pure, more just than they:
And men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

PSALM XVIII. *The Third Part. Ver.* 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, *&c.* Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God; or, *Salvation and Triumph.*

1. JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

2. 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3. He lives, (and blessed be my rock)
The God of my salvation lives,
The dark designs of hell are broke,
Sweet is the peace my father gives.

4. Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my father's name,

Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the ſhame.

5. To *David* and his royal ſeed,
Thy grace forever ſhall extend;
Thy love to ſaints in *Chriſt* their head
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM XVIII. *The Firſt Part* Common Metre.
Victory and Triumph over temporal Enemies.

1. WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our ſtrength, our heav'nly tow'r,
our bulwark, and our ſhield.

2. We fly to our eternal rock,
and find a ſure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
and draw ſalvation thence.

3. When God, our leader, ſhines in arms,
what mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms?
the light'ning of his ſpear?

4. He rides upon the winged wind,
and angels in array
In millions wait to know his mind,
and ſwift as flames obey.

5. He ſpeaks, and at his fierce rebuke,
whole armies are diſmay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
ſtrikes all their courage dead.

6. He forms our ger'rals for the field,
with all their dreadful ſkill;
Gives them his awful ſword to wield,
and makes their hearts of ſteel.

[7. He arms our captains to the fight,
(tho' there his name's forgot;

He girded *Cyrus* with his might,
but *Cyrus* knew him not.)

8. Oft has the Lord whole nations bleſt
for his own churches ſake:
The pow'rs that give his people reſt,
ſhall of his care partake.]

Stanza 7. Isa. xlv. 1, 5. Thus ſaith the Lord to Cyrus—I girded thee, though thou haſt not known me.

PSALM XVIII. *The Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Conqueror's Song.

1. TO thine almighty arm we owe
the triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
and melt their ſtrength away.

2. 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
and break united pow'rs,
Or burn their boaſted fleets, or ſcale
the proudeſt of their tow'rs.

3. How have we chas'd them thro' the field,
and trod them to the ground,
While thy ſalvation was our ſhield,
but they no ſhelter found!

4. In vain to idol-ſaints they cry,
and periſh in their blood;
Where is a rock ſo great, ſo high,
ſo pow'rful as our God?

The rock of *Iſr'el* ever lives,
his name be ever bleſt;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
and gives his people reſt.

6. On kings that reign as *David* did,
he pours his bleſſings down:

Secures their honours to their seed,
and well supports the crown.

PSALM XIX. *First Part.* Short Metre.
The book of Nature and Scripture.
For a Lord's-Day Morning.

1. BEHOLD the lofty sky
declares its maker God,
And all his starry-works on high
proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2. The darkness and the light
still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
divinely teach his name.

3. In ev'ry diff'rent land,
their gen'ral voice is known;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
and orders of his throne.

4. Ye *British* lands rejoice,
he here reveals his word,
We are not left to nature's voice,
to bid us know the Lord.

5. His statutes and commands
are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands,
where our salvation lies.

6. His laws are just and pure,
his truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
and his rewards are great.

7. [Not honey to the taste
affords so much delight,
Nor Gold that has the furnace past,
so much allures the sight.

8. While of thy works I ſing,
thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praiſe, my God, my King,
in my Redeemer's name.]

The pſalmiſt here, and in other pſalms, uſe the word *Law*, to expreſs the five books of *Moſes*, or all the divine revelation that he has in his time, yet *Chriſt* and the apoſtles ſo frequently diſtinguiſh the *law* and the *goſpel*, that I have choſen to imitate their language, and have often introduced the words *goſpel*, *truth*, and *promiſe*, inſtead of *ſtatutes*, *teſtimonies*, &c. as being more agreeable to the ſtyle of the New Teſtament.

Stan. 8. I have here inſerted the laſt verſe of the pſalm with an evangelical turn, as a proper concluſion of this firſt part; the whole being too long to be ſung at once, according to our preſent cuſtom.

PSALM XIX. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

God's Word moſt excellent; or, *Sincerity and Watchfulneſs.*

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

1. BEHOLD the morning ſun,
begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
and life and light convey.

2. But where the goſpel comes,
it ſpreads diviner light,
It calls dead ſinners from their tombs,
and gives the blind their ſight.

3. How perfect is thy word!
and all thy judgments juſt!
For ever ſure thy promiſe, Lord,
and men ſecurely truſt.

4. My gracious God, how plain
are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
but find the path to Heav'n!

PAUSE.

5. I hear thy word with love,
and I would fain obey;
Send thy good ſpirit from above
to guide me, leſt I ſtray.

6. O who can ever find
the errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold preſumptuous mind,
I would not dare tranſgreſs.

7. Warn me of every ſin,
forgive my ſecret faults,
And cleanſe this guilty ſoul of mine,
whoſe crimes exceed my thoughts.

8. While with my heart and tongue,
I ſpread thy praiſe abroad,
Accept the worſhip and the ſong,
my Saviour and my God.

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

The Books of Nature and of Scripture compared:
or, *The Glory and Succeſs of the Goſpel.*

1. THE Heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry ſtar thy wiſdom ſhines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2. The rolling ſun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confeſs;
But the beſt volume thou haſt writ,
Reveals thy juſtice and thy grace.

3. Sun, moon and ſtars, convey thy praiſe
Round the whole earth, and never ſtand;
So when the truth begun its race,
It touch'd, and glanc'd, on ev'ry land.

4. Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
'Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
'Tis *Christ* has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5. Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6. Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to Heav'n.

Tho' the plain design of the Psalmist is to shew the excellency of the book of scripture above the book of nature, in order to convert and save a sinner, yet the apostle *Paul*, in *Rom.* x. 18. applies or accommodates the 4th verse to the spreading of the gospel over the *Roman* empire, which is called *the whole World* in the New-Testament; and in this version I have endeavoured to imitate him.

PSALM XIX. To the Tune of the 113th Psalm.
The Book of Scripture and Nature.

GReat God, the Heav'ns well-order'd frame,
Declares the glories of thy name;
There thy rich works of wonder shine:
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless pow'r, and skill divine.

2. From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of Heav'nly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3. Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun,
And ev'ry nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom dress'd,

Breaks from the chambers of the eaſt,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4. Where'er he ſpreads his beams abroad
He ſmiles, and ſpeaks his maker God;
All nature joins to ſhew thy praiſe;
Thus God in every creature ſhines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

5. I love the volumes of thy word,
What light and joy thoſe leaves afford
To ſouls benighted and diſtreſt!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feat to ſtray,
Thy promiſe leads my heart to reſt.

6. From the diſcov'ries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw,
Theſe are my ſtudy and delight:
Not honey ſo invites the taſte,
Nor gold, that hath the furnace paſt,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the ſight.

7. Thy threat'nings wake my ſlumb'ring eyes,
And warns me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleſſed goſpel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conſcience clean,
Converts my ſoul, ſubdues my ſin,
And gives a free but large reward.

8. Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my ſecret faults,
And from preſumptuous ſins reſtrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praiſe,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

PSALM XX.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.
For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

1. NOW may the God of pow'r and grace,
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears, when *Isr'el* prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

2. The name of *Jacob*'s God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He, from his sanctuary, sends
Succour and strength when *Zion* calls.

3. Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4. In his salvation is our hope,
And, in the name of *Isr'el*'s God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5. Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

6. [O may the mem'ry of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]

7. Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
'Till the salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM XXI. Common Metre.

Our King is the Care of Heaven.

1. THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise
shall in thy strength rejoice;

And bleſt, with thy ſalvation, raiſe
to heav'n his chearful voice.

2. Thy ſure defence, thro' nations round,
has ſpread his glorious name;
And his ſucceſsful actions crown'd
with majeſty and fame.

3. Then let the king on God alone,
for timely aid rely;
His mercy ſhall ſupport the throne.
and all our wants ſupply.

4. But, righteous Lord, his ſtubborn foes
ſhall feel thy dreadful hand:
Thy vengeful arm ſhall find out thoſe
that hate his mild command.

5. When thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy juſt, but dreadful doom,
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
their hopes and them conſume.

6. Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous pow'r declare,
and thus exalt thy fame;
Whilſt we glad ſongs of praiſe prepare
for thine almighty name.

I have borrowed almoſt all theſe Stanza's from Mr. *Tate*'s verſion, and they ſeem very applicable to his preſent majeſty king *George*, 1716.

PSALM XXI. 1——9. Long Metre.

Chriſt exalted to the Kingdom.

1. DAVID rejoic'd in God his ſtrength,
Rais'd to the throne by ſpecial grace;
But *Chriſt*, the Son, appears at length,
Fulfills the triumph and the praiſe.

2. How great is the *Meſſiah*'s joy
In the ſalvation of thy hand!

Lord, thou haſt rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3. Thy goodneſs grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the leaſt requeſt with-hold;
Bleſſings of love prevent him ſtill,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4. Honour and majeſty divine
Around his ſacred temples ſhine;
Bleſt with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlaſting days.

5. Thine hand ſhall find out all his foes;
And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So ſhall thy wrath devour their ſouls.

PSALM XXII. 1—16. *The Firſt Part.*
Common Metre.

The Sufferings and Death of Chriſt.

1. WHY has my God my ſoul forſook,
nor will a ſmile afford?
(Thus *David* once in anguiſh ſpoke,
and thus our dying Lord.)

2. Tho' 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
among thy praiſing ſaints,
Yet thou canſt hear a groan as well
and pity our complaints.

3. Our fathers truſted in thy name,
and great deliv'rance found.
But I'm a worm depis'd of men
and trodden to the ground.

4. Shaking the head they paſs me by,
and laugh my ſoul to ſcorn;
"*In vain he truſts in God*, they cry,
"*neglected and forlorn.*"

5. But thou art he who form'd my flesh
by thine Almighty word,
And since I hung upon the breast,
my hope is in the Lord.

6. Why will my father hide his face,
when foes stand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
and not an helper found.

PAUSE

7. Behold thy darling left among
the cruel and the proud,
As bulls of *Bashan* fierce and strong,
as lions roaring loud.

8. From earth and hell my sorrows meet
to multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
and try to vex my heart.

9. Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose
the rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise
the son he loves so well?

10. My God, if possible it be,
with-hold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
and drink the sorrows up.

11. My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
in groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand hath brought me down
low as the dust of death.

12. Father, I give my spirit up,
and trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
and rise at thy command.

PSALM XXII. 20, 21, 27—31. *The second Part.*
Common Metre.

Christ's *Sufferings and Kingdom.*

1 "NOW *from the roaring lion's rage,*
" *O Lord protect thy Son;*
" *Nor leave thy darling to engage*
" *the pow'rs of hell alone*"

2. Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray,
with mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
and chas'd away his fears.

3. Great was the vict'ry of his death,
his throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth,
shall worship, or shall die.

4. A num'rous offspring must arise
from his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd, in his eyes,
for daughters and for sons.

5. The meek and humble souls shall see
his table richly spread:
And all that seek the Lord shall be
with joys immortal fed.

6. The isles shall know the righteousness
of our incarnate God:
And nations, yet unborn, profess
salvation in his blood.

PSALM XXII. Long Metre.

Christ's *Sufferings and Exaltation.*

1. NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
He complain'd in tears and blood,
Forsaken of his God.

2. The *Jews* beheld him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn;
" He rescu'd others from the grave;
" Now let him try himself to save.

3. " This is the man did once pretend
" God was his father and his friend;
" If God the blessed lov'd him so,
" Why doth he fail to help him now?

4. Barbarous people! cruel priest!
How they stood round like savage beast!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r.

5. They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
'Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they devide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

6. But God, his Father, heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

In this version I have abridged the whole Psalm, and chosen only those verses of it which are cited or explained in the New Testament, namely, 1, 7, 8, 12, 13, 16, 18, 24, 28, 29, 31.

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.
God our Shepherd.

1. MY Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2. In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest:
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

3. My wand'ring feet his ways miſtake,
But he reſtores my ſoul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's ſake,
In the fair paths of righteouſneſs.

4. Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope ſhall never fail,
For God my ſhepherd's with me there.

5. Amidſt the darkneſs and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my ſtay;
Thy ſtaff ſupports my feeble ſteps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way

6. The ſons of earth, and ſons of hell,
Gaze at thy goodneſs, and repine
To ſee my table ſpread ſo well,
With living bread, and chearful wine.

7. [How I rejoice when on my head
Thy ſpirit condeſcends to reſt!
'Tis a divine anointing ſhed
Like oil of gladneſs at a feaſt.

8. Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his houſhold all their days:
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To ſeek his face, and ſing his praiſe.]

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

1. MY ſhepherd will ſupply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In paſtures freſh he mekes me feed,
beſide the living ſtream.

2. He brings my wand'ring ſpirit back,
when I forſake his ways;
And leads me, for his mercy's ſake,
in paths of truth and grace.

3. When I walk thro' the ſhades of death,
thy preſence is my ſtay;
A word of thy ſupporting breath,
drives all my fears away.

4. Thy hand, in ſpite of all my foes,
doth ſtill my table ſpread;
My cup with bleſſing overflows,
thine oil anoints my head.

5. The ſure proviſions of my God,
attend me all my days;
O may thy houſe be mine abode,
and all my work be praiſe!

6. There would I find a ſettled reſt,
(while others go and come)
No more a ſtranger, or a gueſt,
but like a child at home.

Stanza. 4. The *oil* or *ointment* that was uſed of old to anoint and perfume the head, in the ſenſe and language of the New Teſtament, muſt ſignify the *Communications of the Holy Spirit*, which is called the *anointing*, 1 John ii 20, 27. as I have explained it in the Long Metre; and *pſal.* xlv. 7. with *John* iii 34. approves it.

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre.

1. THE Lord my ſhepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
what can I want beſide?

2. He leads me to the place
where heavenly paſture grows,
Where living waters gently paſs,
and full ſalvation flows.

3. If e'er I go aſtray,
he doth my ſoul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
for his moſt holy name.

4. While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
my shepherd's with me there.

5. In spight of all my foes,
thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
and joy exalts my head.

6. The bounties of thy love
shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

1. THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
with *Adam*'s num'rous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
and built it on the seas.

2. But who among the sons of men,
may visit thine abode.
He that has hands from mischief clean,
whose heart is right with God.

3. This is the man may rise and take
the blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those that seek
the God of *Jacob*'s face.

4. Now let our souls immortal pow'rs
to meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
the king of glory's near.

5. The king of glory! who can tell
the wonders of his might?
He rules the nations, but to dwell
with saints is his delight.

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in Heaven; or, Christ's Ascension.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's, [birds
And men, and worms, and beasts, and
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

2. But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord above, the sky:
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker God?

3. He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4. These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of *Jacob*'s face;
These shall enjoy the blisful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

5. Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the king of glory nigh;
Who can this king of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

6. Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.

7. Rais'd from the dead he goes before,
He opens heav'ns eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

If this psalm was written at the ascent of the ark of God into *Zion*, the city of *David*, it is not unnatural to apply it to the presence of *Christ* with his church in worship, as in the *gemma scitæ*;

or, to the aſcenſion of *Chriſt* to *Heaven*, as in *this metre*. In this, and other parts of the pſalm, I have endeavoured to make the connexion plain and eaſy, which is very obſcure in the text.

PSALM XXV. 1——11. *The Firſt Part.*

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

1. I LIFT my ſoul to God,
my truſt is in his name;
Let not my foes, that ſeek my blood,
ſtill triumph in my ſhame.

2. Sin and the pow'rs of hell,
perſuade me to deſpair;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
that I may 'ſcape the ſnare.

3. From the firſt dawning light,
'till the dark ev'ning riſe,
For thy ſalvation, Lord, I wait
with ever-longing eyes.

4. Remember all thy grace,
and lead me in the truth;
Forgive the ſins of riper days,
and follies of my youth.

5. The Lord is juſt and kind,
the meek ſhall learn his ways,
And ev'ry humble ſinner find
the methods of his grace.

6. For his own goodneſs-ſake
he ſaves my ſoul from ſhame:
He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
thro' my redeemer's name.

PSALM XXV. 12, 14, 10, 13. *Second Part.*

Divine Inſtruction.

1 WHERE ſhall the man be found
that fears t'offend his God,

That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
and trembles at the rod.

2. The Lord shall make him know
the secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
and all his love impart.

3. The dealings of his hand
are truth and mercy still
With such as to his cov'nant stand,
and love to do his will.

4. Their souls shall dwell at ease
before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
in their extensive grace.

PSALM XXV. 15—22. *The Third Part.*
Distress of Soul; or, *Backsliding and Desertion.*

1. MINE eyes and my desire
are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises,
and rest upon his word.

2. Turn, turn thee to my soul,
bring the salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
out of the deadly snare?

3. When shall the sov'reign grace
of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
my wand'ring feet have trod?

4. The tumult of my thoughts
doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
is desolate and low.

5. With ev'ry morning light
my sorrow new begins;

Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

6. Behold the hosts of hell
How cruel is their hate?
Against my life they rise, and join
their fury with deceit.

7. O keep my soul from death,
nor put my hope to shame,
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my redeemer's name.

8. With humble faith I wait
to see thy face again;
Of *Isr'el* it shall ne'er be said,
he sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI.

Self-Examination; or, *Evidences of Grace.*

1. JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2. I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lyes;
The scoffer and the hypocrite,
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3. Amongst thy saints will I appear,
With hands well wash'd in innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of *Christ* is my defence.

4. I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thy honours dwell;
There shall I hear thine holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5. Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treach'ry and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

PSALM XXVII. 1——6. *The First Part.*

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

1. THE Lord of glory is my light,
and my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
what all my foes can do.

2. One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
the temples of my God!

3. There shall I offer my requests,
and see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love,
and there enquire thy will.

4. When troubles rise, and storms appear,
there may his children hide:
God has a strong pavilion where
he makes my soul abide.

5. Now shall my head be lifted high
above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory,
within thy temple sound.

PSALM XXVII. 8, 9, 13, 14. *Second Part.*

Prayer and Hope.

1. SOON as I heard my father say,
"*Ye children seek my grace;*"
My heart reply'd without delay,
"*I'll seek my father's face.*"

2. Let not thy face be hid from me,
nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
in a distressing day.

3. Should friends and kindred near and dear
leave me to want, or die;
My God would make my life his care,
and all my need supply.

4. My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
had not my soul believ'd
To see thy grace provide relief,
nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5. Wait on the Lord ye trembling saints,
and keep your courage up,
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
and far exceeds your hope.

The 28th psalm has scarce any thing new, but what is repeated in other psalms.

PSALM XXIX.

Storm and Thunder.

1. GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r;
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2. The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And light'nings blaze at his command.

3. He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,
Lay the wide forests bare around;
The fearful hart, and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4. To *Lebanon* he turns his voice,
And, lo! the stately cedars break;

The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the desarts quake.

5. The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,
The thund'rer reigns for ever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

6. In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM XXX. *The First Part.*
Sickness healed, and sorrow removed.

1. I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2. Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powr's rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.

3. His anger but a moment stays,
His love is life and length of days;
Tho' grief and tears the night employ.
The morning star restores the joy.

PSALM XXX. ver. 6. *The Second Part.*
Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"*Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.*"

2. But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;

Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.

3. I cry'd aloud to thee, my God!
" What can'ſt thou profit by my blood?
" Deep in the duſt can I declare
" Thy truth, or ſing thy goodneſs there?

4. " Hear me, O God of grace! I ſaid,
" And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

5. My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praiſes now;
I throw my ſackcloth on the ground,
And eaſe and gladneſs gird me round.

6. My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be ſilent of thy name;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound thro' earth and heav'n,
For ſickneſs heal'd and ſins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. *Firſt Part.*

Deliverance from Death.

1. INTO thine hand, O God of truth,
my ſpirit I commit;
Thou haſt redeem'd my ſoul from death,
and ſav'd me from the pit.

2. The paſſions of my hope and fear
maintain'd a doubtful ſtrife,
While ſorrow, pain and ſin, conſpir'd
to take away my life.

3. " *My times are in thine hand*, I cry'd,
" *tho' I draw near the duſt*;"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
the God in whom I truſt.

4. O make thy reconciled face
upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy-sake,
for I'm intirely thine.

PAUSE.

5. ['Twas in my haste, my spirit said,
" *I must despair and die,*
" *I am cut off before thine eyes* ;"
but thou hast heard my cry.]

6. Thy goodness how divinely free!
how wond'rous is thy grace,
To those that fear thy majesty,
and trust thy promises!

7. O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
and sing his praises loud ;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
and recompence the proud.

PSALM. XXXI. 7—13, 18—21. *Second Part.*
Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

MY heart rejoices in thy name,
my God, my help, my trust ;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
mine honour from the dust.

2. " My life is spent with grief, I cry'd,
" my years consum'd in groans :
" My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
" and sorrow wastes my bones."

3. Among mine enemies my name
was a mere proverb grown,
While to my neighbours I became
forgotten and unknown.

4. Slander and fear on ev'ry side
seiz'd and beset me round ;

I to the throne of grace apply'd,
and speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

5. How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought
before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
and made their boastings vain!

6. Thy children, from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
and crush the sons of pride.

7. Within thy secret presence, Lord,
let me forever dwell;
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
secures a saint so well.

I have much transposed the parts of this Psalm, that I might unite the verses of the same sense and subject nearer together, and contract them into two divine hymns.

PSALM XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession.

1. O BLESSED souls are they
whose sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
imputes their guilt no more!

2. They mourn their follies past,
and keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
shall prove their faith sincere.

3. While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound,
'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
and ready pardon found.

4. Let ſinners learn to pray,
let ſaints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep diſtreſs,
is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.

Free Pardon, and ſincere Obedience; or, *Confeſſion and Forgiveneſs.*

1. HAPPY the man to whom his God
no more imputes his ſin,
But waſh'd in the Redeemer's blood,
hath made his garments clean!

2. Happy beyond expreſſion he,
whoſe debts are thus diſcharg'd;
And, from the guilty bondage free,
he feels his ſoul enlarg'd.

3. His ſpirit hates deceit and lies,
his words are all ſincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
to keep his conſcience clear.

4. While I my inward guilt ſuppreſt,
no quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breaſt,
and rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5. Then I confeſs'd my troubled thoughts,
my ſecret ſins reveal'd;
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
thy grace my pardon ſeal'd.

6. This ſhall invite thy ſaints to pray,
when, like a raging flood,
Temptations riſe, our ſtrength and ſtay
is a forgiving God.

PSALM XXXII. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Repentance and Free Pardon; or, Justification and Sanctification.

1. BLEST is the man, forever blest,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2. Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities,
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3. From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4. How glorious is that righteousness,
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace,
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

These two first verses of this psalm being cited by the apostle in the 4th chapter of *Romans*, to shew the freedom of our pardon and justification by grace without works, I have in this version of it, enlarged the sense, by mention of the blood of *Christ*, and faith and repentance; and because the Psalmist adds, *a spirit in which is no guile*, I have inserted that sincere obedience, which is a scriptural evidence of our faith and justification.

PSALM XXXII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

A guilty Conscience eased by Confession and Pardon.

1. WHILE I keep silence and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!

2. I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;

Thy goſpel ſpeaks a pard'ning word,
Thine holy ſpirit ſeals the grace.

3. For this ſhall ev'ry humble ſoul
Make ſwift addreſſes to thy ſeat;
When floods of huge temptation roll,
There ſhall they find a bleſt retreat.

4. How ſafe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and ſtorms appear;
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me ſafe from ev'ry ſnare.

PSALM XXXIII. *Firſt Part*, Common Metre.

Works of Creation and Providence.

1. REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
this work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
how holy, juſt, and true!

2. His mercy and his righteouſneſs
let Heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature, and of grace,
Reveal his wond'rous name.

3. His wiſdom and almighty word,
the heav'nly arches ſpread;
And, by the ſpirit of the Lord,
their ſhining hoſts were made.

4. He bid the liquid waters flow
to their appointed deep;
The flowing ſeas their limits know,
and their own ſtation keep.

5. Ye tenants of the ſpacious earth,
with fear before him ſtand;
He ſpake, and nature took its birth,
and reſts on his command.

6. He ſcorns the angry nations rage,
and breaks their vain deſigns;
His counſel ſtands thro' ev'ry age,
and in full glory ſhines.

PSALM XXXIII. *The Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Creatures vain, and God All-ſufficient.

1. BLEST is the nation where the Lord
hath fix'd his glorious throne:
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
and calls their tribes his own.

2. His eye, with infinite ſurvey,
does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
and knows our feeble mould.

3. Kings are not reſcu'd by the force
of armies from the grave;
Nor ſpeed nor courage of an horſe,
can the bold rider ſave.

4. Vain is the ſtrength of beaſts or men,
to hope for ſafety thence;
But holy ſouls from God obtain
a ſtrong and ſure defence.

5. God is their fear, and God their truſt,
when plagues or famine ſpread;
His watchful eye ſecures the juſt,
among ten thouſand dead.

6. Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
and bleſs us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
and truſt thy grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psalm, *First Part.*

Works of Creation, and Providence.

1. YE holy souls in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2. Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves,
His word the heav'nly arches spread;
How wide they shine from north to south,
And, by the spirit of his mouth,
Were all the starry armies made.

3. He gathers the wide flowing seas,
Those wat'ry treasures know their place,
In the vast storehouse of the deep.
He spake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires, and seas, and heav'n, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4. Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your tho'ts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Ps. *Second Part*

Creatures vain, and God All-Sufficient.

1. O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways.
But God their maker is unknown.

2. Let Kings rely upon their hoſt,
And of his ſtrength the champion boaſt;
In vain they boaſt, in vain rely:
In vain we truſt the brutal force,
Or ſpeed, or courage of a horſe,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3. The eye of thy compaſſion, Lord,
Doth more ſecure defence afford
When deaths or dangers threat'ning ſtand;
Thy watchful eye preſerves the juſt,
Who make thy name their fear and truſt,
When wars or famine waſte the land.

4. In ſickneſs, or the bloody field,
Thou our phyſician, thou our ſhield,
Send us ſalvation from thy throne;
We wait to ſee thy goodneſs ſhine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

God's Care of the Saints; or *Deliverance by Prayer.*

1. LORD, I will bleſs thee all my days,
Thy praiſe ſhall dwell upon my tongue;
My ſoul ſhall glory in thy grace,
While ſaints rejoice to hear the ſong.

2. Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I ſought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to ſhame.

3. I told him all my ſecret grief,
My ſecret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4. To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine:
A beam of mercy from the skies,
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5. His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord,
O fear and love him, all his saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

6. The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar thro' all the wood,
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM XXXIV. 11—22. *Second Part.*
Long Metre.

Religious Education; or, *Instruction of Piety.*

1. CHildren in years and knowledge young,
Your parents hope, your parents joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2. If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3. The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lyes.

4. To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5. He tells their tears, he counts their groans
His son redeems their souls from death;

His spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.

PSALM XXXIV. 1——10. *First Part.*
Common Metre.

Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.

1. I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
how good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
come, help my lips to praise.

2. Sing to the honour of his name,
how a poor sufferer cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
nor was his suit deny'd.

3. When threat'ning sorrows round me stood,
and endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
redoubling all my woes;

4. I told the Lord my sore distress
with heavy groans and tears,
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
and silenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

5. O sinners come and taste his love,
come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
the sweetness of his grace.

6. He bids his angels pitch their tents
round where his children dwell;
What ills their heav'nly care prevents,
no earthly tongue can tell.

7. O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
his eye regards the just;

How richly bleſt their portion is,
who make the Lord their truſt!

8. Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar,
and famiſh in the wood;
But God ſupplies his holy poor,
with ev'ry needful good.]

PSALM XXXIV. 11——12. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Exhortations to Peace and Holineſs.

1. COME, children, learn to fear the Lord,
and that your days be long,
Let not a falſe or ſpiteful word,
be found upon your tongue.

2. Depart from miſchief, practice love,
purſue the works of peace;
So ſhall the Lord your ways approve,
and ſet your ſouls at eaſe.

3. His eyes awake to guard the juſt,
his ears attend their cry;
When broken ſpirits dwell in duſt,
the God of grace is nigh.

4. What tho' the ſorrows here they taſte
are ſharp and tedious too,
The Lord, who ſaves them all at laſt,
is their ſupporter now.

5. Evil ſhall ſmite the wicked dead;
but God ſecures his own,
Prevents the miſchief when they ſlide,
or heals the broken bone.

6. When deſolation, like a flood,
o'er the proud ſinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
for he redeem'd their ſouls.

PSALM XXXV. 1—9. *The Third Part.*

Prayer and Faith of perfecuted Saints; or, Imprecations mixed with Charity.

1. NOW plead my cauſe, almighty God,
with all the ſons of ſtriſe;
And fight againſt the men of blood,
who fight againſt my life.

2. Draw out thy ſpear and ſtop their way,
lift thine avenging rod;
But to my ſoul in mercy ſay,
"*I am thy Saviour-God.*"

3. They plant their ſnares to catch my feet,
and nets of miſchief ſpread;
Plunge the deſtroyers in the pit
that their own hands have made.

4. Let fogs and darkneſs hide their way,
and ſlipp'ry be their ground;
Thy wrath ſhall make their lives a prey,
and all their rage confound.

5. They fly like chaff before the wind,
before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
purſues them down to death.

6. They love the road that leads to hell;
then let the rebels die,
Whoſe malice is implacable,
againſt the Lord on high.

7. But if thou haſt a choſen few
amongſt that impious race;
Divide them from the bloody crew,
by thy ſurpriſing grace.

8. Then will I raiſe my tuneful voice,
to make thy wonders known;
their ſalvation I'll rejoice,
and bleſs thee for my own.

Stan. 6. Among the imprecations that *David* uſes againſt his adverſaries in the pſalm, I have endeavoured to turn the edge of ſome of them away from perſonal enemies againſt the implacable enemies of God in the world.

Stan. 7, 8. Agreeably to the ſpirit of the goſpel I have here further mollified theſe imprecations by a charitable diſtinction and petition for their ſouls, which ſpirit of evangelic charity appears ſo conſpicuous in the 12th, 13th, and 14th verſes of the pſalm, that I could not forbear to form them into a ſhort diſtinct hymn, enlarging on that glorious character of a Chriſtian, *Love to our enemies*, commanded ſo particularly, and ſo divinely exemplified by *Chriſt* himſelf.

PSALM XXXV. *Ver.* 12, 13, 14. *Second Part*

Love to Enemies; or, *the Love of* Chriſt *to Sinners typify'd in* David.

1. BEHOLD the love the gen'rous love,
that holy *David* ſhows;
Hark how his ſounding bowels move,
to his afflicted foes!

2. When they are ſick, his ſoul complains,
and ſeems to feel the ſmart:
The ſpirit of the goſpel reigns,
and melts his pious heart.

3. How did his flowing tears condole,
as for a brother dead!
And faſting mortify'd his ſoul,
while for their life he pray'd.

4. They groan'd; and curſt him on their bed,
yet ſtill he pleads and mourns;
And double bleſſings on his head
the righteous God returns.

5. O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
thus *Chriſt* the Lord appears;
While ſinners curſe, the Saviour prays,
and pities them with tears.

6. He the true *David*, *Iſr'el*'s king,
bleſt and belov'd of God,

To save us rebels dead in sin,
paid his own dearest blood.

See the notes on the first part of this psalm. Stan. 1. *Sounding of the bowels* in a scriptural metaphor, *Isa.* lxiii. 15.

PSALM XXXVI. 5—9. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of God; or, *General Providence and Special Grace.*

1. HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2. For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hand;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3. Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4. My God! how excellent thy grace;
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of *Adam* in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5. From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6. Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM XXXVI. *Ver.* 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. Common Metre.

Practical Atheism exposed; or, The being and Attributes of God asserted.

1. WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
and yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
"their thoughts believe there's none."

2. Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(whate'er their lips profess.)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
nor will they seek his grace.

3. What strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes!
but there's a hast'ning hour,
When they shall see with sore surprize,
the terrors of thy pow'r.

4. Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
tho' mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
a deep unfathom'd sea.

5. Above these heav'ns created rounds
thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth out-lives the narrow bounds
where time and nature end.

6. Safety to man thy goodness brings,
nor overlooks the least;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
thy children chuse to rest.

7. From thee, when creature-streams run low,
and moral comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
and raise our pleasures high.

8. Tho' all created light decay,
and death close up our eyes,

Thy presence makes eternal day,
where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM XXXVI. 1—7. Short Metre.

The Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of God;
or, *practical Atheism exposed.*

1. WHEN man grows bold in sin,
my heart within me cries,
"He hath no faith of God within,
"nor fear before his eyes."

2. [He walks a while conceal'd
in a self-flatt'ring dream,
'Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd,
expose his hateful name.]

3. His heart is false and foul,
his words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
and leaves no goodness there.

4. He plots upon his bed
new mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, and hand, and head,
to practise all that's ill.

5. But there's a dreadful God
tho' men renounce his fear;
His justice hid behind the cloud,
shall one great day appear.

6. His truth transcends the sky,
in heav'n his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
his anger burns to hell.

7. How excellent his love,
whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
from underneath his wings!

PSALM XXXVII. 1——15. *First Part.*

The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Unbelief; or, the Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked: or, The world's Hatred, and the Saint's Patience.

1. WHY should I vex my soul and fret
to see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great
by violence and lies?

2. As flow'ry grass cut down at noon,
before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
in everlasting shades.

3. Then let me make the Lord my trust,
and practice all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
and he'll provide me food.

4. I to my God my ways commit,
and chearful wait his will:
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
shall my desires fulfil.

5. Mine innocence shalt thou display,
and make thy judments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
and glorious as the noon.

6. The meek at last the earth possess,
and are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches, with abundant peace,
to humble souls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

7. Rest in the Lord and keep his way,
nor let your anger rise,
Tho' providence should long delay
to punish haughty vice.

8. Let sinners join to break your peace,
and plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
their day of vengeance come.

9. They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
and bring the righteous low.

10. My God shall break their bows and burn
their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn,
and pain surprize their hearts.

I have turned the divine instructions at the beginning of this psalm into the form of holy purposes, as more affecting and lively.

PSALM XXXVII. 16, 21, 26,—31. *Second Part.*

Charity to the Poor; or, *Religion in Words and Deed.*

1. WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
and grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just,
excels the sinner's gold.

2. The wicked borrows of his friends,
but ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful and lends,
nor turns the poor away.

3. His alms with lib'ral heart he gives
amongst the sons of need:
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
and blessed is his seed.

4. His lips abhor to talk profane,
to slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men,
what he has learnt of God.

5. The law and goſpel of the Lord
deep in his heart abide ;
Led by the ſpirit and the word,
his feet ſhall never ſlide.

6. When ſinners fall, the righteous ſtand,
preſerv'd from ev'ry ſnare ;
They ſhall poſſeſs the promiſs'd land,
and dwell for ever there.

PSALM XXXVII. 23—37. *Third Part.*

The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked.

1. MY God, the ſteps of pious men
are order'd by thy will ;
Tho' they ſhould fall, they riſe again,
thy hand ſupports them ſtill.

2. The Lord delights to ſee their ways,
their virtue he approves ;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
nor leave the men he loves.

3. The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
their portion and their home ;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
of bleſſings long to come.

4. Wait on the Lord, ye ſons of men,
nor fear when tyrants frown ;
Ye ſhall confeſs their pride was vain,
when juſtice caſts them down.

PAUSE.

5. The haughty ſinner have I ſeen,
nor fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
ſpreading his arms abroad.

6. And lo! he vaniſh'd from the ground,
deſtroy'd by hands unſeen ;

Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
where all that pride had been.

7. But mark the man of righteousness,
his sev'ral steps attend,
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways
and peaceful in his end.

This long Psalm abounds with useful instructions, and encouragements to piety, but the verses are very much unconnected, and independent: Therefore I have contracted and transposed them so as to reduce them to three Hymns of a moderate length and with some connexion of the sense.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Guilt of Conscience, and Relief; or, *Repentance and Prayer for Pardon and Health.*

1. AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chast'ning prove
like an avenger's sword.

2. Thine arrows stick within my heart,
my flesh is sorely prest;
Between the sorrow and the smart,
my spirit finds no rest.

3. My sins a heavy load appear,
and o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
too hard for me t'atone.

4. My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
my head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day,
beneath my father's frown.

5. Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
none of my pow'rs are whole;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
the anguish of my soul.

6. All my desire to thee is known,
thine eye counts ev'ry tear,
And ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry groan,
is notic'd by thine ear.

7. Thou art my God, my only hope,
my God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my spirit up,
when *satan* bids me die.

8. [My foot is ever apt to slide,
my foes rejoice to see't;
They raise their pleasure and their pride,
when they supplant my feet.

9. But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
and grieve for all my sin,
I'll mourn, how weak my graces be,
and beg support divine.

10. My God forgive my follies past,
and be forever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation haste
before thy servant die.]

PSALM XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. *First Part.*

Watchfulness over the Tongue: or, *Prudence and Zeal.*

1. THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
"now will I watch my tongue,
"Lest I let slip one sinful word,
"or do my neighbour wrong."

2. And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
with men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
nor let my talk be vain.

3. I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
the pious thoughts I feel,

Leſt ſcoffers ſhould th' occaſion take
to mock my holy zeal.

4. Yet if ſome proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-awed,
But let the ſcoffing ſinners hear,
that we can ſpeak for God.

I have not confined myſelf here to the ſenſe of the pſalmiſt, but have taken occaſion from the three firſt verſes, to write a ſhort hymn on the *government of the tongue*.

PSALM XXXIX. 4, 5, 6, 7. *Second Part.*
The vanity of Man as mortal.

1. TEACH me the meaſure of my days,
thou maker of my frame;
I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace,
and learn how frail I am.

A ſpan is all that we can boaſt,
an inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and duſt,
in all his flow'r and prime.

3. See the vain race of mortals move
like ſhadows o'er the plain,
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
but all the noiſe is vain.

4. Some walk in honour's gaudy ſhow,
ſome dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs they know not who,
and ſtrait are ſeen no more.

5. What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then
from creatures, earth and duſt?
They make our expectations vain,
and diſappoint our truſt.

6. Now I forbid my carnal hope,
my fond deſires recall;

I give my mortal int'reſt up,
and make my God my all.

PSALM XXXIX. 9—13. *Third Part.*

Sick-Bed Devotion; or, *Pleading without Repining.*

1. GOD of my life, look gently down,
I behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
nor dare diſpute thy will.

2. Diſeaſes are thy ſervants, Lord,
they come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
againſt thy chaſt'ning hand.

3. Yet may I plead with humble cries,
remove thy ſharp rebukes;
My ſtrength conſumes, my ſpirit dies,
through thy repeated ſtrokes.

4. Cruſh'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
we moulder to the duſt;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withſtand,
and all our beauty's loſt,

5. [This mortal life decays apace
how ſoon the bubble's broke!
Adam, and all his num'rous race,
are vanity and ſmoke.]

6. I'm but a ſojourner below,
as all my fathers were,
May I be well prepar'd to go,
when I the ſummons hear!

7. But if my life be ſpar'd a while,
before my laſt remove,
Thy praiſe ſhall be my buſineſs ſtill,
and I'll declare thy love.

PSALM XL. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. *First Part.*
Common Metre.

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

1. I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
and brought salvation nigh.

2. He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
deep bonds of miry clay.

3. Firm on a rock he made me stand,
and taught my chearful tougue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
in a new thankful song.

4. I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
the saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
their only hope and fear.

How many are thy thoughts of love!
thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not word, nor hours enough,
their numbers to repeat.

6. When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
and light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
and bears me on his heart.

PSALM XL. 6—9. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

1. THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"give your burnt off'rings o'er,
"In dying goats, and bullocks slain,
"my soul delights no more.

2. Then spake the Saviour, " Lo I'm here,
" my God to do thy will;
" Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
" Thy servant shall fulfil.

3. " Thy law is ever in my sight,
" I keep it near my heart:
" Mine ears are open'd with delight
" to what thy lips impart."

4. And see, the blest redeemer comes,
th' eternal Son appears,
And, at th' appointed time, assumes
the body God prepares.

5. Much he reveal'd his father's grace,
and much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
where great assemblies stood.

6. His father's honour touch'd his heart,
he pity'd sinners cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7. No blood of beasts on altars shed,
could wash the conscience clean,
But the rich sacrifice he paid,
atones for all our sin.

8. Then was the great salvation spread
and *Satan*'s kingdom shook;
Thus, by the woman's promis'd seed,
the serpent's head was broke.

If *David* had written this psalm in the days of the gospel, surely he would have given a much more express and particular account of the sacrifice of *Christ*, as he hath done of his preaching, verse 9, 10. and enlarged as *Paul* does in *Heb.* x. 4. &c. where this psalm is cited. I have done no more therefore in this paraphrase, than what I am persuaded the psalmist himself would have done in the time of Christianity.

The scriptures which I have used here on this occasion, are, *Heb.* x. 4, *It is not possible the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin.* ver 5. *A body hast thou prepared me.* John vii. 18. *I seek the glory of him that sent me.* Heb. x. 26. *He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.* Gen. iii. 15. *The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.*

PSALM XL. 5—10. Long Metre.
Christ *our Sacrifice.*

THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wro't,
Exceed our praise, surmount our tho't;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2. No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes,
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3. Lo! thine eternal son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears,
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

4. "Behold I come (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5. "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me.
"I must fulfil the Saviour's part
And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6. "I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw,
"When on my cross I'm lifted high,
"Or to my crown above the sky.

7. "The spirit shall descend and show
"What thou hast done, and what I do;
"The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
"Thy wisdom, and thy righteousness."

Beside some of the scriptures mentioned under the former Metre I have here made use of these also. 1 *John* iii. 5. *The Son of God was manifested*, &c. 1. Pet. ii, 24. *He bare our sins.* Isa. xlii. 21. *He will magnify the law, and make it honourable* John xii. 32. *If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me.* John. xvi. 14. *The Spirit shall receive of mine, and shew it unto you.*

PSALM XLI. 1, 2, 3.

Charity to the Poor; or, *Pity to the Afflicted.*

1. BLEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2. His heart contrives, for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do!
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3. His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drowth, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4. Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to Heav'n.

The ten last verses of this psalm are of quite another subject, relating to *David*'s personal enemies, which being so frequently repeated, I have often omitted.

The positive blessings of *long life*, *health*, *recovery* and *security* in the midst of dangers, being so much promised in the *Old Testament*, and so little in the *New*; I have given a turn at the end of this hymn, to discourage a too confident expectation of these temporal things, and led the soul to heavenly hopes, more agreeable to the gospel.

PSALM XLII. 1——5. *First Part.*

Desertion and hope; or, *Complaint of absence from public worship.*

1. WITH earnest longings of the mind,
my God, to thee I look:

So pants the hunted hart to find
and taste the cooling brook.

2. When shall I see thy courts of grace,
and meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face,
my heart endures with pain.

3. Temptations vex my weary soul,
and tears are my repast;
The foe insults without controul,
"*And where's your God at last.*"

4. 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on antient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
and all our work was praise.

5. But why, my soul, sunk down so far
beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
and sin against my God?

6. Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
can all thy woes remove:
For I shall yet before him stand,
and sing restoring love.

PSALM XLII. 6—11. *Second Part*

Melancholy thoughts reproved; or, hope in Afflictions.

1. MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2. Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise
Swell like a sea and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3. Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I addreſs his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove,
The night ſhall hear me ſing and pray.

4. I'll caſt myſelf before his feet,
And ſay, "My God, my heav'nly rock,
"Why doth thy love ſo long forget
"The ſoul that groans beneath thy ſtroke?"

5. I'll chide my heart that ſinks ſo low,
Why ſhould my ſoul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praiſe him too;
He is my reſt, my ſure relief.

6. Thy light and truth ſhall guide me ſtill,
Thy words ſhall my beſt thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heav'nly hill,
My God, my moſt exceeding joy.

The 43d Pſalm is ſo near a-kin to this, that I have omitted it, only borrowing the 3d and 4th verſes to conclude this hymn.

PSALM XLIV. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26.

The Church's Complaint in Perſecution.

1. LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
thy works of pow'r and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
the wonders of their days.

2. How thou didſt build thy churches here,
and make thy goſpel known;
Amongſt them did thine arm appear,
thy light and glory ſhone.

3. In God they boaſted all the day,
and in a chearful throng
Did thouſands meet to praiſe and pray,
and grace was all their ſong.

4. But now our ſouls are ſeiz'd with ſhame,
confuſion fills our face,

To hear the enemy blaſpheme,
and fools reproach thy grace.

5. Yet have we not forgot our God,
nor falſely dealt with Heav'n,
Nor have our ſteps declin'd the road
of duty thou haſt giv'n.

6. Tho' dragons all around us roar
with their deſtructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us ſore
hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7. We are expos'd all day to die
as martyrs for thy cauſe,
As ſheep for ſlaughter bound we lie,
by ſharp and bloody laws.

8. Awake, ariſe, Almighty Lord,
why ſleeps thy wonted grace?
Why ſhould we look like men abhorr'd,
or baniſh'd from thy face?

9. Wilt thou for ever caſt us off,
and ſtill neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heav'nly love
from our afflicted eyes?

10. Down to the duſt our ſoul is bow'd,
and dies upon the ground;
Riſe for our help, rebuke the proud,
and all their pow'rs confound.

11. Redeem us from perpetual ſhame,
our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
the merits of thy blood.

PSALM XLV. Short Metre.

The Glory of Chriſt, *the ſucceſs of the Goſpel and the* Gentile *Church.*

1. MY Saviour and my King,
thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with bleſſings overflow,
and ev'ry grace is thine.

2. Now make thy glory known,
gird on thy dreadful ſword,
And ride in Majeſty to ſpread
the conqueſts of thy word.

3. Strike thro' thy ſtubborn foes,
or melt their hearts t'obey,
While juſtice, meekneſs, grace and truth,
attend thy glorious way.

4. Thy laws, O God, are right;
thy throne ſhall ever ſtand;
And thy victorious goſpel proves
a ſcepter in thy hand.

[5. Thy Father and thy God,
hath without meaſure ſhed
His ſpirit, like a joyful oil,
t'anoint thy ſacred head.]

[6. Behold, at thy right-hand
the *Gentile* church is ſeen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
and Princes guard the Queen.]

7. Fair bride, receive his love,
forget thy father's houſe;
Forſake thy gods, thy idol-gods,
and pay thy Lord thy vows.

8. O let thy God and King
thy ſweeteſt thoughts employ;

Thy children shall his honours sing,
in palaces of joy.

This Psalm is a description of the personal glories of *Christ*, and the success of his gospel; and probably it refers to the *Gentile* Church, because she is bid to *forget her father's house*; all under the type of *Solomon*'s marriage to *Pharaoh*'s daughter.

Stanza 5. John iii. 34. *God giveth not the spirit by measure unto him.*

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

The Personal Glories and Government of Christ.

1. I'LL speak the honours of my King,
his form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race,
may with the Lord compare.

2. Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
hath crown'd thy sacred head.

3. Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
ride with majestic sway;
Thy terrors shall strike thro' thy foes,
and make the world obey.

4. Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
thy word of grace shall prove.
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
to rule the saints by love.

5. Justice and truth attend thee still,
but mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill,
with most peculiar joys.

PSALM XLV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The Glory of Christ, *and Power of his Gospel.*

1. NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King.

Jesus the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2. O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3. Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword,
In Majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4. Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5. Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6. God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And, with his sacred spirit, blest
The first-born son above the rest.

PSALM XLV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ *and his Church*; or, *The Mystical Marriage.*

1. THE King of saints, how fair his face.
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2. At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3. He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne:
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4. So shall the king the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy maker and thy Lord.

5. O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all his sons, (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign!

6. Let endless honours crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praises spread,
While we with chearful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

See the notes on the short metre.

PSALM XLVI. *The First Part.*

The Church's Safety and Triumph among national Desolations.

1. GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
E'er we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2. Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our soul abide,
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles, and dreads, the swelling tide.

4. There is a stream, whose gentle flow,
Supplies the city of our God;

Life, love and joy, ſtill gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5. That ſacred ſtream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controuls;
Sweet peace thy promiſes afford,
And give new ſtrength to fainting ſouls.

6. *Sion* enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure againſt a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. *Second Part.*

God fights for his Church.

1. LET *Sion* in her king rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms riſe;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2. The Lord of old for *Jacob* fought,
And *Jacob*'s God is ſtill our aid,
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What deſolations he has made.

3. From ſea to ſea thro' all the ſhores,
He makes the noiſe of battle ceaſe;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4. He breaks the bow, he cuts the ſpear,
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Keep ſilence all the earth, and hear
The ſound and glory of his name.

" Be ſtill, and learn that I am God,
" I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
" I will be known and fear'd abroad,
" But ſtill my throne in *Sion* ſtands.

6. O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM XLVII.

Christ Ascending and Reigning.

1. O FOR a shout of sacred joy
to God the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
and hymns of triumph sing.

2. *Jesus* our God ascends on high;
his heav'nly guards around
Attend him rising thro' the sky,
with trumpet's joyful sound.

3. While angels shout and praise their King,
let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honour sing;
o'er all the earth he reigns.

4. Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
upon a thoughtless tongue.

5. In *Isr'el* stood his antient throne,
he lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
and *Heathens* taste his grace.

6. The *British* islands are the Lord's
There *Abraham*'s God is known,
While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords,
submit before his throne.

The ascent of *Christ* into heaven is typify'd in this psalm, by the ark brought up to *Zion*, 2 *Sam.* vi. 15. And the kingdom of *Christ* among the Gentiles, is there represented by *David*'s victory over the nations, *Ver.* 3. I have chosen to omit the type, and do honour to my ascending and reigning Saviour in more express language.

PSALM XLVIII. 1——8. *First Part.*

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

[1. GREAT is the Lord our God,
and let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
his most delightful seat.

2. These temples of his grace,
how beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
and bulwarks of our land.]

3. In *Sion* God is known
a refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
through all her palaces!

4. When kings against her join'd,
and saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
they fled with hasty fear.

5. When navies tall and proud
attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud,
and sinks them in the seas.

6. Oft have our fathers told,
our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
where his own sheep have been.

7. In ev'ry new distress
we'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
and seek deliv'rance there.

PSALM XLVIII. 10——14. *Second Part.*

The Beauty of the Church; or, *Gospel Worship and Order.*

1. FAR as thy name is known
the world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
their songs of honour raise.

2. With joy let *Judah* stand
on *Sion*'s chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
and counsels of thy will.

3. Let strangers walk around
the city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
and mark the building well.

4. The orders of thy house,
the worship of thy court,
The chearful songs, the solemn vows;
and make a fair report.

5. How decent and how wise!
how glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
and rites adorn'd with gold.

6. The God we worship now,
will guide us till we die,
Will be our God, while here below,
and ours above the sky.

PSALM XLIX. 6——14. *First Part.* Com. Met.

Pride and Death; or, *The Vanity of Life and Riches.*

1. WHY doth the man of riches grow
to insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
with ev'ry rising tide?

2. [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
made of the self-same clay,
And boast as tho' his flesh was born
of better dust than they?]

3. Not all his treasure can procure
his soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
or make his brother live.

4. Life is a blessing can't be sold,
the ransom is too high:
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
that man may never die.

5. He sees the brutish and the wise,
the tim'rous and the brave.
Quit their possessions, close their eyes
and hasten to the grave.

6. Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"my house shall ever stand;
"And that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

7. Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
how soon his mem'ry dies!
His name is written in the dust,
where his own carcass lies.

PAUSE.

8. This is the folly of their way:
and yet their sons as vain
Approve the words their fathers say,
and act their works again.

9. Men void of wisdom and of grace,
if honour raise them high,
Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
and like the beast they die.

10. Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
death feeds upon them there,
T'ill the last trumpet breaks their sleep
in terror and despair.

PSALM XLIX. *v.* 14, 15. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Death and the Resurrection.

1. YE sons of pride that hate the just,
and trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
your pomp shall rise no more.

2. The last great day shall change the scene;
when will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
o'er all that scorn'd them here?

3. God will my naked soul receive,
when sep'rate from the flesh;
And break the prison of the grave,
to raise my bones afresh.

4. Heav'n is my everlasting home
th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
but I'll repine no more.

PSALM XLIX. Long Metre.

The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

1. WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?
How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2. They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;

Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3. There the dark earth and dismal shade,
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh so delicately fed
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4. Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat:
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.

5. His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood;
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6. My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode:
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM L. 1—6. *First part.* Common metre.

The last Judgment; or *the Saints rewarded.*

1. THE Lord, the judge before his throne,
bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
and near the western sky.

2. No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"*judgement will ne'er begin*;"
No more abuse his long delay,
to impudence and sin.

3. Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
lead on the dreadful day.

4. Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
attending angels come,

And earth and hell shall know, and fear,
his justice and their doom.

5. "But gather all my saints (he cries)
"that make their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"and sealed it with his blood.

6. "Their faith and works bro't forth to light,
"shall make the world confess
"My sentence of reward is right,
"and heav'n adore my grace."

PSALM L. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

1. THUS saith the Lord, "the spacious fields
"and flocks and herds, are mine;
"O'er all the cattle of the hills
"I claim a right divine.

2. "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
"nor bullocks burnt with fire;
"To hope and love, to pray and praise,
"is all that I require.

3. "Call upon me when trouble's near,
"my hand shall set thee free;
"Then shall thy thankful lips declare,
"the honour due to me.

4. "The man that offers humble praise,
"he glorifies me best;
"And those that tread my holy ways,
"shall my salvation taste."

PSALM L. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. *Third Part.*
Common Metre.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

1. WHEN *Christ* to judgement shall descend,
and saints surround their Lord,

He calls the nations to attend,
and hear his awful word,

2. " Not for the want of bullocks slain,
" will I the world reprove;
" Altars and rites, and forms are vain,
" without the fire of love.

3. " And what have hypocrites to do,
" to bring their sacrifice?
" They call my statutes just and true,
" but deal in theft and lies.

4. " Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
" and sin without controul?
" But I shall bring your crimes to light,
" with anguish in your soul."

5. Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
there's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM L. *Third Part.* Long Metre.
Hypocrisy exposed.

1. THE Lord the judge his churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2. Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
With lips of falshood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.

3. They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4. To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;

By night they practise ev'ry sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5. And while his judgments long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6. O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes;
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

This psalm having a plain reference to the last judgment, I have in the first part omitted every thing that might obscure the sense of it.

The latter part of the psalm being designed to expose and terrify all *formal worshippers and hypocrites*, I have framed two or three *hymns* on that subject, with some transposition and paraphrase of the verses; but I have kept the same introduction still, by repeating the first verse of the psalm.

PSALM L. To a new Tune.

The last Judgment.

THE Lord, the sov'reign, sends his summons forth,
Calls the *South* nations, and awakes the *North*;
From *East* to *West* the sounding orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead;
No more shall Atheists mock his long delay:
His veng'ance sleeps no more: behold the day.

2. Behold the judge descends; his guards are nigh,
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
Heav'n, earth and hell draw near; let all things come,
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom:
But gather first my saints, (the judge commands,
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

2. Behold my cov'nant ſtands forever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal ſacrifice in blood,
And ſign'd with all their names; the *Greek* the
[*Jew*,
That paid the antient worſhip or the new.
There's no diſtinction here; come ſpread their
[thrones,
And near me ſeat my fav'rites and my ſons.

4. I their almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their judge: Ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
My juſt eternal ſentence, and declare
Thoſe awful truths that ſinners dread to hear;
Sinners in *Zion*, tremble and retire;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5. Not for the want of goats or bullocks ſlain
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love. In vain the ſtore
Of brutal off'rings that were mine before:
Mine are the tamer beaſts and ſavage-breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and foreſts where
[they feed.

6. If I were hungry, would I aſk thee food?
When did I thirſt, or drink thy bullocks blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy ſolemn chatt'rings and fataſtick vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy veſtments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7. Unthinking wretch! how couldſt thou hope
[to pleaſe
A God, a ſpirit, with ſuch toys as theſe?
While with my grace and ſtatutes on thy
[tongue
Thou lov'ſt deceit, and doſt thy brother wrong;
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends
Thieves and adult'rers are thy choſen friends.

8. Silent I waited with long-ſuff'ring love,
But didſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove?

And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy sin?
Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

9. Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works [amend
Fly to the Saviour, make the judge your friend,
Lest like a lion his last veng'ance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

‖ In this *metre* as in some of the former, I have taken evident occasion from this *Psalm*, to represent the *last judgment*, and have therefore left out those verses that seem to interrupt that sense.

Stan. 3. All the *Saints have made a covenant with God by sacrifice*, (as in the text) and, as it were, set their names to God's covenant of grace, ratified by the sacrifice of *Christ* of eternal virtue; though the *Jews* did it in the antient forms of worship, and the *Gentiles* in the new.

Stan. 6, 7. As the *Jewish* formal worshippers contented themselves with burnt-offerings, &c. and trusted in them; so hypocrites in *Christianity* build their hopes upon outward forms, gay ceremonies, rigid austerities, fanciful vows, &c.

PSALM L. To the old proper Tune.

The last Judgment.

THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the *south* nations, and awakes the *north*,
From *east* to *west* the sov'reign order spreads,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful voices.

2. No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His veng'ance sleeps no more: Behold the day;
Behold the judge descends; his guards are nigh,
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice him.

3. " Heav'n, earth and hell, draw near: let [all things come,
" To hear my juſtice, and the ſinners doom;
" But gather firſt my ſaints; (the judge com- [mands
" Bring them, ye angels, from their diſtant [lands.
When Chriſt returns, wake every chearful paſſion;
And ſhout, ye ſaints, he comes for your ſalvation.

4. " Behold my cov'nant ſtands for ever good
" Seal'd by th' eternal ſacrifice in blood,
" And ſign'd with all their names; the *Greek*, the *Jew*,
" That paid the antient worſhip or the new.
There's no diſtinction here, join all your voices,
And raiſe your heads, ye ſaints for Heav'n rejoices

5. " Here (ſaith the Lord) ye angels, ſpread (your thrones,
" And near me ſeat my fav'rites, and my ſons,
" Come, my redeem'd, poſſeſs the joy prepar'd
" E're time began; 'tis your divine reward.
When Chriſt returns, wake every chearful paſſion;
And ſhout, ye ſaints he comes for your ſalvation.

PAUSE the Firſt.

6. " I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God,
" I am the judge: Ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
" My juſt eternal ſentence, and declare
" Thoſe awful truths, that ſinners dread to hear
When God appears all nature ſhall adore him;
While ſinners tremble, ſaints rejoice before him.

7. " Stand forth, thou bold blaſphemer, and (profane,
" Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings (vain;
" Thou hypocrite, once dreſt in ſaint's attire,
" I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful voices;

8. "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
"Do I condemn thee, bulls and goats are vain
"Without the flames of love: In vain the store
"Of brutal offerings that were mine before:
Earth is the Lord's, all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

9. "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food,
"When did I thirst or drink thy bullocks (blood?
"Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
"Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where (they feed?
All is the Lords, he rules the wide creation:
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

10. "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
"Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?
"Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold
"Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?
God is the judge of hearts: no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE the Second.

11. "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou [hope to please
"A God, a spirit, with such toys as these?
"While with my grace and statutes on thy [tongue
"Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother [wrong;
Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heav'n re- [joices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful voices

12. "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends
"Thieves and adult'rers are thy chosen friends

"While t'e falſe flat'rer at my altar waits,
"His harden'd ſoul divine inſtruction hates.
God is the judge of hearts no fair diſguiſes,
Can ſcreen the guilty when his vengeance riſes.

13. "Silent I waited with long-ſuff'ring love?
"But did'ſt thou hope that I ſhould ne'er reprove
"And cheriſh ſuch an impious thought within
"That the all-holy would indulge thy ſin?
See God appears, all nature joins t'adore him,
Judgment proceeds, and ſinners fall before him.

14. "Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll
"And thy own crimes affright thy guilty ſoul:
"Now like a lion ſhall my vengeance tear
"Thy bleeding heart and no deliv'rer near.
Judgment concludes: hell trembles; heav'n re-
[*joices;*
Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with chearful voices

Epiphonema.

15. Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wiſe;
Awake before this dreadful morning riſe,
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked
[works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the judge your friend.
Then join ye ſaints, wake every chearful paſſion;
When Chriſt returns, he comes for your ſalvation

If the *former heroic Metre* do not fit the *old proper Tune* of the fiftieth Pſalm, for want of *double rhymes* at the end of every ſtanza, I have here altered the form of it much, in order to fit it exactly to the *old proper Tune*; adding a *Chorus*, or, as ſome call it, the *burden of the ſong*, betwixt every four lines. I hope it will not be diſpleaſing to the more muſical part of my readers, to be entertained with ſuch a variety.

PSALM LI. *Firſt Part* Long Metre.
A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1. SHEW pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a ſinner truſt in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but not surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4. My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PSALM LI. *Second Part.* Long Metre,

Original and Actual Sin confessed.

1. LORD I am vile, conceiv'd in sin;
And born unholy and unclean
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2. Soon as we draw our infant-breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

3. [Great God create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger, and my remedy.]

4. Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean:
The leprosy lies deep within.

5. No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6. *Jesus*, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No *Jewish* types could cleanse me so.

7. While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

Stanza 4, 5. Since the Psalmist seems to refer to the *Branch of hyssop, sprinkling the blood of the bird, and the running water*, Levit. xiv. 51. I have here enlarged upon the insufficiency of all those rites, for the cleansing of sin, which is the *leprosy* of the soul.

Stanza 6. Such a glorious occasion of introducing *the blood of a Saviour*, could not be omitted here with justice to *David* or to *Christ* his son.

PSALM LI. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

The Backslider restored; or, *Repentance and Faith in the Blood of* Christ.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2. Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3. I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:

Thine holy joys, my God, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4. Tho' I have grieved thy ſpirit, Lord,
His help and comfort ſtill afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5. A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the ſacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er deſpiſe
A broken heart for ſacrifice.

6. My ſoul lies humbled in the duſt,
And owns thy dreadful ſentence juſt;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And ſave the ſoul condemn'd to die.

7. Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning God.

8. O may thy love inſpire my tongue!
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong;
And all my pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord, my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

The 17th verſe, concerning the *ſacrifices of a broken heart*, I have here tranſpoſed, to make an eaſier connection.

PSALM LI. 3—13. *Firſt Part.*
Common Metre.

Original and actual Sin confeſſed and pardoned.

1. LORD, I would ſpread my ſore diſtreſs,
and guilt before thine eyes;
Againſt thy laws, againſt thy grace,
how high my crimes ariſe!

2. Should'ſt thou condemn my ſoul to hell,
and cruſh my fleſh to duſt,

Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
and earth must own it just.

3. I from the stock of *Adam* came,
unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
and all my nature sin*.

4. Born in a world of guilt, I drew
contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
a surer prey for death.

5. Cleanse me, O Lord, and chear my soul
with thy forgiving love:
O make my broken spirit whole,
and bid my pains remove.

6. Let not thy spirit quite depart,
nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
and fill it with thy grace.

7. Then will I make thy mercy known
before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
and turn to God again.

* Or it may be read, *my nature prone to sin.*

PSALM LI. 14—17. *Second Part.* Com. Met.

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

1. O God of mercy, hear my call,
my loads of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
that bars me from my love.

2. Give me the presence of thy grace,
then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
and make thy praise my song.

3. No blood of goats, nor heifer ſlain
for ſin could e'er atone;
The death of *Chriſt* ſhall ſtill remain
ſufficient and alone.

4. A ſoul oppreſt with ſins deſert,
my God will ne'er deſpiſe;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
is our beſt ſacrifice.

PSALM LIII. 4—6.

Victory and Deliverance from Perſecution.

1. ARE all the foes of *Sion* fools,
who thus devour her ſaints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
and pities her complaints.

2. They ſhall be ſeiz'd with ſad ſurprize;
for God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that riſe
to do his children harm.

3. In vain the ſons of *Satan* boaſt
of armies in array;
When God has firſt deſpis'd their hoſt,
they fall an eaſy prey.

4. O for a word from *Zion*'s king
her captives to reſtore!
Jacob with all his tribes ſhall ſing,
and *Juda* weep no more.

The firſt part of this pſalm is the ſame with the 14th.

PSALM LV. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 22. Com. Metre.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

1. O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt deviſe,

2. Their rage is levell'd at my life,
my ſoul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward ſtrife,
to ſhake my hope in God.

3. With inward pain my heart-ſtrings ſound.
I groan with ev'ry breath,
Horror and fear beſet me round,
amongſt the ſhades of death.

5. O were I like a feather'd dove,
and innocence had wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove,
from all theſe reſtleſs things,

5. Let me to ſome wild deſart go,
and find a peaceful home;
Where ſtorms of malice never blow,
temptations never come.

6. Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
to 'ſcape the rage of hell!
The mighty God, on whom I call,
can ſave me here as well.

PAUSE.

7. By morning light I'll ſeek his face,
at noon repeat my cry,
The night ſhall hear me aſk his grace,
nor will he long deny.

8. God ſhall preſerve my ſoul from fear,
or ſhield me when afraid;
Ten thouſand angels muſt appear,
if he command their aid.

9. I caſt my burdens on the Lord,
the Lord ſuſtains them all;
My courage reſts upon his word,
that ſaints ſhall never fall.

10. My higheſt hopes ſhall not be vain,
my lips ſhall ſpread his praiſe;

While cruel and deceitful men,
scarce live out half their days.

I have left out some whole psalms, and several parts of others that tend to fill the mind with *overwhelming sorrows*, or *fierce resentment*; neither of which are so well suited to the spirit of the gospel, and therefore the particular complaints of *David* against *Achitophel* here are entirely omitted.

PSALM LV. *v.* 15, 16, 17, 19, 22.
Short Metre.

Dangerous Prosperity; or, *daily Devotions encouraged.*

1. LET sinners take their course,
and chuse the road to death;
But, in the worship of my God,
I'll spend my daily breath.

2. My thoughts address his throne,
when morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
and pay my vows at night.

3. Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinner's perish in surprise,
beneath thine angry rod.

4. Because they dwell at ease,
and no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
nor learn to do thy will.

5. But I with all my cares,
will lean upon the Lord,
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
and rest upon his word.

6. His arm shall well sustain,
the children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
no earthly pow'r can move.

PSALM LVI.

Deliverance from Oppression and Falshood; or, *God's Care of his People, in Answer to Faith and Prayer.*

1. O THOU whose justice reigns on high,
and makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
to vex and break my peace!

2. The sons of violence and lies
join to devour me, Lord;
But, as my hourly dangers rise,
my refuge is thy word.

3. In God most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
the offspring of the dust.

4. They wrest my words to mischief still,
charge me with unknown faut's;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill.
and malice all their thoughts.

5. Shall they escape without thy frown?
must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
and let him know thy hand!

PAUSE.

6. God counts the sorrows of his saints,
their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
a bottle for my tears.

7. When to thy throne I raise my cry,
the wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
so near is God to me.

8. In thee, moſt holy, juſt and true,
I have repos'd my truſt;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
the offspring of the duſt.

9. Thy ſolemn vows are on me, Lord,
thou ſhalt receive my praiſe;
I'll ſing *How faithful is thy word,*
How righteous all thy ways!

10. Thou haſt ſecur'd my ſoul from death,
O ſet thy pri'ſner free!
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
may be employ'd for thee.

PSALM LVII.

Praiſe for Protection, Grace and Truth.

1. MY God, in whom are all the ſprings
Of boundleſs love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy ſpreading wings.
'Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2. Up to the heav'ns I ſend my cry,
The Lord will my deſires preform;
He ſends his angels from the ſky,
And ſaves me from the threat'ning ſtorm.

3. Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4. My heart is fix'd; my ſong ſhall raiſe
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake my tongue to ſound his praiſe,
My tongue, the glory of my frame,

5. High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt ſky:
His truth to endleſs years remains,
When lower worlds diſſolve and die.

6. Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. As the 113th Pſalm.

Warning to Magiſtrates.

1. JUDGES, who rule the world by laws
Will ye deſpiſe the righteous cauſe,
When th' injur'd poor before you ſtands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich ſinners 'ſcape ſecure,
While gold and greatneſs bribe your hands!

2. Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the Heav'ns his juſtice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And ſend your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conſcience in your chains.

3. A poiſon'd arrow is your tongue.
The arrow ſharp the poiſon ſtrong,
And death attends where'er it wounds:
You hear no counſels, cries or tears;
So the deaf adder ſtops her ears
Againſt the pow'r of charming ſounds.

4. Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Thoſe teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
And cruſh the ſerpents in the duſt:
As empty chaff when whirlwinds riſe,
Before the ſweeping tempeſt flies,
So let their hopes and names be loſt.

5. Th' almighty thunders from the ſky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of ſnow diſſolve and run,
Or ſnails that periſh in their ſlime,

Or births that come before their time,
Vain births, that never see the sun.

6. Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford,
And all that hear shall join and say, —
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his children cry,
"And will their suff'rings well repay."

PSALM LX. 1——5, 10——12.

On a Day of Humiliation for Disappointments in War.

1. LORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
must we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
shall mercy ne'er return?

2. The terror of one frown of thine,
melts all our strength away;
Like men that totter drunk with wine;
we tremble in dismay.

3. *Great-Britain* shakes beneath thy stroke,
and dreads thy threat'ning hand:
O heal the island thou hast broke,
confirm the wav'ring land.

4. Lift up a banner in the field,
for those that fear thy name;
Save thy beloved with thy shield,
and put our foes to shame.

5. Go with our armies to the fight,
like a confed'rate God;
In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite
against thy lifted rod.

6. Our troops shall gain a wide renown
by thine assisting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
and makes the feeble stand.

PSALM LXI. 1——6.

Safety in God.

1. WHEN overwhelm'd with grief
my heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
to Heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2. O lead me to the rock
that's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
my shelter and my shade.

3. Within thy presence, Lord,
for ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
the refuge where I hide.

4. Thou giveſt me the lot
of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII. 5——12.

No Trust in the Creatures; or, *Faith in divine Grace and Power.*

1. MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2. Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3. False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4. Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glitt'ring dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5. Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All pow'r is his eternal due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too."

6. For sov'reign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM LXIII. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. *First Part.*
Common Metre.

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

1. EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
without thy chearing grace.

2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
and they must drink or die.

3. I've seen thy glory, and thy pow'r,
thro' all thy temple shine;
My God repeat that Heav'nly hour,
that vision so divine.

4. Not all the blessings of a feast
can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
and in thy presence dwell.

5. Not life itself, with all her joys,
can my best passions move,

Or raiſe ſo high my chearful voice,
as thy forgiving love.

5. Thus, till my laſt expiring day,
I'll bleſs my God and king;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
and tune my lips to ſing.

PSALM LXIII. 6——10. *Second Part.*
Common metre.

Midnight Thoughts recollected

1. 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy pow'r,
I kept thy lovely face in ſight,
amidſt the darkeſt hour.

2. My fleſh lay reſting on my bed,
my ſoul aroſe on high;
"*My God, my life, my hope.* I ſaid
"*bring thy ſalvation nigh.*"

3. My ſpirit labours up thine hill,
and climbs the heav'nly road;
But thy right hand upholds me ſtill,
while I purſue my God.

4. Thy mercy ſtretches o'er my head
the ſhadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
my tongue awakes and ſings.

5. But the deſtroyers of my peace
ſhall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter ſhall for ever ceaſe,
and all my ſins be ſlain.

6. Thy ſword ſhall give my foes to death,
and ſend them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
or to the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.

Longing after God; or, *The Love of God better than Life.*

1. GREAT God indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my reſt;
The glories that compoſe thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.

2. Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Thou art my father and my God;
And I am thine by ſacred ties;
Thy ſon, thy ſervant bought with blood.

3. With heart and eyes, and liſted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers, in thirſty lands,
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4. With early feet I love t'appear
Among thy ſaints, and ſeek thy face;
Oft have I ſeen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of ſov'reign grace

5. Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taſte,
Nor all the joys our ſenſes know,
Could make me ſo divinely bleſt,
Or raiſe my chearful paſſions ſo.

6. My life itſelf, without thy love,
No taſte of pleaſure could afford;
'Twould but a tireſome burden prove,
If I were baniſh'd from the Lord.

7. Amidſt the wakeful hours of night,
When buſy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreſhment to my bed.

8. I'll lift my hands, I'll raiſe my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praiſe:

This work ſhall make my heart rejoice,
And ſpend the remnant of my days.

PSALM LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

1. MY God, permit my tongue
this joy, to call thee mine,
And let my early cries prevail
to taſte thy love divine.

2. My thirſty fainting ſoul
thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in deſart lands,
can pant for water more.

3. Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
and feel thy quick'ning grace.

4. For life, without thy love,
no reliſh can afford;
No joy can be compar'd to this,
to ſerve and pleaſe the Lord.

5. To thee I lift my hands,
and praiſe thee while I live;
Not all the dainties of a feaſt,
ſuch food or pleaſure give,

6. In wakeful hours at night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wiſe thy counſels are,
and all thy dealings kind.

7. Since thou haſt been my help,
to thee my ſpirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence,
my chearful hope relies.

8. The shadow of thy wings,
my soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my father leads,
and he supports my steps.

After I had finished the *common metre* of this psalm, I observed several pious turns of thought in Dr. *Patrick's* version, which I have copied in *this metre*, though with some difficulty, because of the shorter lines.

PSALM LXV. 1——5. *First Part.* Com. Met.

Public Prayer and Praise.

1. THE praise of *Sion* waits for thee,
My God, and praise becomes thy house,
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2. O thou, whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the *Nothern* sea.

3. Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of *Christ* will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4. Blest is the man whom thou shalt chuse,
And give him kind access to thee:
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5. Let *Babel* fear when *Sion* prays;
Babel prepare for long distress
When *Sion's* God himself arrays,
In terror and in righteousness.

6. With dreadful glory God fulfils,
What his afflicted saints request;

And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.

7. Then shall the flocking nations run
To *Sion*'s hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun,
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM LXV. 5—13. *Second Part.*
Long Metre.

Divine Providence in Air, Earth and Sea; or, *The God of Nature and Grace.*

1. THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of *Sion* mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Thro' all the way his terror shines.

2. On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

3. Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God.
When tempests rage and billows roar,
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4. He bids the noisy tempest cease;
He calms the raging croud to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5. Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains established by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.

6. Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and light'ning fly;

The *Heathen* lands, with swift surprize,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7. At his command the morning-ray
Smiles in the *east*, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels,
Over the tops of *Western* hills.

8. Seasons and times obey his voice,
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice,
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,
Laden with fruit, and dress'd in flow'rs

9. 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispence.

10. The desart grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the vallies yield;
The vallies shout with chearful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

11. The pastures smile in green array;
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language, speaks thy name.

12. Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine;
Thro' ev'ry mouth thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. *First Part.*
Common Metre.

A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

1. PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
there shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
all flesh shall seek thine aid.

2. Lord our iniquities prevail,
but pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou will grant us pow'r and ſkill,
to conquer ev'ry ſin.

3. Bleſs'd are the men whom thou wilt chuſe
to bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine houſe,
to feaſt upon thy grace.

5. In anſw'ring what thy church requeſts,
thy truth and terror ſhine,
And works of dreadful righteouſneſs
fulfil thy kind deſign.

5. Thus ſhall the wond'ring nations ſee.
the Lord is good and juſt;
And diſtant iſlands fly to thee,
and make thy name their truſt.

6. They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
when ſigns in Heav'n appear;
But they ſhall learn thy holy word,
and love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

The Providence of God in Air, Earth, and Sea;
or, *The Bleſſing of Rain.*

'TIS by thy ſtrength the mountains ſtand,
God of eternal pow'r,
The ſea grows calm at thy command,
and tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

2. Thy morning-light, and evening-ſhade,
ſucceſſive comfort bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harveſt glad,
thy flow'rs adorn the ſpring.

3. Seasons and times, and moons, and hours,
Heav'n, earth and air, are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
the author is divine.

4. Those wand'ring cistern's in the sky,
borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
the furrows of the ground.

5. The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
and ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. *The Third Part.*
Common Metre.

The Blessings of the Spring; or, *God gives Rain.*

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

1. GOOD is the Lord, the Heav'nly King,
who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
and bids the grass appear.

2. The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
to chear the thirsty land.

3. The soft'ned ridges of the field
permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
and the poor lab'rers sing.

4. The little hills, on ev'ry side,
rejoice at falling show'rs,
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
perfume the air with flow'rs.

5. The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
promise a joyful crop;
The parching grounds look green again,
and raise the reaper's hope.

6. The various months thy goodness crowns,
how bount'ous are thy ways?
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
and shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM LXVI. *First part.*
Governing Power and Goodness; or, *Our Grace tried by Afflictions.*

1. SING all ye nations to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
his honours, and your joys.

2. Say to the pow'r that shakes the sky,
"how terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"or at thy feet they bow."

3. [Come, see the wonders of our God,
how glorious are his ways!
In *Moses'* hand he puts his rod,
and cleaves the frighted seas.

4. He made the ebbing channel dry,
while *Isr'el* pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
and triumph in their God.]

5. He rules by his resistless might:
will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
and tempt that dreadful war?

6. O bless our God, and never cease,
ye saints, fulfil his praise:

He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
and guides our doubtful ways.

7. Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,
to make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
the metal to refine.

8. Thro' wat'ry deeps, and fiery ways,
we march at thy command,
Led to possess the promis'd place,
by thine unerring hand.

PSALM LXVI. 13——20. *Second Part.*

Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

1. NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
to that almighty pow'r,
That heard the long requests I made
in my distressful hour.

2. My lips and chearful heart prepare
to make his mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God, and hear
the wonders he has done.

3. When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heav'nly aid;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
and death's eternal shade.

4. If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
while pray'r employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
nor I his praises sung.

5. But God (his name be ever blest)
has set my spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM LXVII.

The Nation's Prosperity, and the Church's Increase.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on *Britain* shine,
with beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts,
and shew thy smiling face.

2. [Amidst our isle, exalted high,
do thou our glory stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
surround the fav'rite land.]

3. When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
their Saviour and their God?

4. Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
sing loud with solemn voice;
While *British* tongues exalt his praise,
and *British* hearts rejoice.

5. He the great Lord, the sov'reign judge,
that sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
in justice and in love.

6. Earth shall obey her maker's will,
and yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen isle
with fruitfulness and peace.

7. God the redeemer scatters round
his choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
shall see, adore, and fear.

Having translated the scene of this psalm to *Great-Britain*, I have borrowed a devout and poetical wish for the happiness of my native land, from *Zech.* ii. 5. and offered it up in the second stanza. *I will be a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her.*

PSALM LXVIII. *First Part.* 1—6. 32—35.
The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

1. LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.

2. [He comes array'd in burning flames;
Justice and vengeance are his names;
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]

3. He rides and thunders thro' the sky;
His name *Jehovah* sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

4. The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress:
In him the poor and helpless find
A judge that's just, a father kind.

5. He breaks the captives heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels, that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

6. Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wond'rous name and pow'rs rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

7. He shakes the Heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In *Isr'el* are his mercies known,
Isr'el is his peculiar throne.

8. Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

PSALM LXVIII. *Second Part. v.* 17, 18.

Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

1. LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2. Not *Sinai*'s mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3. How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4. Rais'd by his father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

The 17th and 18th verses of this psalm are applied to the *ascension of Christ*, Eph. iv. 8. and the *promised spirit* was then given to men, *Acts* ii. 33.

PSALM LXVIII. *3d Part. v.* 19, 9, 20, 21, 22.

Praise for temporal Blessings; or, *Common and Special Mercies.*

1. WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2. He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3. 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;

Safety and health to God belong:
He heals the weak, and guards the ſtrong.

4. He makes the ſaint and ſinner prove
The common bleſſings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains,
Is endleſs joys, or endleſs pains.

5. The Lord, that bruis'd the ſerpent's head,
On all the ſerpent's ſeed ſhall tread;
The ſtubborn ſinner's hope confound,
And ſmite him with a laſting wound.

6. But his right hand his ſaints ſhall raiſe
From the deep earth, or deeper ſeas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There ſhall they taſte his ſpecial love.

The verſes marked in the title afforded me ſeveral hints to form a Divine Song on the ſubject there expreſſed.

PSALM LXIX. 1——14. *Firſt Part.*

Common Metre.

The Sufferings of Chriſt for our Salvation.

1. "SAVE me, O Lord, the ſwelling floods
"break in upon my ſoul:
"I ſink; and ſorrows, o'er my head,
"like mighty waters roll.

2. "I cry till all my voice be gone,
"in tears I waſte the day:
"My God, behold my longing eyes,
"and ſhorten the delay.

3. "They hate my ſoul without a cauſe,
"And ſtill their number grows
"More than the hairs around my head,
"and mighty are my foes.

4. "'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
"that men could never pay,

" And gave thoſe honours to thy law,
" which ſinners took away."

5. Thus, in the great *Meſſiah*'s name,
the royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hears to grief,
and gives us joy by turns.

6. " Now ſhall the ſaints rejoice and find
" Salvation in my name;
" For I have born their heavy load,
" of ſorrow, pain, and ſhame.

7. " Grief, like a garment, cloth'd me round,
" and ſackcloth was my dreſs,
" While I procur'd for naked ſouls,
" a robe of righteouſneſs.

8. " Amongſt my brethren and the *Jews*
" I like a ſtranger ſtood,
" And bore their vile reproach, to bring
" the *Gentiles* near to God.

9. " I came, in ſinful mortals ſtead
" to do my father's will,
" Yet when I cleans'd my father's houſe,
" they ſcandaliz'd my zeal.

10. " My faſting and my holy groans,
" were made the drunkard's ſong;
" But God, from his celeſtial throne,
" heard my complaining tongue.

11. " He ſav'd me from the dreadful deep,
" nor let my ſoul be drown'd;
" He rais'd and fix'd my ſinking feet,
" on well eſtabliſh'd ground.

12. " 'Twas in a moſt accepted hour
" my pray'r aroſe on high,
" And for my ſake my God ſhall hear
" the dying ſinner's cry."

Stan. 7. I borrow the *robe of righteouſneſs* from *Iſa.* lxi. 10. to anſwer the *garments of ſackcloth*, ver. 11.

PSALM LXIX. 14—21, 26, 29, 32.
Second Part. Common Metre.

The Paſſion and Exaltation of Chriſt.

1. NOW let our lips with holy fear,
and mournful pleaſure ſing
The ſuff'rings of our great high-prieſt,
the ſorrows of our king.

2. He ſinks in floods of deep diſtreſs;
how high the waters riſe!
While to his heav'nly father's ear
he ſends perpetual cries.

3. "Hear me, O Lord, and ſave thy ſon,
"nor hide thy ſhining face;
"Why ſhould thy fav'rite look like one
"forſaken of thy grace?

4. "With rage they perſecute the man
"that groans beneath thy wound;
"While, for a ſacrifice, I pour
"my life upon the ground.

5. "They tread my honour to the duſt,
"and laugh when I complain;
"Their ſharp inſulting ſlanders add
"freſh anguiſh to my pain.

6. "All my reproach is known to thee,
"the ſcandal and the ſhame;
"Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
"and lies defil'd my name.

7. "I look'd for pity, but in vain;
"my kindred are my grief:
"I aſk my friends for comfort round,
"but meet with no relief.

8. " With vinegar they mock my thirſt,
" they give me gall for food;
" And ſporting with my dying groans,
" they triumph in my blood.

9. " Shine in to my diſtreſſed ſoul,
" let thy compaſſions ſave;
" And tho' my fleſh ſink down to death,
" redeem it from the grave.

10. " I ſhall ariſe to praiſe thy name,
" ſhall reign in worlds unknown,
" And thy ſalvation, O my God,
" ſhall ſeat me on thy throne."

PSALM LXIX. *Third Part.* Com. Metre.

Chriſt's Obedience and Death; or, *God glorified, and Sinners ſaved.*

1. FATHER, I ſing thy wond'rous grace,
I bleſs my Saviour's name,
He bought ſalvation for the poor,
and bore the ſinner's ſhame.

2. His deep diſtreſs has rais'd us high,
his duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
and finiſh'd all thy will.

3. His dying groans, his living ſongs,
ſhall better pleaſe my God,
Than harp or trumpet's ſolemn ſound,
than goats or bullocks blood.

4. This ſhall his humble followers ſee,
and ſet their hearts at reſt
They by his death draw near to thee,
and live for ever bleſt.

5. Let Heav'n and all that dwell on high,
to God their voices raiſe,

While lands and seas assist the sky,
and join t'advance the praise.

6. *Zion* is thine, most holy God;
thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
for thy own *Isr'el* waits.

PSALM LXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.
Christ's Passion and Sinners Salvation.

1. DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

2. In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join,
To execute their curst design,

3. Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love,
Has made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son,
Aton'd for sins which we had done.

4. The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honours of thy law restor'd:
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5. O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM LXIX. *v.* 7. &c. *Second Part.*
Long Metre.
Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.

2. 'TWAS for thy sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load

Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.

2. The *Jews*, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin:
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

3. [*My Father's house*, said he, *was made*
A Place for Worship, not for trade;
Then, scatt'ring all their gold and brass
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]

4. [Zeal for the temple of his God.
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood:
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

5. [His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a sland'rous tongue;
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]

6. His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies;
They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung the man that dy'd for me.

7. [Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans:
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]

8. But God beheld; and, from his throne,
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

In both the metres of this psalm, I have applied it to the sufferings of *Christ*, as the N. T. gives sufficient warrant for both: several clauses of this psalm: from which places I have borrowed the particulars of his *sufferings for our sins, his scourging the buyers and sellers out of the temple, crucifixion*, &c. But I have omitted the *dreadful imprecations on his enemies*, except what is inserted

in thislaſt *Stanza*, in the way of a prediction or threatening. *Stanza* 5. The falſe judge is the high prieſt, not *Pilate*.

PSALM LXXI. 5——9. *Firſt Part.*

The aged Saint's Refiection and Hope.

1. MY God, my everlaſting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
and ſtrengthen'd all my youth.

2. My fleſh was faſhion'd by thy pow'r,
with all theſe limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine,

3. Still has my life new wonders ſeen,
repeated ev'ry year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I truſt them to thy care.

4. Caſt me not off when ſtrength declines,
when hoary hairs ariſe:
And round me let thy glories ſhine,
whene'er thy ſervant dies.

5. Then in the hiſt'ry of my age,
when men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
in ev'ry line thy praiſe.

PSALM LXXI. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. *Second Part.*

Chriſt *our Strength and Righteouſneſs.*

1. MY Saviour, my almighty friend,
when I begin thy praiſe,
Where will the growing numbers end,
the numbers of thy grace?

2. Thou art my everlaſting truſt,
thy goodneſs I adore;

And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3. My feet shall travel all the length
of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
to see my Father God.

4. When I am fill'd with sore distress
for some surprizing sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
and mention none but thine.

5. How will my lips rejoice to tell
the victories of my king!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
shall thy salvation sing.

[6. My tongue shall all the day proclaim
my Saviour and my God:
His death has brought my foes to shame,
and drown'd them in his blood.

7. Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs,
with this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
nor think the season long.]

If the verses of the psalmist do not directly intend, that *in God our Saviour is our righteousness and strength*, as *Isa.* xlv. 24—25. yet there is a fair occasion given in the words, for this evangelical turn of thought.

PSALM LXXI. 17—21. *Third Part.*

The aged Christian's Prayer and Song; or, *Old Age, Death, and the Resurrection.*

1. GOD of my childhood and my youth,
thy guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
and told thy wond'rous ways.

2. Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
and leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
if God my strength depart?

3. Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
to the surviving age,
And leave a savour of thy name,
when I shall quit the stage.

4. The land of silence and of death
attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath,
teach the wide world thy love!
PAUSE.

5. Thy righteousness is deep and high,
unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
and all my praise exceeds.

6. Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
and oft endur'd the grief:
But when thy hand has prest me sore,
thy grace was my relief.

7. By long experience have I known
thy sov'reign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
securely to the grave.

8. When I lie bury'd deep in dust,
my flesh shall be thy care;
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
to raise them strong and fair.

So fair a profession and faith of the resurrection in ver. 20. I could not omit without injury to the psalmist, and to my own design.

PSALM LXXII. *First Part.*
The Kingdom of Christ.

1. GREAT God, whose universal sway,
The known and unknown worlds obey;

Now give the kingdom to thy son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2. Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All Heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3. With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
'Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4. As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5. The *Heathen* lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And desarts blossom at the sight.

6. The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress't in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. *Second Part.*

Christ's *Kingdom among the* Gentiles.

1. *JESUS* shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2. [Behold the islands with their kings,
And *Europe* her best tribute brings;
From *North* to *South* the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

3. There *Perſia* glorious to behold,
There *India* ſhines in *Eaſtern* gold;
And barb'rous nations at his word,
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.]

4. For him ſhall endleſs pray'r be made,
And praiſes throng to crown his head;
His name like ſweet perfume ſhall riſe,
With ev'ry morning ſacrifice.

5. People and r'alms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with ſweeteſt ſong;
And infant voices ſhall proclaim
Their early bleſſings on his name.

6. Bleſſings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to looſe his chains,
The weary find eternal reſt,
And all the ſons of want are bleſt.

7. [Where he diſplays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curſe are known no more;
In him the tribes of *Adam* boaſt
More bleſſings than their father loſt.

8. Let ev'ry creature riſe, and bring
Peculiar honours to our king:
Angels deſcend with ſongs again,
And earth repeat the long *amen*.]

PSALM LXXIII. *Firſt Part.* Com. Metre.

Afflicted Saints happy, and proſperous Sinners curſed.

1. NOW I'm convinc'd, the Lord is kind
to men of heart ſincere:
Yet once my fooliſh thoughts repin'd,
and border'd on deſpair.

2. I griev'd to ſee the wicked thrive,
and ſpoke with angry breath,

" How pleasant and profane they live !
" how peaceful is their death !

3. " With well-fed flesh, and haughty eyes,
" they lay their fears to sleep ;
" Against the Heav'ns their slanders rise,
" while saints in silence weep.

4. " In vain I lift my hands to pray,
" and cleanse my heart in vain,
" For I am chasten'd all the day,
" the night renews my pain.

5. Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints
I felt my heart reprove ;
" Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
" and grieve the men I love."

6. But still I found my doubts too hard,
the conflict too severe,
'Till I retir'd to search thy word,
and learn thy secrets there.

7. There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinners feet
High mounted, on a slipp'ry place,
beside a fi'ry pit.

8. I heard the wretch profanely boast,
'till at thy frown he fell ;
His honours in a dream were lost,
and he awakes in hell.

9. Lord ! what an envious fool I was ;
how like a thoughtless beast !
Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
and think the wicked blest.

10. Yet I was kept from full despair,
upheld by pow'r unknown ;
That blessed hand that broke the snare,
shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM LXXIII 23——28. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.
God our Portion here and hereafter.

1. GOD my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
when sinking in despair.

2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
through this dark wilderness;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
to dwell before thy face.

3. Were I in heav'n without my God,
't would be no joy to me:
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4. What if the springs of life were broke,
and flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
the strength of ev'ry saint.

5. Behold, the sinners that remove
far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol-gods they love,
can save them when they cry.

6. But to draw near to thee, my God,
shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
and tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIII. 22, 2, 6, 17——20.
Long Metre.
The prosperity of Sinners cursed.

1. LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine!

2. But O their end! their dreadful end,
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fi'ry billows roll below.

3. Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
'Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4. Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony,
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5. Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

1. SURE there's a righteous God,
nor is religion vain,
Tho' men of vice may boast aloud,
and men of grace complain.

2. I saw the wicked rise,
and felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes,
in robes of honour shine.

3. [Pamper'd with wanton ease
their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
and grows without their care.

4. Free from the plagues and pains
that pious souls endure,
Thro' all their life oppression reigns,
and racks the humble poor.

5. Their impious tongues blaſpheme
the everlaſting God;
Their malice blaſts the good man's name,
and ſpreads their lies abroad.

6. But I with flowing tears,
indulg'd my doubts to riſe;
" Is there a God that ſees or hears
" the things below the ſkies?]

7. The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard ſuſpence,
'Till to thy houſe my feet were brought,
to learn thy juſtice thence.

8. Thy word with light and pow'r
did my miſtakes amend;
I view'd the ſinners life before,
but here I learnt their end.

9. On what a ſlipp'ry ſteep
the thoughtleſs wretches go!
And O that dreadful ſli'ry deep,
that waits their fall below.

10. Lord, at thy feet I bow,
my thoughts no more repine:
I call my God my portion now,
and all my pow'rs are thine.

This Pſalm is a moſt noble compoſure; the deſign and model of it is divinely beautiful, and an admirable pattern for a poet to copy. But it being one ſingle ſcheme of thought, I was obliged to contract it, that it might be ſung at once; though the dignity and beauty of the ode ſuffers much by the means.

PSALM LXXIV.

The Church pleading with God under ſore Perſecution.

1. WILL God for ever caſt us off?
his wrath for ever ſmoak
Againſt the people of his love,
his little choſen flock?

2. Think of the tribes so dearly bought
with their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy *Sion* be forgot,
where once thy glory stood.

3. Lift up thy feet, and march in haste,
aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
is made within thy walls.

4. Where once thy churches pray'd and sung,
thy foes profanely roar;
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
sad tokens of their pow'r.

5. How are the seats of worship broke!
they tear thy buildings down,
And he that deals the heaviest stroke,
procures the chief renown.

6. With flames they threaten to destroy
thy children in their nest;
Come, let us burn at once, they cry,
the temple and the priest.

7. And still to heighten our distress,
thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,
thy pow'r and grace are gone.

8. No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
but all the seers mourn;
There's not a soul amongst us knows
the time of thy return.

PAUSE

9. How long, eternal God, how long
shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
and bear immortal shame?

10. Can'ſt thou for ever ſit and hear
thine holy name profan'd?
And ſtill thy jealouſy forbear,
and ſtill withold thine hand?

11. What ſtrange deliv'rance haſt thou ſhown
in ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
no other God adore.

12. Thou did'ſt divide the raging ſea
by thy reſiſtleſs might,
To make thy tribes a wond'rous way,
and then ſecure their flight.

13. Is not the world of nature thine,
the darkneſs and the day?
Didſt not thou bid the morning ſhine,
and mark the ſun his way?

14. Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coaſt,
and ſet the earth its bounds,
With ſummer's heat, and winter's froſt,
in their perpetual rounds?

15. And ſhall the ſons of earth and duſt
that ſacred power blaſpheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them firſt,
avenge thine injur'd name?

16. Think on the cov'nant thou haſt made,
and all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
and vex thy mourning dove.

17. Our foes would triumph in our blood,
and make our hope their jeſt;
Plead thy own cauſe, Almighty God,
and give thy children reſt.

PSALM LXXV.

Power and Government from God alone.

Applied to the glorious Revolution of King WILLIAM, or the happy accession of King GEORGE to the Throne.

1. TO thee, most holy, and most high,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2. *Britain* was doom'd to be a slave,
Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great;
When God a new supporter gave,
To bear the pillars of the state.

3. He from thy hand receiv'd his crown
And swear to rule by wholesome laws;
His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,
His arm defend the righteous cause.

4. Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the King that God hath made.

5. Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow:
'Tis God the judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6. No vain pretence to royal birth,
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne:
God, the great sov'reign of the earth,
Will rise and make his justice known.

7. [His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taste the bitter dregs.

8. Now shall the Lord exalt the just,
And while he tramples on the proud,

And lays their glory in the dust,
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

PSALM LXXVI.

Israel *saved, and the* Assyrians *destroyed*; or, *God's Vengeance against his Enemies proceeds from his Church.*

1. IN *Judah* God of old was known;
his name in *Isr'el* great;
In *Salem* stood his holy throne,
and *Sion* was his seat.

2. Among the praises of his saints,
his dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints
against their haughty foes.

3. From *Zion* went his dreadful word,
and broke the threat'ning spear:
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
and crush'd th' *Assyrian* war.

4. What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,
but mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which *Jehovah* dwells,
is glorious more than they.

5. 'Twas *Zion*'s king that stopt the breath
of captains and their bands:
The men of might slept fast in death,
and never found their hands.

6. At thy rebuke, O *Jacob*'s God,
both horse and chariot fell,
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
thy vengance who can tell?

7. What pow'r can stand before thy sight,
when once thy wrath appears?
When Heaven shines round with dreadful light,
the earth lies still and fears.

8. When God in his own sov'reign ways,
comes down to save th' oppreſt,
The wrath of man ſhall work his praiſe,
and he'll reſtrain the reſt.

9. [Vow to the Lord and tribute bring,
ye princes fear his frown:
His terror ſhakes the proudeſt king,
and cuts an army down.

10. The thunder of his ſharp rebuke,
our haughty foes ſhall feel:
For *Jacob*'s God hath not forſook,
but dwells in *Zion* ſtill.]

PSALM LXXVII. *Firſt Part.*

Melancholy aſſaulting, and Hope prevailing.

1. TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I ſought his gracious ear,
In the ſad day when troubles roſe,
and fill'd the night with fear.

2. Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
my ſoul refus'd relief:
I thought on God the juſt and wiſe,
but thoughts increas'd my grief.

3. Still I complain'd, and ſtill oppreſs'd,
my heart began to break:
My God, thy wrath forbid my reſt,
and kept my eyes awake.

4. My overwhelming ſorrows grew
'till I could ſpeak no more:
Then I within myſelf withdrew,
and call'd thy judgments o'er.

5. I call'd back years and antient times
when I beheld thy face;

My spirit search'd for secret crimes
that might with-hold thy grace.

6. I call'd thy mercies to my mind
which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
his face appear no more?

7. Will he forever cast me off?
his promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
shall anger still prevail?

8. But I forbid this hopeless thought,
this dark despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought,
thy hand is still the same.

9. I'll think again of all thy ways,
and talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
when flesh could help no more.

10. Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
and men that love thy word,
Have in thy sanctuary known
the counsels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII. *Second Part.*

Comfort derived from antient Providences; or, Israel *delivered from* Egypt, *and brought to* Canaan.

1. "HOW awful is thy chast'ning rod?
" (may thy own children say)
" The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
" how holy is his way!"

2. I'll meditate his works of old,
the King that reigns above;
I'll hear his antient wonders told,
and learn to trust his love.

3. Long did the houſe of *Joſeph* lie
with *Egypt*'s yoke oppreſt;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
nor gave his people reſt.

4. The ſons of good old *Jacob* ſeem'd
abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
the nation that he choſe.

5. *Iſr'el* his people and his ſheep,
muſt follow where he calls;
He bids them venture thro' the deep,
and made the waves their walls.

6. The waters ſaw thee, mighty God,
the waters ſaw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted ſtood,
to make thine armies room.

7. Strange was thy journey thro' the ſea,
thy footſteps, Lord, unknown:
Terrors attend the wond'rous way
that brings thy mercies down.

8. [Thy voice, with terror in the ſound,
thro' clouds and darkneſs broke:
All Heav'n in light'ning ſhone around,
and earth with thunder ſhook.

9. Thine arrows thro' the ſkies were hurl'd;
how glorious is the Lord!
Surprize and trembling ſeiz'd the world;
and his own ſaints ador'd.

10. He gave them water from the rock;
and ſafe by *Moſes*' hand,
Thro' a dry deſart led his flock,
home to the promis'd land.]

PSALM LXXVIII. *First Part.*

Providences of God recorded; or, *Pious Education and Instruction of Children.*

1. LET children hear the mighty deeds
which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
and which our fathers told.

2. He bids us make his glories known,
his works of pow'r and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down,
thro' ev'ry rising race.

3. Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
and they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn,
may teach them to their heirs,

4. Thus they shall learn, in God alone
their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
but practise his commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. *Second Part.*

Israel's *Rebellion and Punishment;* or, *The Sins and Chastisements of God's People.*

1. O WHAT a stiff rebellious house
was *Jacob's* antient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
and to their Maker's grace.

2. They broke the cov'nant of his love,
and did his laws despise.
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
his pow'r before their eyes.

3. They saw the plagues on *Egypt* light,
from his revenging hand:

What dreadful tokens of his might,
spread o'er the ſtubborn land!

They ſaw him cleave the mighty ſea,
and march'd in ſafety thro',
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
'till they had 'ſcap'd the foe.

5. A wond'rous pillar mark'd the road,
compoſed of ſhade and light;
By day it prov'd a ſhelt'ring cloud,
a leading fire by night.

6. He from the rock their thirſt ſupply'd;
the guſhing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their ſide,
a conſtant miracle.

7. Yet they provok'd the Lord moſt high,
and dar'd diſtruſt his hand;
"*Can he with bread our hoſt ſupply,*
"*amidſt this deſart land.*"

8. The Lord with indignation heard,
and caus'd his wrath to flame:
His terrors ever ſtand prepared
to vindicate his name.

PSALM. LXXVIII. *Third Part.*

The Puniſhment of Luxury and Intemperance, or, *Chaſtiſement and Salvation.*

1. WHEN *Iſr'el* ſins, the Lord reproves,
and fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
and ſends them heav'nly bread.

2. He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
and made his treaſures known;
He gave the mid-night clouds command
to pour proviſion down.

3. The *Manna*, like a morning ſhow'r,
lay thick around their feet;
The corn of Heav'n ſo light, ſo pure,
as tho' 'twere angels meat.

4. But they in murm'ring language ſaid,
"*Manna* is all our feaſt;
"We loath this light, this airy bread;
"we muſt have fleſh to taſte."

5. "*Ye ſhall have fleſh to pleaſe your luſt*:"
the Lord in wrath reply'd;
And ſent them quails like ſand or duſt,
heap'd up from ſide to ſide.

6. He gave them all their own deſire;
and greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with ſecret fire,
and ſmote the rebels dead.

7. When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd,
and ſought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
but ſoon forgot their fears.

8. Oft he chaſtis'd, and ſtill forgave,
'till by his gracious hand
The nation he reſolv'd to ſave,
poſſeſs'd the promis'd land.

PSALM LXXVIII. *v.* 32, &c. *Fourth Part.*

Backſliding and Forgiveneſs; or, *Sin puniſhed and Saints ſaved.*

1. GREAT God, how oft did *Iſr'el* prove,
By turns, thine anger and thy love!
There in a glaſs our hearts may ſee
How fickle and how falſe they be.

2. How ſoon the faithleſs *Jews* forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!

Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r, nor truſt his grace.

3. The Lord conſum'd their years in pain
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march, thro' unknown ways,
Wore out their ſtrength, and ſpent their days.

4. Oft when they ſaw their brethren ſlain,
They mourn'd and ſought the Lord again;
Call'd him the rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their God.

5. Their pray'rs and vows before him riſe
As flatt'ring words or ſolemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
Falſe to his cov'nant and his love.

6. Yet did his ſov'reign grace forgive
The men who not deſerv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or elſe with gentle flame it burn'd.

7. He ſaw their fleſh was weak and frail,
He ſaw temptation ſtill prevail;
The God of *Abrah'm* lov'd them ſtill,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM LXXX.

The Church's Prayer under Affliction; or, *The Vineyard of God waſted.*

1. GREAT Shepherd of thine *Iſrael*,
Who didſt between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy choſen ſheep,
Safe thro' the deſart and the deep.

Thy church is in the deſart now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro'
Turn us to thee, thy love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

3. Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4. Instead of wine and chearful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE the First.

5. Hast thou not planted with thy hands,
A lovely vine in *Heathen* lands!
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?

6. How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy morning vine, that lovely tree.

7. Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Srtangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours the vine.

8. Return, Almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE the Second.

9. Lord, when this vine in *Canaan* grew,
Thou wert its strength and glory too:
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
'Till the fair *Branch of Promise* rose.

10. Fair branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From *David*'s stock, from *Jacob*'s root;
Himself a noble vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

11 'Tis thy own ſon; and he ſhall ſtand
Girt with thy ſtrength at thy right-hand;
Thy firſt-born ſon, adorn'd and bleſt
With pow'r and grace above the reſt.

12. O! for his ſake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches, leſt they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love reſtore,
We ſhall be ſav'd, and ſigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI.

The Warnings of God to his People; or, *Spiritual Bleſſings and Puniſhments.*

1. SING to the Lord aloud,
and make a joyful noiſe:
God is our ſtrength, our Saviour God:
let *Iſr'el* hear his voice.

2. " From vile idolatry
" preſerve my worſhip clean:
" I am the Lord who ſet thee free
" from ſlavery and ſin.

3. " Stretch thy deſires abroad,
" and I'll ſupply them well;
" But if ye will refuſe your God,
" if *Iſr'el* will rebel,

4. " I'll leave them, ſaith the Lord,
" to their own luſts a prey,
" And let them run the dang'rous road;
" 'tis their own choſen way.

5. " Yet, O! that all my ſaints
" would hearken to my voice!
" Soon I would eaſe their ſore complaints,
" and bid their hearts rejoice.

6. " While I deſtroy their foes,
" I'd richly feed my flock,

" And they should taste the stream that flows
" from their eternal rock."

PSALM LXXXII.

God the Supreme Governor; or, *Magistrates warned.*

1. AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater ruler takes his seat;
The God of heav'n, as judge surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

2. Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

3. They know not, Lord, nor will they know,
Dark are the ways in which they go:
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

4. Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
And rule the nations with his rod;
He is our judge, and he our God.

The last verse of the Psalm may not improperly be applied to Christ, for he is that God that must *judge the Earth*, Psalm xcvi, and xcviii. and have the *Nations for his Inheritance*, Psal. ii. 8.

PSALM LXXXIII.

A Complaint against Persecutors

1. AND will the God of grace
perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
and let his vengeance sleep?

2. Behold what cursed snares
the men of mischief spread;

The men that hate thy saints and thee,
lift up their threat'ning head.

3. Against thy hidden ones
their counsels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
pursues them to destroy.

4. The noble and the base,
into the pastures leap;
The lion and the stupid ass,
conspire to vex thy sheep.

5. "Come let us join, they cry,
"to root them from the ground,
"'Till not the name of saints remain,
"nor mem'ry shall be found."

6. Awake, Almighty God,
and call thy wrath to mind;
Give them like forrests to the fire,
or stubble to the wind.

7. Convince their madness, Lord,
and make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
that they may die in shame.

8. Then shall the nations know
that glorious dreadful word,
Jehovah is thy name alone,
and thou the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The Pleasure of publick Worship.

1. HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2. My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3. The sparrow chuses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest:
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4. Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5. Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6. Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to *Zion*'s gate;
God is their strength, and, thro' the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

7. Chearful they walk with growing strength,
'Till all shall meet in Heav'n at length:
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God and his Church; or, *Grace and Glory.*

1. GREAT God attend, while *Zion* sings
The joy that from thy presence springs,
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thine house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3. God is our ſun, he makes our day ;
God is our ſhield, he guards our way
From all th' aſſaults of hell and ſin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4. All needful grace will God beſtow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and with-holds
No real good from upright ſouls.

5. O God, our King, whoſe ſov'reign ſway,
The glorious hoſts of Heav'n obey,
And devils at thy preſence flee,
Bleſt is the man that truſts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.

Paraphras'd in Common Metre.

Delight in Ordinances of Worſhip ; or, *God preſent in his Churches.*

1. MY ſoul, how lovely is the place
to which thy God reſorts !
'Tis Heav'n too ſee his ſmiling face,
tho' in his earthly courts.

2. There the great monarch of the ſkies
his ſaving pow'r diſplays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
with kind and quick'ning rays.

3. With his rich gifts the heav'nly *Dove*
deſcends and fills the place,
While *Chriſt* reveals his wond'rous love,
and ſheds abroad his grace.

4. There mighty God, thy words declare
the ſecrets of thy will ;
And ſtill we ſeek thy mercy there,
and ſing thy praiſes ſtill.

PAUSE.

5. My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
while far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts and see
my Saviour and my God?

6. The sparrow builds herself a nest,
and suffers no remove;
O make me, like the sparrows, blest,
to dwell but where I love.

7. To sit one day beneath thine eye,
and hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
employ'd in carnal joys.

8. Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
while *Jesus* is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
or live in tents of sin.

9. Could I command the spacious land,
and the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

PSALM LXXXIV. *As the 148th Psalm.*

Longing for the House of God.

1. LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2. The sparrow, for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest;

And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3. O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they,
That love the way,
To *Zion*'s hill.

4. They go from strength to strength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious seat,
When God our king
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

5. To spend one sacred day,
Where God and Saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

6. God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:

He shall bestow,
On *Jacob*'s race,
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

7. The Lord his people loves:
His hand no good with-holds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

PSALM LXXXV. *v.* 1—8. *First Part.*
Waiting for an Answer to Prayer; or, *Deliverance began and compleated.*

1. LORD thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom:
So God forgave when *Isr'el* sinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives home.

2. Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be compleat.

3. Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4. We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his people peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM LXXXV. *v.* 9, &c. *Second Part.*
Salvation by Christ.

1. SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;

And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2. Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since *Christ* the Lord came down from Heav'n;
By his obedience, so compleat,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

3. Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4. His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

If some readers should suppose the *English* verse, here to mistake the *Hebrew* sense, yet perhaps these evangelical allusions, to the words of the *Jewish* psalmist, may be as agreeable and useful to the *Christian* worshipper.

PSALM LXXXVI. *v.* 8—13.

A general Song of Praise to God.

1. AMONG the princes, earthly Gods,
there's none hath pow'r divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
nor are their works like thine.

2. The nations, thou hast made, shall bring
their off'rings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wond'rous things,
for thou art God alone.

3. Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
in God my father's praise.

4. Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
shall those sweet wonders tell,

How by thy grace my ſinking ſoul
roſe from the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXXXVII.

The Church is the Birth-Place of the Saints ; or, Jews *and* Gentiles *united in the Chriſtian Church*

1. GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praiſe:
He likes the tents of *Jacob* well,
But ſtill in *Zion* loves to dwell.

2. His mercy viſits ev'ry houſe
That pay their night and morning-vows;
But makes a more delightful ſtay.
Where churches meet to praiſe and pray.

3. What glories were deſcrib'd of old?
What wonders are of *Zion* told?
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame ſhall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.

4. *Egypt* and *Tyre*, and *Greek* and *Jew*,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men ſhall join to ſing
The hill where living waters ſpring.

5. When God makes up his laſt account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nouriſh'd there!

I have explained the ſecond verſe at large, and tranſpoſed the laſt. For *Singers and players on inſtruments*, I have introduced *angels* with *men*.

PSALM LXXXIX. *Firſt Part.*

Long Metre.

The Covenant made with Chriſt; or, *the true* David.

Mercy and truth for ever ſtand
Like Heav'n, eſtabliſh'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his ſon he ſware, and ſaid,
" With thee my cov'nant firſt is made ;
" In thee ſhall dying ſinners live,
" Glory and grace are thine to give.

3. " Be thou my prophet, thou my prieſt ;
" Thy children ſhall be ever bleſt :
" Thou art my choſen King ; thy throne
" Shall ſtand eternal, like my own.

" 4. There's none of all my ſons above,
" So much my image or my love ;
" Celeſtial pow'rs thy ſubjects are,
" Then what can earth to thee compare ?

5. " *David*, my ſervant, whom I choſe
" To guard my flock, to cruſh my foes,
" And rais'd him to the *Jewiſh* throne,
" Was but a ſhadow of my Son."

6. Now let the church rejoice and ſing
Jeſus her Saviour and her King ;
Angels his heav'nly wonders ſhow,
And ſaints declare his works below.

PSALM LXXXIX. *Firſt Part.* Com. Metre.

The Faithfulneſs of God.

1. MY never ceaſing ſongs ſhall ſhow,
the mercies of the Lord,
And make ſucceeding ages know,
how faithful is his word.

2. The ſacred truth his lips pronounce
ſhall firm as heav'n endure,
And if he ſpeak a promiſe once,
th' eternal grace is ſure.

3. How long the race of *David* held
the promis'd *Jewish* throne!
But there's a noble cov'nant seal'd
to *David*'s greater Son.

4. His seed for ever shall possess
a throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
shall to that glory rise.

5. Lord God of hosts, thy wond'rous ways
are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
to thy unchanging love.

PSALM LXXXIX. *v.* 7. &c. *Second Part.*

The Power and Majesty of God; or,
Reverential Worship.

1. WITH rev'rence let the saints appear,
and bow before the Lord,
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
and tremble at his word.

2. How terrible thy glories be!
how bright thine armies shine!
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee?
or truth compar'd to thine?

3. The *Northern* pole and *Southern*, rest
on thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from *east* to *west*
move round at thy command.

4. Thy words the raging wind controul,
and rule the boist'rous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
the rolling billows sleep.

5. Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
and the dark world of hell:

How did thine arm in vengeance shine
when *Egypt* durst rebel!

6. Justice and judgment are thy throne,
yet wond'rous is thy grace:
While truth and mercy join'd in one
invite us near thy face.

I have here transposed the verses a little, to make the connection plainer.

PSALM LXXXIX. *v.* 15, &c. *Third Part.*

A Blessed Gospel.

1. BLEST are the souls that hear and know
the gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
and light their steps surround.

2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up
thro' their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
nor *Satan* dares condemn.

3. The Lord our glory and defence
strength and salvation gives:
Isr'el thy King for ever reigns,
thy God for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. *v.* 19, &c. *Fourth Part.*

Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom; or, *his Divine and Human Nature.*

1. HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
and made his mercy known;
"Sinners behold your help is laid
"on my almighty Son."

2. Behold the man my wisdom chose
among your mortal race,

His head my holy oil o'erflows,
the ſpirit of my grace.

3. High ſhall he reign on *David*'s throne,
my people's better king;
My arms ſhall beat his rivals down:
and ſtill new ſubjects bring.

4. My truth ſhall guard him in his way
with mercy by his ſide,
While in my name thro' earth and ſea
he ſhall in triumph ride.

5. Me for his father and his God
he ſhall for ever own,
Call me his rock, his high abode:
and I'll ſupport my Son.

6. My firſt-born Son array'd in grace
at my right-hand ſhall ſit;
Beneath him angels know their place,
and monarchs at his feet.

7. My cov'nant ſtands for ever faſt,
my promiſes are ſtrong;
Firm as the Heav'ns his throne ſhall laſt,
his ſeed endure as long.

PSALM LXXXIX. *v.* 30, &c. *Fifth Part.*

The Covenant of Grace unchangeable; or, *Afflictions without Rejection*,

1. YET (ſaith the Lord) if *David*'s race,
the children of my ſon,
Should break my laws, abuſe my grace,
and tempt mine anger down.

2. Their ſins I'll viſit with the rod,
and make their folly ſmart;
But I'll not ceaſe to be their God,
nor from my truth depart.

3. My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke
but keep my grace in mind:
And what eternal love hath ſpoke,
eternal truth ſhall bind.

4. Once have I ſworn, (I need no more)
and pledg'd my holineſs
To ſeal the ſacred promiſe ſhure
to *David* and his race.

5. The ſun ſhall ſee his offſpring riſe
and ſpread from ſea to ſea,
Long as he travels round the ſkies
to give the nations day.

6. Sure as the moon that rules the night
his kingdom ſhall endure,
Till the fix'd laws, of ſhade and light
ſhall be obſerv'd no more.

PSALM LXXXIX. *v.* 47, &c. *Sixth Part.*

Long Metre.

Mortality and Hope, A Funeral Pſalm.

1. REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal ſtate,
How frail our life! how ſhort the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from diſeaſe, ſecure from death?

2. Lord, while we ſee whole nations die,
Our fleſh and ſenſe repine and cry,
"Muſt death for ever rage and reign?
"Or haſt thou made mankind in vain?"

3. Where is thy promiſe to the juſt?
Are not thy ſervants turn'd to duſt.
But faith forbids theſe mournful ſighs,
And ſees the ſleeping duſt ariſe.

4. That glorious hour, that dreadful day
Wipes the reproach of ſaints away,

And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake our ſouls, and bleſs the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIX. *v.* 47, &c. *Laſt Part, as the* 113*th* Pſalm.

Life, Death and the Reſurrection.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble man;
How few his hours! how ſhort his ſpan!
Short from the candle to the grave:
Who can ſecure his vital breath
Againſt the bold demands of death,
With ſkill to fly, or pow'r to ſave?

2. Lord, ſhall it be for ever ſaid,
"The race of man was only made
"For ſickneſs, ſorrow, and the duſt?"
Are not thy ſervants day by day
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindneſs to the juſt?

3. Haſt thou not promis'd to thy Son
And all his ſeed a heav'nly crown?
But fleſh and ſenſe indulge deſpair;
For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a reſurrection there.

4. For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who gives his ſaints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach and pain;
Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
And each repeat a loud *Amen*.

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man Mortal and God Eternal.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

1. THRO' every age, eternal God,
Thou art our reſt, our ſafe abode;

High was thy throne e'er heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble foo tſtool laid.

2. Long hadſt thou reign'd e'er time began,
Or duſt was faſhion'd to a man;
And long thy kingdom ſhall endure
When earth and time ſhall be no more.

3. But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful ſentence, Lord, was juſt,
"*Return, ye ſinners, to your duſt.*"

4. [A thouſand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account
Like yeſterday's departed light,
Or the laſt watch of ending night.

PAUSE.

5. Death like an overflowing ſtream
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream
An empty tale; a morning-flow'r
Cut down and withier'd in an hour.]

6. [Our age to ſeventy years is ſet;
How ſhort the term! how frail the ſtate!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather ſigh and groan than live.

7. But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts of our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the pow'r that ſtrikes us dead.]

8. Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our ſpan,
'Till a wiſe care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

PSALM XC. 1—5. *First Part.* Com. Metr

Man Frail, and God Eternal.

1. OUR God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come
Our shelter from the stormy blast
and our eternal home.

2. Under the shadow of thy throne
thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
and our defence is sure.

3. Before the hills in order stood,
or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
to endless years the same.

4. Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
return, ye son of men:
All nations rose from earth at first,
and turn to earth again.

5. A thousand ages in thy sight
are like an ev'ning done;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
before the rising sun.

6. [The busy tribes of flesh and blood
with all their lives and cares
Are carry'd downwards by thy flood,
and lost in following years.

7. Time like an ever-rolling stream
bears all its sons away:
They fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the op'ning day.

8. Like flow'ry fields the nation stands
pleas'd with the morning-light;
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hands
lie with'ring e'er 'tis night.]

9. Our God, our help in ages paſt.
our hopes for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles laſt,
and our eternal home.

PSALM XC. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Infirmities and Mortality the effect of Sin; or, Life, Old Age, and Preparation for Death.

1. LORD, if thine eyes ſurvey our fau'ts,
and juſtice grows ſevere,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
and burns beyond our fear.

2. Thine anger turns our frame to duſt;
by one offence to thee
Adam with all his ſons have loſt
their immortality.

3. Life like a vain amuſement flies,
a fable or a ſong;
By ſwift degrees our nature dies,
nor can our joys be long.

4. 'Tis but a few whoſe days amount
to threeſcore years and ten;
And all beyond that ſhort account
is ſorrow, toil and pain.

5. [Our vitals with laborious ſtrife
bear up the crazy load,
And drag thoſe poor remains of life
along the tireſome road.]

6. Almighty God, reveal thy love,
and not thy wrath alone;
O let our ſweet experience prove
the mercies of thy throne.

7. Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
t' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
and live beyond the grave.

PSALM XC. *v.* 13, &c. *Third Part.*
Common Metre.

Breathing after Heaven

1. RETURN O God of love, return;
earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we thy children mourn
our absence from thy face?

2. Let Heav'n succeed our painful years,
let sin and sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our tears
so make our joys increase.

3. Thy wonders to thy servants show,
make thy own work compleat,
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
and own thy love was great.

4. Then shall we shine before thy throne
in all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done
meet a divine reward.

PSALM XC. *v.* 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

1. LORD, what a feeble piece
is this our mortal frame?
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
that scarce deserves the name!

2. Alas the brittle clay
that built our body first!

And ev'ry month and ev'ry day
'tis mould'ring back to dust.

3. Our moments fly apace,
nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
are sweeping us away.

4. Well, if our days must fly,
we'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
and let them speed their flight.

5. They'll waft us sooner o'er
this life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
of blest eternity.

PSALM XCI. 1—7. *First Part.*

Safety in public Diseases and Dangers.

1. HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2. Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r
"Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:
"I that am form'd of feeble dust
"Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3. Thrice happy man! Thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,
Satan the fowler who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4. Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5. If burning beams of noon conſpire
To dart a peſtilential fire,
God is their life; his wings are ſpread
To ſhield them with an healthful ſhade.

6. If vapours with malignant breath
Riſe thick, and ſcatter midnight-death,
Iſr'el is ſafe: the poiſon'd air
Grows pure, if *Iſr'el*'s God be there.

PAUSE.

7. What tho' a thouſand at thy ſide,
At thy right-hand ten thouſand dy'd,
Thy God his choſen people ſaves
Among the dead, amidſt the graves.

8. So when he ſent his angel down
To make his wrath in *Egypt* known,
And ſlew their ſons, his careful eye
Paſs'd all the doors of *Jacob* by.

9. But if the fire, or plague, or ſword,
Receive commiſſion from the Lord
To ſtrike his ſaints among the reſt,
Their very pains and deaths are bleſt.

10. The ſword, the peſtilence or fire,
Shall but fulfil their beſt deſire:
From ſins and ſorrows ſet them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

See the notes on the 41ſt pſalm.

PSALM XCI. 9—16. *Second Part.*

Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.

1. YE ſons of men a feeble race,
expos'd to ev'ry ſnare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
and try, and truſt his care.

2. No ill shall enter where you dwell;
or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'twill raise his saints on high.

3. He'll give his angels charge to keep
your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
and guard your happy days.

4. Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
and dash against the stones:
Are they not servants at his call,
and sent t' attend his sons?

5. Adders and lions ye shall tread;
the tempter's wiles defeat;
He that hath broke the serpent's head
puts him beneath your feet.

6. "Because on me they set their love,
"I'll save them (saith the Lord)
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
"destruction and the sword.

7. "My grace shall answer when they call;
"in trouble I'll be nigh:
"My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
"and raise them when they die.

8. "Those that on earth my name have known
"I'll honour them in Heav'n;
"There my salvation shall be shown,
"and endless life be giv'n."

PSALM XCII. *First Part.*

A Psalm for the Lord's-Day.

1. SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;

To shew thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found
Like *David*'s harp of solemn sound!

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die:
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5. But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to chear my head.

6. Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor *Satan* break my peace again.

7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Stan. 6. *Rejoicing in the destruction of our personal enemies*, is not so evangelical a practice, therefore I have given the 11 verse of this psalm another turn: see the notes on the third psalm.

PSALM XCII. *v.* 12, &c. *Second Part.*

The Church is the Garden of God.

1. LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand;

Let me within thy courts be seen
Like a young *Cedar* fresh and green.

2. There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above:
Not *Lebanon* with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3. The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4. Laden with fruits of age they shew
The Lord is holy, just and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. *1st Met. as the 100 Psalm.*

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

1. JEHOVAH reigns: he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world created by his hands
Still on it's first foundation stands.

2. But e'er this spacious world was made,
Or had it's first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3. Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4. For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stand for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM XCIII. *The Second Metre, as the old 50th Psalm.*

THE Lord of glory reigns: he reigns on high;
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand:
Long stood his throne e'er he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2. God is th' eternal King: Thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at Heaven they rage with wild commotion,
But Heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3. Ye tempests rage no more; ye floods be still,
And the mad world submissive to his will:
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand;
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand;
See his own sons, when they appear before him
Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

PSALM XCIII. *Third Metre, as the old 122d Psalm.*

1. THE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
and royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
array'd in robes of light,
begirt with sov'reign might,
And rays of Majesty around.

2. Upheld by thy commands
the world securely stands;
And skies and stars obey thy word:
thy throne was fix'd on high
before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3. In vain the noisy crowd,
like billows fierce and loud.
Against thine empire rage and roar:
in vain with angry spite
the surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4. Let floods and nations rage,
and all their pow'rs engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky,
the terrors of thy frown
shall beat their madness down:
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5. Thy promises are true,
thy grace is ever new;
There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove:
thy saints with holy fear
shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Here let the fourth *stanza* be repeated to fill the tune.

PSALM XCIV. 1, 2, 7—14. *First Part.*

Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed; or, *Instructive Afflictions.*

1. O GOD to whom revenge belongs,
proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,
let justice smite the proud.

2. They say, "*The Lord nor sees nor hears*;"
when will the fools be wise?
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
or blind, who made their eyes?

3. He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
and they shall feel his pow'r;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
in some surprizing hour.

4. But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
shall make them know their God.

5. Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
and to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise
when they forget thy law.

6. But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
nor his own promise break:
He pardons his inheritance
for their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM XCIV *v.* 16, ——23. *Second Part.*

God our Support and Comfort; or, *Deliverance from Temptation and Persecution.*

1. WHO will arise and plead my right
against my num'rous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
and all my hopes oppose.

2. Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
my soul amongst the dead.

3. *Alas, my sliding feet!* I cry'd,
thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
thy spirit bore me up.

4. While multitudes of mournful thoughts
within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
thy comforts chear my soul.

5. Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
and frame pernicious laws;

But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
he will defend my cause.

6. Let malice vent her rage aloud,
let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
and cut the sinners off.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

A Psalm *before Prayer.*

1. SING to the Lord, *Jehovah*'s name,
and in his strength rejoice:
When his salvation is our theme,
exalted be our voice.

2. With thanks approach his awful sight,
and psalms of honour sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
the whole creation's King.

3. Let princes hear, let angels know,
how mean their nature seem,
Those gods on high and gods below,
when once compar'd with him.

4. Earth with its caverns dark and deep,
lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep
and where the hills must stand.

5. Come, and with humble souls adore,
come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
be children of his grace!

6. Now is the time: he bends his ear,
and waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"*ye shall not see my rest.*"

Stan. 3. *Angels* and *magistrates* are those *elohim* or gods, above which the *true God* is so often exalted, in this book of *Psalms*.

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.
A Psalm *before Sermon.*

1. COME sound his praise abroad,
and hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
the universal King.

2. He form'd the deeps unknown;
he gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
and all the solid ground.

3. Come, worship at his throne,
come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
he form'd us by his word.

4. To day attend his voice,
nor dare provoke his rod:
Come, like the people of his choice,
and own your gracious God.

5. But if your ears refuse
the language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn *Jews*,
that unbelieving race,

6. The Lord in vengeance dreſt
will lift his hand and swear,
" *You that despise my promis'd rest,*
" *shall have no portion there.*

PSALM XCV. 1, 2, 3. 6—11. Long Met.
Canaan *lost thro' Unbelief*; or, *a Warning to delaying Sinners.*

1. COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;

God is a sov'reign King: rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

2. Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word:
He is our shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

3. Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey:
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that *Isr'el* knew.

4. *Isr'el*, that saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
A faithless unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.

5. Thus saith the Lord, "*How false they prove!*
"*Forget my pow'r, abuse my love;*
"*Since they despise my rest, I swear,*
"*Thy feet shall never enter there.*

6. [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those antient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

7. Seize the kind promise, while it waits,
And march to *Zion*'s heav'nly gates:
Believe, and take the promis'd rest:
Obey, and be for ever blest.]

In the 3d and 4th Chapters to the *Hebrews* several verses of this psalm are cited, and given for a caution to *Christians*; I have applied them the same way in the two last stanza's.

PSALM XCVI. *v.* 1, 10, *&c.* Com. Met.

Christ's first and second Coming.

1. SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;

His new discover'd grace demands
a new and nobler song.

2. Say to the nations, *Jesus* reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
and grace surrounds his throne.

3. Let Heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
joy thro' the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
and fields in chearful green.

4. Let an unusual joy surprize
the islands of the sea:
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise;
prepare the Lord his way.

5. Behold he comes, he comes to bless
the nations as their God;
To shew the world his righteousness,
and send his truth abroad.

6. But when his voice shall raise the dead,
and bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
to see their Judge appear.

In this and the two following psalms, *the first coming of Christ* into the world, is represented in a prophetic style, as though he were coming the second time to the last judgement; but that *Christ's incarnation, his setting up his gospel-kingdom* to judge or rule the *Gentiles*, and the *Judgment and destruction of the heathen idols*, is the true design of these three psalms, is evident from several expressions in them; and particularly because *the earth, the fields, the sea, &c. are called to rejoice*; whereas the *final judgment of the world* is represented dreadful to all nature, and to the nations of the earth. See *Rev.* xvii. and *Rev.* xx. 11. and 2. *Pet.* xx. iii. 7, 10. Yet since the *last* coming has something in it parallel to his *first*, I have in the different parts of the psalms referred to both.

Stanza 4. *Mountains sinking*, and *valleys rising*, i. e. pride humbled, and the humble raised, are the preparations of Christ's kingdom, *Luke* iii. 4, 5.

PSALM XCVI. *as the* 113*th* Psalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

1. LET all the earth their voices raiſe
To ſing the choiceſt pſalm of praiſe,
To ſing and bleſs *Jehovah*'s name:
His glory let the Heathens know,
His wonders to the nations ſhow,
And all his ſaving works proclaim.

2. The heathens know thy glory, Lord;
The wond'ring nations read thy word.
In *Britain* is *Jehovah* known:
Our worſhip ſhall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3. He fram'd the globe, he built the ſky,
He made the ſhining worlds on high;
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majeſty and light:
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4. Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth ſhall feel his ſaving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name!
Then ſhall the race of man confeſs
The beauty of his holineſs,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM XCXVII. 1—5. *Firſt Part.*

Chriſt reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

1. HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praiſe him in evangelic ſtrains:
Let the whole earth in ſongs rejoice,
And diſtant iſlands join their voice.

2. Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Tho' gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3. In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4. His enemies with sore dismay
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

Tho' the kingdom of *Christ* in the two first *stanza's* be matter of joy to all nations, yet his coming to judgment in the two last, is joy only to the saints. As this psalm introduces *Zion* and *Judah* rejoicing, v. 8. so *Christ* bids his apostles *lift up their heads*, &c. *Luke* xxi. 28.

PSALM XCVII. 6—9. *Second Part.*

Christ's Incarnation.

1. THE Lord is come, the Heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name:
An unknown star directs the road
Of *Eastern* sages to their God.

2. All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies:
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

3. Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshipers confound;
But *Judah* shout, but *Zion* sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign king.

This psalm foretels the *incarnation of Christ*. For the words of the 7th verse, *worship him all ye gods*, are translated, *Heb.* i. 6. *Let all the angels of God worship him.* By this divine hint I was directed to compose this hymn, and to introduce the *star* that shone at his birth, as a part of the proclamation of him in the Heavens, v. 6. See more, *notes on* psalm xcv. *com. met.*

PSALM XCVII. *Third Part.*

Grace and Glory.

1. TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness vail his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy seat.

2. O ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3. Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4. Rejoice, ye righteous and record
The sacred honours of the Lord:
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM XCVII. 1, 3, 5—7, 11. Com. Met.

Christ's Incarnation and the Last Judgment.

1. YE islands of the *Northern* sea
rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His word like fire prepares his way,
and mountains melt to plains.

2. His presence sinks the proudest hills,
and makes the vallies rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
the haughty sinner dies.

3. The Heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim;
the idol-gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
and totter to the ground.

4. Adoring angels at his birth
make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
and angels guard his throne.

5. His foes shall tremble at his sight,
and hills and seas retire:
His children take their unknown flight,
and leave the world on fire.

6. The seeds of joy and glory sown
for saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
and a rich harvest bear.

See the notes on psalm xcvi.

PSALM XCVIII. *First Part.*
Praise for the Gospel.

1. TO our Almighty Maker God,
new honours be addrest;
His great salvation shines abroad,
and makes the nations blest.

2. He spake the word to *Abraham* first,
his truth fulfils the grace:
The *Gentiles* make his name their trust,
and learn his righteousness.

3. Let the whole earth his love proclaim
with all her diff'rent tongues;
And spread the honours of his name
in melody and songs.

In these two hymns which I have formed out of the 98th Psalm I have fully express'd what I esteem to be the first and chief sense of the holy scriptures, both in this and the 96th *Psalm*, whose conclusions are both alike.

PSALM XCVIII. *Second Part.*
The Messiah's *Coming and Kingdom.*

1. JOY to the world, the Lord is come;
let earth receive her king;

Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
and heav'n and nature ſing.

2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
let men their ſongs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
repeat the ſounding joy.

3. No more let ſins and ſorrows grow,
nor thorns infeſt the ground:
He comes to make his bleſſings flow
far as the curſe is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
and makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteouſneſs,
and wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX. *Firſt Part.*

Chriſt's *Kingdom and Majeſty.*

1. THE God *Jehovah* reigns,
let all the nations fear,
Let ſinners tremble at his throne,
and ſaints be humble there.

2. *Jeſus* the Saviour reigns,
let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants ſtand,
ſwift to fulfil his word.

3. In *Zion* is his throne,
his honours are divine;
His church ſhall make his wonders known,
for there his glories ſhine.

4. How holy is his name!
how terrible his praiſe!
Juſtice and truth and judgment join
in all his works of grace.

As the three foregoing Psalms refer to the incarnation of *Christ*, and the setting up his kingdom among the *Gentiles*, because the *nations are required to rejoice* in all of them; so this Psalm seems chiefly to pay honour and reverence to God, as the God of the *Jews*, God dwelling in the ark between the cherubim; for *the people* or *Gentiles are bid to tremble*: Yet I have ventured to translate the scene a little down to *Christian* times and churches, and I hope without offence.

PSALM XCIX. *Second Part.*

A holy God worshipped with Reverence.

1. EXALT the Lord our God,
and worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
and mercy is his seat.

2. When *Isr'el* was his church,
when *Aaron* was his priest,
When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
he gave his people rest.

3. Oft he forgave their sins,
nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
when they abus'd his grace.

4. Exalt the Lord our God,
whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
and jealous for his name.

PSALM C. First Metre, *a plain Translation*

Praise to our Creator.

1. YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign king:
Serve him with chearful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2. The Lord is God: 'Tis he alone
Doth life and breath and being give:

We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pasture live.

3. Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre, *a Paraphrase.*

1. SING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let ev'ry land his name adore;
The *British* isles shall send the noise
A-cross the ocean to the shore.

2. Nations, attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

3. His sov'reign pow'r without our aid
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

4. We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

5. We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the Heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

6. Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;

Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

PSALM CI. Long Metre.

The Magiſtrates Pſalm,

1. MERCY and judgment are my ſong;
And ſince they both to thee belong,
My gracious God my righteous king,
To thee my ſongs and vows I bring.

2. If I am rais'd to bear the ſword,
I'll take my counſels from thy word;
Thy juſtice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3. Let wiſdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reſide;
No wicked thing ſhall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealouſy.

4. No ſons of ſlander, rage and ſtrife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors ſhall ne'er abide.

5. [I'll ſearch the land, and raiſe the juſt
To poſts of honour, wealth and truſt:
The men that work thy holy will,
Shall be my friend and fav'rites ſtill.]

6. In vain ſhall ſinners hope to riſe
By flatt'ring or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender ſhan't be ſpar'd.

7. The impious crew (that factious band)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public reſt,
Where I have pow'r ſhall be ſuppreſt.

The 1st *Stanza* represents the *mercy* and *judgment* which the *Pſalmiſt* ſings, as the due qualities of good government, which is the proper ſenſe of them in this Pſalm and according to the double character of *David* in this Pſalm, I have applied the firſt Metre to Magiſtrates, the ſecond to houſe holders.

The 5th Stanza can be ſung only by the ſuperior rank of Magiſtrates, and not the inferior.

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A Pſalm for a Maſter of a Family.

1. OF juſtice and of grace I ſing,
and pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and juſtice, heav'nly king
teach me to rule my houſe.

2. Now to my tent, O God, repair,
and make thy ſervant wiſe;
I'll ſuffer nothing near me there
that ſhall offend thine eyes.

3. The man that doth his neighbour wrong
by falſhood or by force;
The ſcornful eye, the ſland'rous tongue,
I'll thruſt them from my doors.

4. I'll ſeek the faithful, and the juſt
and will their help enjoy;
Theſe are the friends that I ſhall truſt,
the ſervants I'll employ.

5. The wretch, that deals in ſly deceit,
I'll not endure a night;
The lyer's tongue I ever hate,
and baniſh from my ſight.

6. I'll purge my family around,
and make the wicked flee;
So ſhall my houſe be ever found
a dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CII. 1——12, 20, 21. *First Part*
A Prayer of the Afflicted.

1. HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
but answer left I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace
to hear when sinners cry?

2. My days are wasted like the smoke
dissolving in the air;
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
and sinking in despair.

3. My spirits flag like with'ring grass,
burnt with excessive heat:
In secret groans my minutes pass,
and I forget to eat.

4. As on some lonely building's top
the sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.

5. My soul is like a wilderness,
where beasts of midnight howl;
There the sad raven finds her place,
and there the screaming owl.

6. Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
nor give my spirit rest.

7. My cup is mingled with my woes,
and tears are my repast;
My daily bread like ashes grows
unpleasant to my taste.

8. Sense can afford no real joy,
to souls that feel thy frown:
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
thy hand hath cast me down.

9. My looks like wither'd leaves appear,
and life's declining light
Grow faint as ev'ning shadows are,
that vanish into night.

10. But thou forever art the same,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
and spread thy works abroad.

11. Thou wilt arise and shew thy face,
nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
that long expected day.

12. He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
and by mysterious ways
Redeems the prif'ners doom'd to die,
and fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM CII. 13——21. *Second Part.*

Prayer heard, and Zion Restored.

1. LET *Zion* and her sons rejoice,
behold the promis'd hour:
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
and comes t' exalt his pow'r.

2. Her dust and ruins that remain
are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
and all that dust shall rise.

3. The Lord will raise *Jerusalem*,
and stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
and Kings attend with fear.

4. He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
with pity in his eyes;

He hears the dying priſ'ners groan,
and ſees their ſighs ariſe.

5. He frees the ſouls condemn'd to death,
and when his ſaints complain,
It ſhan't be ſaid, "that praying breath
"was ever ſpent in vain."

6. This ſhall be known when we are dead,
and left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
and truſt, and praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CII. 23—28. *Third Part.*

Man's mortality, and Chriſt's eternity; or, *ſaints die, but Chriſt and the Church live.*

1. IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our ſtrength amidſt the race;
Diſeaſe and death at his command
Arreſt us, and cut ſhort our days.

2. Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our ſun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And muſt thy children die ſo ſoon?

3. Yet in the midſt of death and grief
This thought our ſorrow ſhall aſſuage:
"Our Father and our Saviour live;
"Chriſt is the ſame thro' ev'ry age.

4. 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
Heav'n is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, theſe heav'ns ſhall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.

5. The ſtarry curtains of the ſky
Like garments ſhall be laid aſide:
But ſtill thy throne ſtands firm and high;
Thy church for ever muſt abide.

6. Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign;
This dying world shall thev survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

PSALM CIII. 1—7. *First Part.* Long metre.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

1. BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise,
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3. 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4. The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

5. Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

6. He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress,
And often gives the suff'rers rest:
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7. [His pow'r he shew'd by *Moses'* hands,
And gave to *Isr'el* his commands;

But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8. Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The *Gentile* with the *Jew* shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

PSALM CIII. 8—18. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God's gentle Chastisement; or, *his tender Mercy to his People.*

1. THE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways!
How firm his truth? how large his [grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known

2. Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3. Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4. How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5. Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6. So fathers their young sons chastise
With gentle hands and melting eyes:

The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7. The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust:
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8. He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies:
Like grass we spring and die as soon,
Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon.

9. But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign
Nor childrens children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. 1—7. *First Part.* Short Metre.

Praise for spiritual and temporal Mercies.

1. O Bless the Lord, my soul!
let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
whose favours are divine.

2. O bless the Lord, my soul;
nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness;
and without praises die.

3. 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sickn-sses,
and makes thee young again.

4. He crowns thy life with love,
when ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

5. He fills the poor with good;
he gives the suff'rers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
and justice for th' oppress.

6. His wond'rous works and ways
he made by *Moses* known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
by his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. 8—18. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

Abounding Compassion of God; or, *Mercy in the midst of Judgment.*

1. MY soul, repeat his praise,
whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
so ready to abate.

2. God will not always chide;
and when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
and lighter than our guilt.

3. High as the heav'ns are rais'd
above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
our highest thoughts exceed.

4. His pow'r subdues our sins,
and his forgiving love
Far as the *East* is from the *West*,
doth all our guilt remove.

5. The pity of the Lord
to those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
he knows our feeble frame.

6. He knows we are but dust,
scatter'd with ev'ry breath:

His anger like a rising wind
can send us swift to death.

7. Our days are as the grass,
or like the morning flow'r;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
it withers in an hour.

8. But thy compassion, Lord,
to endless years endure;
And childrens children ever find
thy words of promise sure.

PSALM CIII. 19.—22. *Third Part.* Short Metre
God's universal Dominion; or, *Angels praise the Lord.*

1. THE Lord, the sov'reign king,
hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
and all beneath the sky.

2. Ye angels, great in might,
and swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3. Let the bright hosts who wait
the orders of their king,
And guard his churches when they pray,
join in the praise they sing.

4. While all his wond'rous works
thro' his vast kingdoms shew
Their maker's glory, thou, my soul,
shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM CIV.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

1. MY soul, thy great creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays

He in full Majesty appears,
And like a robe, his glory wears.

Note, This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 124th or 127th Psalm, by adding these two lines to every *Stanza*, namely,

Great is the Lord; What tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name?

Otherways it must be sung as the 100th Psalm.

2. The heav'ns are for his curtains spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed:
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms a-cross the skies.

3. Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4. The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall forever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5. When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd; and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6. The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

7. He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And chear the vallies as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8. From pleasant trees, which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE the First.

9. God from his cloudy ciſtern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching ſhowers:
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thouſand joyful bleſſings yield.

10. He makes the graſſy food ariſe,
And gives the cattle large ſupplies;
With herbs for man of various pow'r,
To nouriſh nature, or to cure.

11. What noble fruits the vines produce!
The olive yields a ſhining juice;
Our hearts are chear'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces ſhine.

12. O bleſs his name, ye *Britons*, fed
With nature's chief ſupporter, bread:
While bread your vital ſtrength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE the Second.

13. Behold the ſtately cedar ſtands
Rais'd in the foreſt by his hands:
Birds to the boughs for ſhelter fly,
And build their neſts ſecure on high.

14. To craggy hills aſcends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wiſdom where to dwell.

15. He ſets the ſun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkneſs veils the day,
Calls out wild beaſts to hunt their prey.

16. Fierce lions lead their young abroad
And roaring aſk their meat from God;
But when the morning beams ariſe,
The ſavage beaſt to covert flies.

17. Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift; that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

18. How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And ev'ry land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.

19. Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wond'rous motions, swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

20. There ships divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge *Leviathan*,
And foams and sports in spight of man.

PAUSE the Third.

21. Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stand
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

22. While each receives his different food,
Their chearful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

23. But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign,
Life, breath and spirit, all is thine.

24. Yet thou can'st breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath,
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

25. His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight;

How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

26. The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

27. In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet:
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
'Till it expire in endless joy.

28. While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory buryed with the dust,
I to my God, my heav'nly king,
Immortal *Hallelujahs* sing.

Several lines in this Psalm I have borrowed of Sir *John Denham*; if I have made the connection more evident, and the sense more easy and useful to an ordinary reader, I have attained my end; and leave others to judge whether I have dishonoured his verse, or improved it.

Stanza 5. Though I am persuaded the Psalmist speaks here of the *first formation of the sea and mountains*, when the waters of the *Chaos* were separated from the earth, yet the people more easily understand it of *Noah*'s flood: and therefore I have indulged such a paraphrase as is capable of both senses.

PSALM CV. Abridged.

God's Conduct to Israel, *and the Plagues of* Egypt.

1. GIVE thanks to God invoke his name,
and tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
that all may seek his face.

2. His cov'nant which he kept in mind
for num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages yet behind,
in equal force shall last.

3. He sware to *Abrah'm* and his seed,
and made the blessing sure:

Gentiles the antient promise read,
and find his truth endure.

4. " Thy seed shall make all nations blest,
(said the Almighty voice)
" And *Canaan*'s land shall be the rest
" the type of heav'nly joys."

5. [How large the grant! how rich the grace
to give them *Canaan*'s land,
When they were strangers in the place,
a little feeble band!

6. Like pilgrims tho' the countries round
securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings that on them frown'd,
severely he reprov'd.

7. " Touch mine anointed, and my arm
" shall soon revenge the wrong;
" The man that does my prophets harm,
" Shall know their God is strong."

8. Then let the world forbear its rage.
nor put the church in fear:
Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,
and be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE the First.

9. When *Pharaoh* dar'd to vex the saints,
and thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
arm'd with his dreadful rod.

10. He call'd for darkness, darkness came
like an o'erwhelming flood:
He turn'd each lake, and ev'ry stream,
to lakes and streams of blood.

11. He gave the sign, and noisom flies
thro' the whole country spread;
And frogs, in croaking armies rise
about the monarch's bed.

12. Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
the tenfold vengeance flew;
Locuſt in ſwarms devour'd their trees,
and hail their cattle ſlew.

13. Then by an angel's midnight ſtroke,
the flow'r of *Egypt* dy'd;
The ſtrength of ev'ry houſe was broke,
their glory and their pride.

14. Now let the world forbear its rage,
nor put the church in fear;
Ir'el muſt live thro' ev'ry age,
and be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE the Second.

15. Thus were the tribes from bondage brought
and left the hated ground;
Each ſome *Egyptian* ſpoils had got,
and not one feeble found.

16. The Lord himſelf choſe out their way,
and mark'd their journeys right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
a fiery guide by night.

17. They thirſt; and waters from the rock
in rich abundance flow,
And following ſtill the courſe they took,
ran all the deſart thro'

18. O wond'rous ſtream! O bleſſed type
of ever-flowing grace?
So *Chriſt* our rock maintains our life
thro' all this wilderneſs.

19. Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand
the choſen tribes poſſeſt
Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,
and there enjoy'd their reſt.

20. Then let the world forbear its rage,
the church renounce her fear;
Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,
and be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM CVI. 1——5. *First Part.*

Praise to God; or, *Communion with Saints.*

1. TO God the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honour be addrest:
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2. Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3. Remember what thy mercy did
For *Jacob*'s race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4. O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM CVI. *Second Part. ver.* 7, 8, 12.—14. 43——48.

Israel *punished and pardon'd*; or, *God's unchangeable Love.*

1. GOD, of eternal love,
how fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did *Isr'el* prove
thy constancy of grace.

2. They saw thy wonders wrought,
and then thy praise they sung;

But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,
and murmur'd with their tongue.

3. Now they believe his word,
while rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
and he reduc'd them low.

4. Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
he hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
and call'd them still his sons.

5. Their names were in his book,
he sav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
the people that he chose.

6. Let *Isr'el* bless the Lord,
who lov'd their ancient race;
And *Christians* join the solemn word
amen to all the praise.

The chief design of this whole psalm I have expressed in the title, and abridged it in this form, having enlarged much more on this same subject in the 77th, 78th, and 105th Psalms.

Tho' the Jews now seem to be cast off, yet the apostle *Paul* assures us, that *God hath not cast away his people whom he foreknew*; Rom. xi. 2. Their unbelief and absence from God is but for a season, for they shall be recalled again; v. 25. 26.

PSALM CVII. *First Part.*

Israel *led to* Canaan, *and Christians to Heaven.*

1. GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above,
Kind are his tho'ts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2. Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Isr'el the nation whom he chose
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

3. [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' *Egyptian* yoke,
They trac'd the desart, wand'ring round
A wild and solitary ground.

4. There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

5. In their distress to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wand'ring round,
'Twas the right path to *Canaan*'s ground.

6. Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and *Satan*'s chain,
We have this desart world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

7. He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

8. O let the saints with joy record!
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM CVII. *Second Part.*

Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

1. FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

2. But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies,
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord,

3. He'll bring their ſpirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rer ſhall be found;
Laden with grief they waſte their breath
In darkneſs and the ſhades of death.

4. Then to the Lord they raiſe their cries,
He makes the dawning light ariſe,
And ſcatters all that diſmal ſhade,
That hung ſo heavy round their head.

5. He cuts the bars of braſs in two,
And lets the ſmiling priſ'ners thro';
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring ſoul relief.

6. O may the ſons of men record
The wond'rous goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praiſe.

PSALM CVII. *Third Part.*

Intemperance puniſhed and pardoned; or, *A Pſalm for the Glutton and the Drunkard.*

1. VAIN man on fooliſh pleaſures bent,
Prepares for his own puniſhment;
What pains, what loathſome maladies
From luxury and luſt ariſe!

2. The drunkard feels his vitals waſte,
Yet drowns his health to pleaſe his taſte;
'Till all his active pow'rs are loſt,
And fainting life draws near the duſt.

3. The glutton groans and loaths to eat,
His ſoul abhors delicious meat:
Nature with heavy loads oppreſt,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4. Then how the frighted ſinners fly
To God for help with earneſt cry!

He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5. No med'cines could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sov'reign word, and heals.

6. O may the sons of men record
The won'drous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM CVII. *Fourth Part.* Long Metre.

Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck; or, *The Seaman's Song.*

1. WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2. They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind;
'Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3. Now to the Heav'ns they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!

4. When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5. He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage:
'Tis calm, and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.

6. O may the ſons of men record
The wond'rous goodneſs of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory ſing.

PSALM CVII. *Fourth Part.* Com. Metre.
The Mariner's Pſalm.

THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
thy wonders in the deeps,
The ſons of courage ſhall record
who trade in floating ſhips.

2. At thy command the winds ariſe,
and ſwell the tow'ring waves;
The men aſtoniſh'd mount the ſkies,
and ſink in gaping graves.

3. [Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
and plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
and finds his courage vain.

4. Frighted to hear the tempeſt roar,
they pant with flutt'ring breath,
And hopeleſs of the diſtant ſhore,
expect immediate death.]

5. Then to the Lord they raiſe their cries,
he hears the loud requeſt,
And orders ſilence thro' the ſkies,
and lays the floods to reſt.

6. Sailors rejoice to loſe their fears,
and ſee the ſtorm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears;
there let their vows be paid.

7. 'Tis God that brings them ſafe to land;
let ſtupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
and all the winds that blow.

8. O that the ſons of men would praiſe
the goodneſs of the Lord!
And thoſe that ſee thy wond'rous ways,
thy wond'rous love record!

PSALM CVII. *Laſt Part.*

Colonies planted; or, *Nations bleſt and puniſh'd.*
A Pſalm for *New-England.*

WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madneſs of the times,
He turns their fields to barren ſand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2. His word can raiſe the ſprings again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send ſhow'ry bleſſings from the ſkies,
And harveſts in the deſart riſe.

3. [Where nothing dwelt but beaſts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' oppreſt and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4. They ſow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whoſe yearly fruit ſupplies their want:
Their race grows up from fruitful ſtocks,
Their wealth increaſes with their flocks.

5. Thus they are bleſt; but if they ſin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A ſavage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

6. Their captive ſons, expos'd to ſcorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn:
The country lies unfenc'd, until'd,
And deſolation ſpreads the field.

7. Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;

Again he makes their cities thrive ;
And bids the dying churches live.]

8. The righteous, with a joyful ſenſe,
Admire the works of providence ;
And tongues of Atheiſts ſhall no more
Blaſpheme the God that ſaints adore.

9. How few, with pious care, record
Theſe wond'rous dealings of the Lord ?
But wiſe obſervers ſtill ſhall find
The Lord is holy, juſt, and kind.

If this hymn be too long to ſing at once, the two firſt and two laſt ſtanzas of it may be ſung together, and the five middle ſtanzas by themſelves, as another hymn : For I could not find any other convenient diviſion of it.

The 108th pſalm is formed out of the 57th and 60th, therefore I have omitted it.

PSALM CIX. v. 1—5, 41.

Love to Enemies from the example of Chriſt.

1. GOD of my mercy and my praiſe,
thy glory is my ſong ;
Tho' ſinners ſpeak againſt thy grace
with a blaſpheming tongue.

2. When in the form of mortal man
thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel ſlanders, falſe and vain,
they compaſs'd him around.

3. Their mis'ries his compaſſion move,
their peace he ſtill purſu'd ;
They render hatred for his love,
and evil for his good.

4. Their malice rag'd without a cauſe,
yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'rers on his croſs,
and bleſt his foes in death.

5. Lord, shall thy bright example shine
in vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to thine,
to love my enemies.

6. The Lord shall on my side engage,
and, in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage
who slander and condemn.

That this psalm foretels the sufferings, the patience, and love of *Christ* to enemies, is universally agreed; but the curses on *Judas* and the priests, &c. I have chosen to leave where they stand in the sacred language of prophecy,

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PSALM CX. *First Part.* Long Metre.
Christ *exalted, and Multitudes converted*; or,
The Success of the Gospel.

THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son; "Ascend and sit
"At my right-hand, till I shall make
"Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2. "From *Zion* shall thy word proceed,
"Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.

3. "That day shall shew thy pow'r is great,
"When saints shall flock with willing minds,
"And sinners croud thy temple gate,
"Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue;
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

Stanza 3, 4. It is generally supposed the 3d verse of this psalm describes the numerous conversions that followed the ascension of *Christ*. The *beauty of holiness* is but a periphrasis for the *Temple*. That the whole psalm is a prophecy of *Christ* in his kingdom and priesthood, is abundantly evident from *Matth.* xxii. 44. *Heb.* vii. &c.

PSALM CX. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The Kingdom and Prieſthood of Chriſt.

1. THUS the great Lord of earth and ſea
Spake to his ſon, and thus he ſwore;
" Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be,
" And change from hand to hand no more.

2. " *Aaron* and all his ſons muſt die;
" But everlaſting life is thine,
" To ſave for ever thoſe that fly
" For refuge from the wrath divine.

3. " By me *Melchiſedek* was made
" On earth a king and prieſt at once;
" And thou my heav'nly prieſt ſhalt plead,
" And thou my king ſhalt rule my ſons."

4. *Jeſus* the prieſt aſcends his throne,
While counſels of eternal peace,
Between the father and the ſon,
Proceed with honour and ſucceſs.

2. Thro' the whole earth his reign ſhall ſpread
And cruſh the pow'rs that dare rebel;
Then ſhall he judge the riſing dead,
And ſend the guilty world to hell.

6. Tho' while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The ſuff'rings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

The prieſthood of *Chriſt*, after the order of *Melchiſedeck*, is particularly explained, *Heb.* vii. *ver.* 1, 3, 23, 24, 25. and is inſerted in the three firſt Stanza's.

Stanza 4. *Zech.* vi. 13. *He ſhall be a prieſt upon his throne and the counſel of peace ſhall be between them both.*

The laſt verſe of this pſalm is explained by interpreters in very contrary ſenſes. Some make his *drinking of the brook* to ſignify *mean refreſhment in his way*, and ſome expound it of his *ſtates, ſorrows and ſufferings*; the laſt is moſt evangelical and moſt beautiful, therfore I have choſen it.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

1. JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
and near the father sit:
In *Zion* shall thy pow'r be known,
and make thy foes submit.

2. What wonders shall thy gospel do!
thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
and own thy sov'reign grace.

3. God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"When *Aaron* is no more.

4. "*Melchisedek* that wond'rous priest,
"that king of high decree,
"That holy man, who *Abraham* blest,
"was but a type of thee."

5. *Jesus* our priest for ever lives,
to plead for us above;
Jesus our king for ever gives
the blessings of his love.

6. God shall exalt his glorious head,
and his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,
who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM CXI. *First Part.*

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

1. SONGS of immortal praise belong
to my Almighty God;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
to spread his name abroad.

2. How great the works his hand has wrought!
how glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
his wonders with delight.

3. How most exact is nature's frame!
how wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
that his first thoughts design'd.

4. When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
he fix'd his cov'nant sure:
The orders that his lips pronounce,
to endless years endure.

5. Nature and time, and earth and skies,
thy heav'nly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise,
but learn to read thy name?

6. To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
that best obeys thy will.

Of this Psalm I have chosen several verses, and formed into two distinct *Hymns*, keeping the first, and the two last verses in both.

PSALM CXI. *Second Part.*

The Perfection of God.

1. GREAT is the Lord, his works of might
demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
their harmony of tongues.

2. Great is the mercy of the Lord,
he gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
he makes his promise good.

3. His son, the great Redeemer, came
to seal his cov'nant sure:

Holy and rev'rend is his name,
his ways are just and pure.

4. They that would grow divinely wise,
must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
in hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM CXII. *as the* 113 *Psalm.*

The Blessings of the liberal Man.

1. THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law:
His seed on earth shall be renoun'd;
His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

2. His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends:
A gen'rous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3. His hands, while thy his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4. Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;
His conscience holds his courage up;
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in afflictions night:
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE

5. [Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fix'd on God relies,
Tho' waves and tempests roar around:
Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6. The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations croft:
They and their envy, pride and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.]

Many lines of this *Metre*, and some of the next Psalm, *proper Metre*, are borrowed from Mr. *Tate*'s version.

PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

1. THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word
Honour and peace his days attend.
And blessings to his seed descend.

2. Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3. When times grow dark, and tidings spread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there.

4. His soul well fixed upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness, light shall rise,
To chear his heart, and bless his eyes.

5. He hath diſpers'd his alms abroad,
His works are ſtill before his God;
His name on earth ſhall long remain,
While envious ſinners fret in vain.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

1. HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
and follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
or gives with lib'ral hands.

2. As pity dwells within his breaſt
to all the ſons of need;
So God ſhall anſwer his requeſt
with bleſſings on his ſeed.

3. No evil tidings ſhall ſurprize
his well-eſtabliſh'd mind:
His ſoul to God his refuge flies,
and leaves his fears behind.

4. In times of general diſtreſs
ſome beams of light ſhall ſhine,
To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,
and give him peace divine.

5. His works of piety and love
remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth and joys above
ſhall be his ſure reward.

Many of the bleſſings of *wealth*, and *grandeur*, and *temporal good things*, that we ſee the portion of a good man and his children under the Old Teſtament, I have here abridged agreeable to the New, which ſorteis rather *temporal afflictions*, and promiſes *everlaſting rewards*.

PSALM CXIII. Proper Tune.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

1. YE that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where-e'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

2. Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds
Can give his vast dominion bounds,
The heav'ns are far below his height:
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

3. He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

4. When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir
To rescue their expiring name;
The mother with a thankful voice
Proclaims his praises and her joys:
Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

God Sovereign and Gracious.

1. YE servants of th' almighty King,
In ev'ry age his praises sing:
Where e'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2. Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty:

Nor time nor place his pow'r restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

3. Which of the sons of *Adam* dare,
Or Angels with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4. Behold his love: He stoops to view
What saints above and Angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5. From dust and cottages obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

6. [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Tho' *Sarah*'s ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.

7. With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs,
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

Part of the 6th and 7th *stanza*'s are borrowed from *Gen.* xvii. 17. and *Rom.* iv. 19. 20. *Shall Sarah that is ninety years old bear?* Abraham was *strong in faith*, &c.

PSALM CXIV.

Miracles attending Israel's *Journey.*

1. WHEN *Isr'el*, freed from *Pharaoh*'s hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with chearful homage own
Their king, and *Judah* was his throne.

2. Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:

Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3. The mountains shook like frighted sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not *Sinai* on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.

4. What pow'r could make the deep divide?
Make *Jordan* backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that *Sinai* feels?

5. Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of *Isr'el*: see him here;
Tremble thou earth, adore, and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to standing pool he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

This psalm appears to me an admirable ode, but if I had introduced the *presence of God* into the camp of *Israel* removing from *Egypt*, as all my predecessors have done, I had lost the divine beauty of the psalm: For had God appeared at first, there could be no wonder why *the mountains should leap*, and *the sea retire*; therefore that this convulsion of nature may be brought in with due surprise, the sacred poet conceals his name till afterwards, and then with a very agreeable turn of thought *God* is introduced at once in all his majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate, and to preserve what I could of the spirit of the inspired author.

PSALM CXV. First Metre.

The true God our refuge; or, *Idolatry reproved.*

1. NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due,
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

2. Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
Why should a *heathen*'s haughty tongue

Insult us, and to raise our shame,
Say, *where's the God you've serv'd so long?*

3. The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies,
Thro' all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4. But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint, or golden God.

5. [With eyes and ears they carve their head,
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly off'rings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6. Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7. O *Isr'el*, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8. The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

PSALM CXV. Second Metre, *as the New Tune of the 50th Psalm.*

Popish Idolatry reproved.

A Psalm for the 5th of *November*.

NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due:

Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and juſtice
Immortal honours to thy ſov'reign name. [claim
Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy bleſt [abode
Nor let the heathens ſay, *And where's your God?*

2 Heav'n is thine higher court: There ſtands thy throne,
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done:
Our God fram'd all this earth, theſe heav'ns he [ſpread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made:
The kneeling crowd with looks devout, behold
Their ſilver ſaviours, and their ſaints of gold.

3. [Vain are thoſe artful ſhapes of eyes and ears;
The molten image neither ſees nor hears:
Their hands are helpleſs, nor their feet can move
They have no ſpeech, nor thought nor pow'r [nor love;
Yet ſottiſh mortals make their long complaints,
To their deaf idols, and their moveleſs ſaints.]

4. The rich have ſtatues well adorned with gold
The poor content with gods of coarſer mould,
With tools of iron carve the ſenſeleſs ſtock
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock:
People and prieſt drive on the ſolemn trade,
And truſts the gods that ſaws and hammers [made.

5. Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to ſay
Which is more ſtupid, or their gods, or they.
O *Iſr'el*, truſt the Lord; he hears and ſees,
He knows thy ſorrows, and reſtores thy peace:
His worſhip does a thouſand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thy heav'nly ſhield.

7. O *Britain*, truſt the Lord: thy foes in vain
Attempt thy ruin, and oppoſe his reign;

Had they prevail'd, darkneſs had clos'd our [days,
And death and ſilence had forbid his praiſe:
But we are ſav'd, and live: Let ſongs ariſe,
And *Britain* bleſs the God that built the ſkies.

PSALM CXVI. *Firſt Part.*

Recovery from Sickneſs.

1. I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
and pity'd ev'ry groan:
Long as I live, when troubles riſe,
I'll haſten to his throne.

2. I love the Lord: He bow'd his ear,
and chas'd my griefs away;
O let my heart no more deſpair,
while I have breath to pray!

3. My fleſh declin'd, my ſpirits fell,
and I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
perplex'd my wakeful head.

4. "My God, I cry'd, thy ſervant ſave,
"thou ever good and juſt:
"Thy pow'r can reſcue from the grave,
"thy pow'r is all my truſt."

5. The Lord beheld me ſore diſtreſt,
he bid my pains remove:
Return, my ſoul, to God thy reſt,
for thou haſt known his love.

6. My God hath ſav'd my ſoul from death,
and dry'd my falling tears;
Now to his praiſe I'll ſpend my breath,
and my remaining years.

PSALM CXVI. 12, &c. *Second Part.*

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church; or, Public Thanks for private Deliverance.

1. WHAT shall I render to my God
for all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
my songs address thy throne.

2. Among the saints that fill thine house,
my off'rings shall be paid:
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
my soul in anguish made.

3. How much is mercy thy delight,
thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
how precious is their blood!

4. How happy all thy servants are!
how great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5. Now I am thine, for ever him,
nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
and bound me with thy love.

7 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
and thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
if I forsake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to God from all Nations.

1. O ALL ye Nations, praise the Lord,
each with a diff'rent tongue;

In ev'rylanguage learn his word,
and let his name be ſung.

2. His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land;
proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth ſhall ſtand,
praiſe ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

1. FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the creator's praiſe ariſe:
Let the redeemer's name be ſung
Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

1. THY name, Almighty Lord,
ſhall ſound thro' diſtant lands;
Great is thy grace, and ſure thy word;
thy truth for ever ſtands.

2 Far be thine honour ſpread,
and long thy praiſe endure,
'Till morning light and evening-ſhade
ſhall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. *Firſt Part. v.* 6—15.

Deliverance from a Tumult.

1. THE Lord appears my helper now,
nor is my faith afraid
What all the ſons of earth can do,
ſince Heav'n affords its aid.

2. 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
and have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
and on their truth depend.

3. Like bees my foes beset me round,
a large and angry swarm;
But I shall all their rage confound
by thine Almighty arm.

4. 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
in him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
how chearful is my voice!

5. Like angry bees they girt me round
when God appears they fly;
So burning thorns, with crakling sound,
make a fierce blaze, and die.

6. Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
the Lord protects their days:
Let *Isr'el* tune immortal songs
to his Almighty grace.

PSALM CXVIII. *Second part. v.* 17—21.

Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.

1. LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
and rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die
if God resolve to save.)

2. Thy praise, more constant than before,
shall fill his daily breath
Thy hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,
defends him still from death.

3. Open the gates of *Zion* now,
for we shall worship there,

The house where all the righteous go,
thy mercy to declare.

4. Among th' assemblies of thy saints
our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told thee our complaints,
and there we speak thy praise.

PSALM CXVIII. *Third Part.* v. 22, 23.

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

1. BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone
which God in *Zion* lays
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
and his eternal praise.

2. Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
and saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
nor shall they suffer shame.

3. The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
and envy rage in vain.

4. What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
yet must this building rise:
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
and wond'rous in our eyes.

These five verses, from the 22d to the 27th, containing a glorious prophecy of *Christ*, I have explained them at large in the language of the New Testament, in two distinct Hymns: 1 Pet. ii. 4, 6. *Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious; and he that believeth on him shall not be ashamed----- disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious.* Matth. xvi, 18. *Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.* See the notes on the following Hymns.

PSALM CXVIII. *Fourth Part. v.* 24, 25, 26. Hosanna; *the Lord's-Day*: or, *Christ's Resurrection and our Salvation.*

1. THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
he calls the hours his own;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad
and praise surround the throne.

2. To-day he rose and left the dead,
and *Satan's* empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
and all his wonders tell.

3. *Hosanna* to th' anointed king,
to *David's* holy son:
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
salvation from the throne.

4. Blest be the Lord who comes to men
with messages of grace;
Who comes in God his father's name,
to save our sinful race.

5. *Hosanna* in the highest strains
the church on earth can raise;
The highest Heav'ns in which he reigns,
shall give him nobler praise.

See the notes on the foregoing and following Hymns.

Stanza 1. This the day wherein *Christ* fulfilled his sufferings, and rose from the dead; and has honoured it with his own name. *Rev.* i. 10. *The Lord's Day.*

Stanza. 3. This verse is explained *Matth.* xxi. 9. *Hosanna to the son of* David. *Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest.* The word *Hosanna* signifies, *save, we beseech.*

PSALM CXVIII. *v.* 22—27. Short Metre.

An Hosanna *for the Lord's-Day*; or, *a new Song of Salvation by* Christ.

1. SEE what a living stone
the builders did refuse;

Yet God hath built his church thereon
in ſpight of envious *Jews*.

2. The ſcribe and angry prieſt
reject thine only ſon;
Yet on this rock ſhall *Zion* reſt,
as the chief corner-ſtone.

3. The work, O Lord, is thine,
and wond'rous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
this day did *Jeſus* riſe.

4. This is the glorious day
that our redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and ſing, and pray,
let all the church be glad.

5. *Hoſanna* to the king
of *David*'s royal blood:
Bleſs him, ye ſaints; he comes to bring
ſalvation from your God.

6. We bleſs thine holy word,
which all this grace diſplays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
our ſacrifice of praiſe.

Stanza 6. The 27th verſe muſt be explained evangelically; the *feſtal* is our *light*, our *altar* is *Chriſt*, and our *ſacrifices* are *prayer* and *praiſe*, Heb. xiii. 10. 15.

PSALM CXVIII. 22—27. Long Metre.

An Hoſanna *for the Lord's-Day*; or, *a new ſong of Salvation by* Chriſt.

1. LO! what a glorious corner-ſtone
The *Jewiſh* builders did refuſe;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In ſpight of envy and the *Jews*.

2. Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes:

This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3. Sinners rejoice; and saints be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be blest:
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace and light, and glory rest.

4. In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race:
Let the whole church address their king
With hearts of joy and songs of praise.

Stanza 3. *Hosanna*, signifies *save, we beseech*, as *v.* 25. And since the *Hosanna* is ascribed to *Christ* in *Matth.* xxi. 9. it seems to mean properly, *An acclamation to Christ as King*; as we say in our language, *God save the King*, or *God bless the King*; though in the *common metre* I have turned it as a short prayer for our own salvation in the sense in which 'tis often now used.

PSALM CXIX.

I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song upon each of them: But the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connection.

In some places, among the words law, commands, judgments, testimonies, *I have used* gospel, word, grace, truth, promises, *&c. as more agreeable to the New Testament, and the common language of Christians; and it equally answers the design of the* Psalmist, *which was to recommend the holy scripture.*

PSALM CXIX. *First Part.*

The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1. BLEST are the undefil'd in heart,
whose ways are right and clean:

Who never from thy law depart,
but fly from ev'ry sin.

2. Blest are the men that keep thy word,
and practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
and serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

3. Great is their peace who love thy law,
how firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

4. Then shall my heart have inward joy,
and keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
and honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

5. But haughty sinners God will hate,
the proud shall die accurst;
The sons of falshood and deceit
are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

6. Vile as the dross the wicked are:
and those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
but never taste thy grace.

PSALM CXIX. *Second Part.*

Secret Devotions and Spiritual Mindedness; or, Constant Converse with God.

Ver. 147, 55.

1. TO thee, before the dawning light,
my gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
and keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

2. My ſpirit faints to ſee thy grace,
thy promiſe bears me up;
And while ſalvation long delays,
thy word ſupports my hope.

Ver. 164.

3. Seven times a day I lift my hands,
and pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
repeated praiſe from me.

Ver. 62.

4. When midnight-darkneſs veils the ſkies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion riſe,
and ſweet acceptance find.

PSALM CXIX. *Third Part.*

Profeſſions of Sincerity, Repentance and Obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

1. THOU art my portion, O my God;
ſoon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haſte t' obey thy word,
and ſuffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2. I chuſe the path of heav'nly truth,
and glory in my choice:
Not all the riches of the earth
could make me ſo rejoice.

3. The teſtimonies of thy grace,
I ſet before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily ſtrength,
and there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

4. If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
and truſt thy pard'ning grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O ſave thy ſervant, Lord;
Thou art my ſhield, my hiding place;
my hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

6. Thou haſt inclin'd this heart of mine
thy ſtatutes to fulfil;
And thus till mortal life ſhall end
would I perform thy will.

PSALM CXIX. *Fourth Part.*

Inſtruction from Scripture.

Ver. 9.

1. HOW ſhall the young ſecure their hearts,
and guard their lives from ſin?
Thy word the choiceſt rules impart
to keep the conſcience clean.

Ver. 130.

2. When once it enters to the mind,
it ſpreads ſuch light abroad,
The meaneſt ſouls inſtruction find,
and raiſe their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

3. 'Tis like the ſun, a heav'nly light,
that guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
a lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4. The men that keep thy law with care,
and meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
and better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5. Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
but love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

6. [The starry Heav'ns thy rule obey,
the earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants night and day
thy skill and pow'r express.

7. But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
have lessons more divine:
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
nor star so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

8. Thy word is everlasting truth;
how pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
and well support our age.

PSALM CXIX. *Fifth Part.*

Delight in Scripture; or, *The Word of God dwelling in us.*

Ver. 97.

1. O HOW I love thy holy law!
'tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
divine advice by night.

Ver. 128.

2. My waking eyes prevent the day
to meditate thy word:
My ſoul with longing melts away
to hear thy goſpel Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

3. How doth thy word my heart engage!
how well employ my tongue!
And in my tireſome pilgrimage
yields me a heav'nly ſong.

Ver. 19, 103.

4. Am I a ſtranger, or at home,
'tis my perpetual feaſt;
Not honey dropping from the comb
ſo much allures the taſte.

Ver. 72, 127.

5. No treaſures ſo enrich the mind;
nor ſhall thy word be ſold
For loads of ſilver well-refin'd,
Nor heaps of choiceſt gold.

Ver. 23, 49, 175.

6. When nature ſinks and ſpirits droop,
Thy promiſes of grace
Are pillars to ſupport my hope,
and there I write thy praiſe.

PSALM CXIX. *Sixth Part.*

Holineſs and Comfort from the Word.

Ver. 128.

1. LORD, I eſteem thy judgements right,
and all thy ſtatutes juſt;
Thence I maintain a conſtant fight
with ev'ry flatt'ring luſt.

Ver. 97, 9.

2. Thy precepts often I ſurvey;
I keep thy law in ſight,
Thro' all the buſineſs of the day,
to form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

3. My heart in midnight ſilence cries,
how ſweet thy comforts be!
My thoughts in holy wonder riſe,
and bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

4. And when my ſpirit drinks her fill
at ſome good word of thine,
Not mighty men that ſhare the ſpoil
have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. *Seventh Part.*

Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.

Ver. 96. *paraphraſed.*

1. LET all the *heathen* writers join
to form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
how mean their writings look!

2. Not the moſt perfect rules they gave
could ſhew one ſin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a ſtep beyond the grave;
but thine conduct to heav'n.

3. I've ſeen an end of what we call
perfection here below;
How ſhort the pow'rs of nature fall,
and can no farther go.

4. Yet men would fain be juſt with God
by works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands exceeding broad,
extend to ev'ry thought.

5. In vain we boaſt perfection here,
while ſin defiles our frame,
And ſinks our virtues down ſo far,
they ſcarce deſerve the name.

6. Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace
fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteouſneſs
dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. *Eighth Part.*

The word of God is the Saint's portion; or,
The Excellency and variety of Scripture.

Ver. 111. *paraphraſed.*

1. LORD I have made thy word my choice;
my laſting heritage:
There ſhall my nobleſt pow'rs rejoice,
my warmeſt thoughts engage.

2. I'll read the hiſt'ries of thy love,
and keep thy laws in ſight,
While through the promiſes I rove
with ever-freſh delight.

3. 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
where ſprings of life ariſe,
Seeds of immortal bliſs are ſown,
and hidden glory lies

4. The beſt relief that mourners have,
it makes our ſorrows bleſt;
Our faireſt hope beyond the grave,
and our eternal reſt.

PSALM CXIX. *Ninth Part.*

Desire of Knowledge; or, the teachings of the Spirit with the Word.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

1. THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
how good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
and see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

2. My heart was fashioned by thy hand,
my service is thy due:
O make thy servant understand
the duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

3. Since I'm a stranger here below,
let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
and be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

4. When I confess my wand'ring ways,
thou heardst my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5. If God to me his statutes shew,
and heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
his law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

6. This was my comfort when I bore
variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
and fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

7. [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll n'er forget thy law,
Nor let that bleſſed goſpel go,
whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

8. When I have learn'd my father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips inſpir'd with zeal
ſhall loud pronounce his praiſe.]

PSALM CXIX. *Tenth Part.*

Pleading the promiſes.

Ver. 38, 49.

1. BEHOLD thy waiting ſervant, Lord,
devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
for all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2. Haſt thou not writ ſalvation down,
and promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart addreſs thy throne?
and yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

3. Mine eyes for thy ſalvation fail,
O bear thy ſervant up;
Nor let the ſcoffing lips prevail,
who dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

4. Didſt thou not raiſe my faith, O Lord?
then let thy truth appear:
Saints ſhall rejoice in my reward,
and truſt as well as fear.

PSALM CXIX. *Eleventh Part.*

Breathing after Holineſs.

Ver. 5, 33.

1. O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
to keep his ſtatutes ſtill;
O that my God would grant me grace
to know and do his will!

Ver. 29.

2. O ſend thy ſpirit down to write
thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

3. From vanity turn off my eyes:
let no corrupt deſign
Nor covetous deſire ariſe
within this ſoul of mine.

Ver. 133.

4. Order my footſteps by thy word,
and make my heart ſincere;
Let ſin have no dominion, Lord,
but keep my conſcience clear.

Ver. 176.

5. My ſoul hath gone too far aſtray,
my feet too often ſlip;
Yet ſince I've not forgot thy way,
Reſtore thy wand'ring ſheep.

Ver. 35.

6. Make me to walk in thy commands,
'tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
offend againſt my God.

PSALM CXIX. *Twelfth Part.*

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Ver. 152.

1. MY God, consider my distress,
let mercy plead my cause;
Tho' I have sin'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2. Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

3. Be thou a surety, Lord for me,
nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
the shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

4. My eyes with expectation fail,
my heart within me cries,
When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
And make my comforts rise?

Ver. 132.

5. Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
and shew thy grace the same,
As thou art ever wont t'afford
to those that love thy name.

PSALM CXIX. *Thirteenth Part.*

Holy Fear and Tenderness of Conscience.

Ver. 10.

1. WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
O let me never stray

From thy commands, O God of grace,
nor tread the sinners way!

Ver. 11.

2. Thy word I've hid within my heart
to keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
from ev'ry rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3. I'm a companion of the saints
who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
when men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

4. While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
my spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
but loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

5. My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
the threat'nings of thy word:
My flesh with holy trembling fears
the judgements of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

6. My God, I long, I hope, I wait
for thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
and I obey thy will.

PSALM CXIX. *Fourteenth Part.*
Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1. CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
and thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
when will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2. Yet I have found, 'tis good for me
to bear my father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
and live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3. This is the comfort I enjoy
when new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
and hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

4. Had not thy word been my delight
when earthly joys were fled,
My soul oppress with sorrow's weight
had sunk amongst the dead.

Ver. 57.

5. I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
tho' they may seem severe;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6. Before I knew thy chast'ning rod
my feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
nor wander from thy way.

PSALM CXIX. *Fifteenth Part.*

Holy Resolutions.

Ver. 93.

1. O THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour
might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r:
and daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2. To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall n'er forget thy word,
thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

3. How would I run in thy commands,
if thou my heart discharge
From sin and *satan*'s hateful chains,
and set my feet at large!

Ver. 12, 46.

4. My lips with courage shall declare
thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word tho' kings should hear,
nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5. Let bands of persecutors rise
to rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lyes,
thy laws is my delight.

Ver. 115.

6. Depart from me, ye wicked race,
whose hands and hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his ways,
and must obey his will.

PSALM CXIX. *Sixteenth Part.*

Prayer for Quickening Grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

1. MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine:
From vain desires and ev'ry lust
turn off these eyes of mine.

2. I need the influence of thy grace
to speed me in thy way,

Left I should loiter in my race,
or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3. When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Thy word that I have rested on
shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

4. Are not thy mercies sovereign still?
and thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
to turn the heav'nly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5. Does not my heart thy precepts love,
and long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
without enliv'ning grace!

Ver. 93.

6. Then shall I love thy gospel more,
and ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
to draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. *Seventeenth Part.*

Courage and Perseveranee under Persecution; or, *Grace shining in Difficulties and Trials.*

Ver. 143, 18.

1. WHEN pain and anguish seize me Lord,
All my support is from thy word:
My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lyes,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,

And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

3. They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust and fear thy name,
'Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM CXIX. *Last Part.*

Sanctify'd Afflictions; or, *Delight in the Word of God.*

Ver. 67, 59.

1. FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!

2. Foolish and vain I went astray
E're I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

3. 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my father's st
That I might learn his statutes, malice b.

Ver. 72. m

4. The law that issues from thy mouth
Shall raise my chearful passions more
Then all the treasures of the *South*,
Or *Western* hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

5. Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

6. Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM CXX.

Complaint of quarrelsome Neighbours; or, a devout Wish for Peace.

1. THOU God of love, thou ever-bleſt,
pity my ſuff'ring ſtate;
When wilt thou ſet my ſoul at reſt
from lips that love deceit.

2. Hard lot of mine? my days are caſt
among the ſons of ſtrife,
Whoſe never-ceaſing brawlings waſte
my golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
how would I chuſe to dwell
In ſome wide lonely wilderneſs,
and leave theſe gates of hell!

4. Peace is the bleſſing that I ſeek,
how lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I ſpeak,
they a[illegible]lare for arms.

5. N[illegible]s ſtill their ſoul engage,
an[illegible]ir malice ſtrong:
What ſhall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6. Should burning arrows ſmite thee thro',
ſtrict juſtice would approve;
But I had rather ſpare my foe,
and melt his heart with love.

I hope the tranſpoſition of ſeveral verſes of the pſalm is no diſadvantage to this imitation of it. Nor will the ſpirit of the Goſpel, and Charity at the end, render it leſs agreeable to *Chriſtian* Ears,

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine Protection.

1. UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty refuge lives.

2. He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heav'ns with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3. He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hour while *Isr'el* sleeps.

4. *Isr'el*, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes,
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5. No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch: no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

6. Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go and still return
Safe in the Lord; his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.

7. On thee foul spirits have no pow'r;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

See the Notes on Psalm xli.

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre.

Preservation by Day and Night.

1. TO Heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
there all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
is my perpetual aid.

2. Their feet shall never slide to fall,
whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call,
his eyes can never sleep.

3. He will sustain our weakest pow'rs
with his Almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
against surprising harm.

4. *Isr'el*, rejoice and rest secure,
the keeper is the Lord,
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
for thine eternal guard.

5. Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
from blasting damps at night.

6. He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
'till God commands thee home.

PSALM CXXI. as the 148th Psalm.

God our Preserver.

1. UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made;

God is the tow'r
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2. My feet shall never slide
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God my guard and guide
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep
Shall *Isr'el* keep
When dangers rise.

3. No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4. Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
'Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to Church.

1. HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
my friends devoutly say,
In Zion *let us all appear,*
and keep the solemn day!

2. I love her gates, I love the road;
the church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God
to shew his milder face.

3. Up to her courts with joys unknown
the holy tribes repair!
The son of *David* holds his throne,
and sits in judgment there.

4. He hears our praises and complaints;
and while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
we tremble and rejoice.

5. Peace be within this sacred place,
and joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
be her attendants blest!

6. My soul shall pray for *Zion* still,
while life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
there God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. *Proper Tune.*

Going to Church.

1. HOW pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
Come, let us seek our God to day?
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to *Zion's* hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

2. *Zion*, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound,

3. There *David's* greater ſon
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He ſits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the ſaint be glad,
He makes the ſinner ſad,
And humble ſouls rejoice with fear.

4. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bleſs the ſoul of ev'ry gueſt!
The man that ſeeks thy peace,
And wiſhes thine encreaſe,
A thouſand bleſſings on him reſt!

5. My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this ſacred houſe!
For there my friends and kindred dwell:
And ſince my glorious God
Makes thee his bleſt abode,
My ſoul ſhall ever love thee well.

Repeat the 4th ſtanza to compleat the Tune.

PSALM CXXIII.

Pleading with Submiſſion.

1. O THOU whoſe grace and juſtice reign
inthron'd above the ſkies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
to thee we lift our eyes.

2. As ſervants watch their maſter's hand,
and fear the angry ſtroke;
Or maids before their miſtreſs ſtand,
and wait a peaceful look:

3. So for our ſins we juſtly feel
thy diſcipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment ſtill,
'till thou remove thy rod.

4. Thoſe that in wealth and pleaſure live,
our daily groans deride,
And the delays of mercy give
freſh courage to their pride.

5. Our foes inſult us, but our hope
in thy compaſſion lies;
This thought ſhall bear our ſpirits up,
that God will not deſpiſe.

PSALM CXXIV.

A Song for the 5th of November.

1. HAD not the Lord, may *Iſr'el* ſay,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our ſide,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Roſe like the ſwelling of the tide;

2. The ſwelling tide had ſtopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been ſwallow'd deep in death;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our ſoul.

3. We leap for joy, we ſhout and ſing,
Who juſt eſcap'd the fatal ſtroke;
So flies the bird with chearful wing,
When once the fowler's ſnare is broke.

4. Forever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's curſed ſnare,
Who ſav'd us from the murd'ring ſword,
And made our lives and ſouls his care.

5. Our help is in *Jehovah*'s name,
Who form'd the earth, and built the ſkies;
He that upholds that wond'rous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Commom Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety.

1. UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
and firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
that leans, O Lord, on thee.

2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well
old *Salem*'s happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
that ev'ry saint surround.

3. While tyrants are a smarting scourge
to drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
the fury of the rod.

4. Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
and lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
where *Christ* their Lord is gone.

5. But if we trace those crooked ways
that the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
shall smite his followers too.

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety; or, *Moderated Afflictions.*

1. FIRM and unmov'd are they
that rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where *David* dwelt,
or where the ark abode.

2. As mountains stood to guard
the city's sacred ground,

So God and his Almighty love
embrace his saints around.

3. What tho' the father's rod
dropt a chastising stroke,
Yet lest it wounds their souls too deep,
its fury shall be broke.

4. Deal gently, Lord, with those
whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,
proclaim their hearts sincere.

5. Nor shall the tyrant's rage
too long oppress the saint;
The God of *Isr'el* will support
his children lest they faint.

6. But if our slavish fear
will chuse the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
where bolder sinners dwell.

The last *stanza* of this *metre* more clearly expresses the true sense of the psalmist in this place.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surprising Deliverance.

1 WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hope so great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.

2. The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With chearful notes thy love proclaim.

3. When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;

With God we left our flowing tears.
He makes our joyes like rivers flow.

4. The man that in his furrow'd field
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

The Joy of a remarkable Conversion; or, *Melancholy removed.*

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
and chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
the grace appear'd so great.

2. The world beheld the glorious change,
and did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
and sung surprising grace.

3. *Great is the work*, my neighbours cry'd,
and own'd thy pow'r divine;
Great is the work, my heart reply'd,
and be the glory thine.

4. The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
to rivers of delight.

5. Let those that sow in sadness wait
'till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
and shout the blessings home.

6. Tho' seed lie bury'd long in dust,
it shan't deceive their hope,
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
for grace insures the crop.

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Bleſſing of God on the Buſineſs and Comforts of Life.

1. IF God ſucceed not, all the coſt,
And pains to build the houſe are loſt;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may ſleep.

2. What if you riſe before the ſun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your bread,
To ſhun that poverty you dread.

3. 'Tis all in vain, till God hath bleſt;
He can make rich, yet give us reſt;
Children and and friends are bleſſings too,
If God our ſov'reign make them ſo.

4. Happy the man to whom he ſends,
Obedient children, faithful friends:
How ſweet our daily comforts prove
When they are ſeaſon'd with his love!

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

1. IF God to build the houſe deny,
the builders work in vain,
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
an uſeleſs watch maintain.

2. Before the morning-beams ariſe,
your painful work renew,
And till the ſtars aſcend the ſkies,
your tireſome toil purſue.

3. Short be your ſleep, and coarſe your fare;
in vain, 'till God has bleſt;
But if his ſmiles attend your care,
you ſhall have food and reſt.

4. Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
if sent without his love.

PSALM CXXVIII.

Family Blessings.

1. O HAPPY man, whose soul is filled
with zeal and rev'rent awe!
His lips to God their honours yield,
his life adorns the law.

2. A careful providence shall stand
and ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
its kindly blessings shed.

3. Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
the children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
and learn to fear the Lord.

4. The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
for months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on *Zion*'s hill,
shall send the blessings home.

5. This is the man whose happy eyes
shall see his house encrease,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
then leave the world in peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

Persecutors punished.

1. UP from my youth, may *Isr'el* say,
have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
and tedious as the years.

2. Up from my youth I bore the rage
of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
but not destroy'd my life.

3. Their cruel plow had torn my flesh;
with furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
nor let my sorrows sleep.

4. The Lord grew angry on his throne,
and with impartial eye
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
and let his arrows fly.

5. How was their insolence surpris'd,
to hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of *Sion* seiz'd
with horror to the soul.

6. Thus shall the men that hate the saints
be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
and all their projects die.

7. [What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
they have no root beneath:
Their growth shall perish in despair,
and lie despis'd in death.]

8. [So corn that on the house top stands
no hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'r shall fill his hands,
nor binder fold the sheaves.]

9. It springs and withers on the place:
no traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
nor minds it as he goes.

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

1. OUT of the deeps of long distress,
the borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
my groans to move thine ear.

2. Great God, should thy severer eye,
and thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
no mortal flesh cou'd stand.

3. But there are pardons with my God
for crimes of high degree,
Thy son has bought them with his blood,
to draw us near to thee.

4. [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
with strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
stands watching at thy gate.]

5. [Just as the guards that keep the night
long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
and meet them with their eyes:

6. So waits my soul to see thy grace,
and more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
and finds a brighter day.]

7. [Then in the Lord let *Isr'el* trust,
let *Isr'el* seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
and plenteous is his grace.

8. There's full redemption at his throne
for sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his son,
and *Isr'el* shall be sav'd.]

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

1. FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2. But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3. As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;
When will my God his face display?

4. My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5. Great is his love, and large his grace,
Thro' the redemption of his son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI.

Humility and Submission.

1. IS there ambition in my heart,
search, gracious God, and see:
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2. I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
and all my carriage mild,
Content, my father, with thy will,
and quiet as a child.

3. The patient ſoul, the lowly mind,
ſhall have a large reward;
Let ſaints in ſorrow lie reſign'd,
and truſt a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. 5, 13—18. Long Metre.

At the Settlement of a Church; or, *the Ordination of a Miniſter.*

1. WHERE ſhall we go to ſeek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' eternal mind,
Amongſt the ſons of fleſh and blood?

2. The God of *Jacob* choſe the hill
Of *Zion* for his ancient reſt;
And *Zion* is his dwelling ſtill,
His church is with his preſence bleſt.

3. Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, ſaith the Lord;
Here ſhall my pow'r and love be known,
And bleſſings ſhall attend my word.

4. Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their ſouls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With ſweet proviſion ſhall be fed.

5. Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
My prieſts, my miniſters ſhall ſhine:
Not *Aaron*, in his coſtly dreſs,
Made an appearance ſo divine.

6. The ſaints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, ſhall ſhout and ſing;
The ſon of *David* here ſhall reign,
And *Zion* triumph in her king.

7. [*Jeſus* ſhall ſee a numerous ſeed
Born here, t'uphold his glorious name;

His crown shall flourish on his head,
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.]

PSALM CXXXI. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17.
Common Metre.

A Church established.

1 [NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
good *David* would afford,
'Till he had found below the skies
a dwelling for the Lord.

2. The Lord in *Zion* plac'd his name,
his ark was settled there;
To *Zion* the whole nation came,
to worship thrice a year.

3. But we have no such lengths to go,
nor wander far abroad;
Where e'er thy saints assemble now,
there is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

4. Arise, O King of grace, arise,
and enter to thy rest:
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
thus to be own'd and blest.

5. Enter with all thy glorious train,
thy spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
could no such grace afford.

6. Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
and fill thy poor with bread.

7. Here let the son of *David* reign,
let God's anointed shine;

Justice and truth his court maintain,
with love and pow'r divine.

8. Here let him hold a lasting throne;
and as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
and shame confound his foes.

The *settlement of the ark in Zion*, is a fair type of the *dwelling of Christ in his churches*; and I have so copied this psalm in both metres, omitting the resses necessary to this sense.

Stanza 2. *Thrice in the year shall all your male children appear before the Lord*, &c. Exod. xxxiv. 23.

Stanza 3. *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them*, Matth. xviii. 20. *The house of God, the church*, &c. 1 Tim. iii. 15.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly Love.

1. LO! what an entertaining sight,
are brethren that agree;
Brethren whose chearful hearts unite
in bands of piety!

2. When streams of love from Christ the spring
descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
shades and bedews the whole:

3. 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On *Aaron*'s reverend head;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
and o'er his garments spread.

4. 'Tis pleasant as the morning-dews
that fall on *Sion*'s hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
and makes his grace distil.

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of Saints: or, *Love and Worship in a Family.*

1. BEST are the sons of peace,
whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
thro' all their actions run.

2. Blest is the pious house
where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
make their communion sweet.

3. Thus when on *Aaron*'s head
they pour'd their rich perfume,
The oil thro' all his raiment spread,
and pleasure fill'd the room.

4. Thus on the heav'nly hills
the saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dews distils,
and all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXIII. *as the 122d Psalm.*

The Blessings of Friendship.

1. HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfill their part
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2. 'Tis like the ointment shed
On *Aaron*'s sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil, thro' all the room
Diffus'd a choise perfume,
Ran thro' his robes, and blest his feet.

3. Like fruitful show'rs of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love like heav'nly dews distils.

Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune.

PSALM CXXXIV.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

1. YE that obey th' immortal King.
attend his holy place,
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
and bless his wond'rous grace.

2. Lift up your hands by morning light,
and send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
above the starry sky.

3. The God of *Zion* chears our hearts
with rays of quick'ning grace;
The God that spread the heav'ns abroad,
and rules the swelling seas.

This psalm, with several others near it, is called a *song of degrees*, i. e. to be sung on the steps ascending to the tabernacle or temple as the learned suppose: *the king and his attendants* sung the two first verses, addressing themselves to the *Levites* that kept the house of the Lord; and the third verse is the *response of the Levites to the king*. There was a necessity of changing the form of this psalm, to suit it to our usual *Christian* worship.

PSALM CXXXV. 1—4, 14, 19—21.

First Part. Long Metre.

The Church is God's House and Care.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait;

Ye ſaints, that to his houſe belong,
Or ſtand attending at his gate.

2. Praiſe ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praiſe his name is ſweet employ:
Iſr'el he choſe of old, and ſtill
His church is his peculiar joy.

3. The Lord himſelf will judge his ſaints;
He treats his ſervants as his friends:
And when he hears their ſore complaints,
Repents the ſorrows that he ſends.

4. Thro' ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks the oppreſſor's rod;
He gives his ſuff'ring ſervants reſt,
And will be known *th' Almighty God.*

5. Bleſs ye the Lord, who taſte his love;
People and prieſts exalt his name:
Amongſt his ſaints he ever dwells;
His church is his *Jeruſalem.*

PSALM CXXXV. *v.* 5—12. *Second Part.*
Long Metre.

The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Iſrael, *and Deſtruction of Enemies.*

1. GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne;
Whate'er he pleaſe in earth or ſea,
Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.

2. At his command the vapours riſe,
The light'nings flaſh, the thunders roar:
He pours the rain, he brings the wind,
And tempeſt from his airy ſtore.

3. 'Twas he thoſe dreadful tokens ſent,
O *Egypt*, thro' they ſtubborn land:

When all thy first-born beasts and men
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4. What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To *Isr'el*, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud *Pharaoh*'s slave!

5. His pow'r the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And Heav'n he gives us to possess
Whence those apostate angels fell.

This psalm was too long to be sung at once, yet I could not reduce it into two parts conveniently, without transposing the verses considerably, as in the titles. The ejection of the *Canaanites* and the inheritance of their land given to *Israel*, is a fair figure of the inheritance of Heaven, given to the *saints*, whence *sinful angels* were ejected, as in the *last Stanza*.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
increasing with the praise.

2. Great is the Lord; and works unknown
are his divine employ:
But still his saints are near his throne,
his treasure and his joy.

3. Heav'n, earth and sea, confess his hand;
he bids the vapours rise;
Light'ning and storm at his command
sweep thro' the sounding skies.

4. All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd
is found with him alone:
But *Heathen* gods should ne'er be nam'd
where our *Jehovah*'s known.

5. Which of the ſtocks or ſtones they truſt
can give them ſhow'rs of rain?
In vain they worſhip glitt'ring duſt,
and pray to gold in vain.

6. [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
ſuch at their makers gave;
Their feet were ne'er deſign'd to walk,
nor hands have pow'r to ſave.

7. Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals, that wait for their relief,
are blind and deaf as they.]

8. O *Britain*, know thy living God,
ſerve him with faith and fear;
He makes thy churches his abode,
and claims thine honours there.

This *pſalm* is much abridged in this metre, to reduce the moſt uſeful parts of it to one ſhorter divine ſong. In the 5th *Stanza* I have borrowed a verſe from *Jer.* xiv. 22. *Are there any among the vanities of the* Gentiles *that can cauſe rain?*

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre.

God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Iſrael, *and Salvation of his people.*

GIVE thanks to God the ſov'reign Lord;
his mercy's ſtill endure!
And be the King of kings ador'd:
his truth is ever ſure.

2. What wonders hath his wiſdom done;
how mighty is his hand!
Heav'n, earth, and ſea, he fram'd alone:
how wide is his command?

3. The ſun ſupplies the day with light;
how bright his councils ſhine!

The moon and ſtars adorn the night:
his works are all divine.

4. He ſtruck the ſons of *Egypt* dead;
how dreadful is his rod!
And thence with joy his people led:
How gracious is our God!

5. He cleft the ſwelling ſea in two;
his arm is great in might:
And gave the tribes a paſſage thro':
his pow'r and grace unite.

6. But *Pharaoch*'s army there he drown'd;
how glorious are his ways!
And brought his ſaints thro' deſart ground:
eternal be his praiſe.

7. Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
victorious is his ſword:
While *Iſr'el* took the promis'd land;
and faithful is his word.

8. He ſaw the nation dead in ſin;
he felt his pity move:
How ſad the ſtate the world was in!
how boundleſs was his love!

9. He ſent to ſave us from our woe;
his goodneſs never fails:
From death and hell, and ev'ry foe;
and ſtill his grace prevails.

10. Give thanks to God the heav'nly king,
his mercies ſtill endure:
Let the whole earth his praiſes ſing;
His truth is ever ſure.

In every ſtanza of this Pſalm I have endeavoured to imitate the *Chorus* or burden of the ſong, *For his mercy endureth forever*; and yet to maintain a perpetual variety.

PSALM CXXXVI. as the 148th Pſalm.

1. GIVE thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord;
The ſov'reign King of Kings;
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

2. How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and ſeas,
And ſpread the Heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

3. His wiſdom fram'd the ſun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling ſtars,
To chear the darkſome night.
His power and grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

4. [He ſmote the firſt-born ſons,
The flow'r of *Egypt*, dead,
And thence his choſen tribes,
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

5. His pow'r and lifted rod
Cleft the *Red ſea* in two:

And for his people made
A wond'rous passage thro'.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

6. But cruel *Pharaoh* there
With all his host he drown'd;
And brought his *Isr'el* safe
Thro' a long desart ground.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

7. The kings of *Canaan* fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
His pow'r and grace,
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.]

8. He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
That ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

9. He sent his only son
To save us from our woe,
From *Satan*, sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.

His pow'r and grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his name
Have endleſs praiſe.

10. Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly king:
And let the ſpacious earth
His works and glories ſing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy word.

In this metre, and the next, I have maintained the *Chorus, for his mercy endureth for ever*, in a double form, to be uſed alternately, *i. e.* in every other Stanza.

PSALM CXXXVI. *abridged* Long Metre.

1. GIVE to the Lord immortal praiſe!
Mercy and truth are all his ways?
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

2. Give to the Lord of Lords renown,
The King of Kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3. He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fix'd the ſtarry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercy in your ſong.

4. He fills the ſun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When ſuns and moons ſhall ſhine no more.

5. The *Jews* he freed from *Pharaoh*'s hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:

Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6. He saw the *Gentiles* dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

7. He sent his son with pow'r to save
From guilt and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

8. Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Restoring and preserving Grace.

1. WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue
I'll praise my maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2. [Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotions there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]

3. I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory show.

4. To God I cry'd when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes;
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

5. The God of heav'n maintains his ſtate,
Frowns on the proud, and ſcorns the great;
But from his throne deſcends to ſee
The ſons of humble poverty.

6. Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7. Grace will complete what grace begins,
To ſave from ſorrows or from ſins:
The work that wiſdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

Stanza 1 and 2. *Angels* or *Kings* are the *Gods before whom* the pſalmiſt *would ſing praiſe* to his Creator; but common Chriſtians having ſo little of the preſence of *Kings* in their worſhip, I have mentioned only the company of *Angels*.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

The All ſeeing God.

LORD, thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me thro':
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My riſing and my reſting hours,
My heart and fleſh with all their pow'rs.

2. My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God diſtinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to ſpeak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3. Within thy circling pow'r I ſtand;
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand:
Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with God.

4. Amazing knowledge, vaſt and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My ſoul with all the pow'rs I boaſt
Is in the boundleſs proſpect loſt.

5. *O may these thoughts possess my breast,*
Where-e'er I rove, where e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PAUSE the first.

6. Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7. If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st in thron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And *satan* groans beneath thy chains.

8. If mounted on a morning-ray
I fly beyond the *Western* sea,
Thy swifter hand wou'd first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9. Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Wou'd kindle darkness into day.

10. *O may these thoughts possess my breast,*
Where-e'er I rove, where e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PAUSE the second.

11. The veil of night is no disguise
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight-shades as blazing noon.

12. Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

12. *O may these thoughts possess my breast,*
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The wonderful Formation of Man.

1. 'TWAS from thy hand, my God I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2. Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3. By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Was copy'd with unerring art.

4. At last to shew my maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

5. There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man:
Great God, our infant-nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

6. Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

7. I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,

Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.

8. These on my heart are still impress'd,
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Third Part.* Long Metre

Sincerity profest, and Grace try'd; or, *The Heart searching God.*

1. MY God, what inward grief I feel
When impious men transgress thy will
I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2. Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.

3. Lord search my soul, try ev'ry thought;
Tho' my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4. Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet when-e're I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

In this noble psalm I have not refus'd the aid of my predecessors, chiefly Mr. *Tate*. In some places where I have borrowed, I hope I have improved the verse: And in others, my own design constrained me to leave out the words of a more poetic sound such as, *infernal plains, morning's wings, western main, fable wings of night, shapeless embryo, maze of life*, &c. yet I have endeavoured to maintain the spirit of the psalmist in plainer language.

The *epiphonema*, or *the burden of the song* that I have inserted three times in the first part, was not introduced by any means to add beauty to the poem, but merely to reduce it to convenient lengths for singing, which has too often confined the ode and debased it.

PSALM CXXXIX. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

God is every where.

1. IN all my vaſt concerns with thee,
in vain my ſoul wou'd try
To ſhun thy preſence, Lord, or flee
the notice of thine eye.

2. Thy all-ſurrounding ſight ſurveys
my riſing and my reſt,
My public walks, my private ways,
and ſecrets of my breaſt.

3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord
before they're form'd within;
And e'er my lips pronounce the word,
he knows the ſenſe I mean.

4. O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
beſet on ev'ry ſide.

5. So let thy grace ſurround me ſtill,
and like a bulwark prove,
To guard my ſoul from ev'ry ill,
ſecur'd by ſov'reign love.

PAUSE.

6. Lord, where ſhall guilty ſouls retire
forgotten and unknown!
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
in heav'n thy glorious throne.

7. Should I ſuppreſs my vital breath
to 'ſcape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
and make the grave reſign.

8. If wing'd with beams of morning-light
I fly beyond the *Weſt*,
Thy hand, which muſt ſupport my flight,
would ſoon betray my reſt.

9. If o'er my ſins I think to draw
the curtains of the night,
Thoſe flaming eyes that guard thy law
wou'd turn the ſhades to light.

10. The beams of noon, the midnight-hour,
are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
from which I cannot flee!

PSALM CXXXIX. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

The Wiſdom of God in the Formation of Man.

1. WHEN I with pleaſing wonder ſtand
and all my frame ſurvey,
Lord, 'tis thy work: I own, thy hand
thus built my humble clay.

2. Thy hand my heart and reigns poſſeſt
where unborn nature grew,
Thy wiſdowm all my features trac'd,
and all my members drew.

3. Thine eyes with niceſt care ſurvey'd
the growth of ev'ry part,
'Till the whole ſcheme thy thoughts had laid
was copy'd by thy art.

4. Heav'n, earth, and ſea, and fire and wind,
ſhew me thy wond'rous ſkill;
But I review myſelf and find
diviner wonders ſtill.

5. Thy awful glories round me ſhine,
my fleſh proclaims thy praiſe;

Lord, to thy works of nature join
thy miracles of grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. 14, 17, 18. *3d Part.*
Common Metre.

The mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

1. LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
to equal numbers rise.

2. My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
the product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands
thy thoughts of love reveal.

3. These on my heart by night I keep;
how kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep,
still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM CXLI. *v.* 2, 3, 4, 5.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

1. MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning-incense in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.

2. Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3. O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!

Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4. When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM CXLII.

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

1. TO God I made my sorrows known,
from God I sought relief;
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.

2. My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
my heart began to break;
My God who all my burdens knows,
he knows the way I take.

3. On ev'ry side, I cast mine eye,
and found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers past me by
neglected or unknown.

4. Then did I raise a louder cry,
and call'd thy mercy near,
"Thou art my portion when I die,
"be thou my refuge here.

5. Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes who vex me know
I've an almighty friend.

6. From my sad Prison set me free,
then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me
thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

1. MY Righteous judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad
And cry for succour from they throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.

2. Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace;
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

3. Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me:
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

4. I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within:
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5. Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.

6. For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn:
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
And God for ever hide his love?

7. My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

8. The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains distressing fears:
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied pow'rs rejoice?

9. In thee I truſt, to thee I ſigh,
And lift my heavy ſoul on high;
For thee ſit waiting all the day,
And wear the tireſome hours away.

10. Break off my fetters, Lord, and ſhow
Which is the path my feet ſhou'd go;
If ſnares and foes beſet the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11. Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill:
Let the good ſpirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

12. Then ſhall my ſoul no more complain,
The tempter then ſhall rage in vain;
And fleſh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my ſpirit more,

PSALM CXLIV. *First Part. v.* 1, 2.

Aſſiſtance and Victory in the ſpiritual Warfare.

1. FOR ever bleſſed be the Lord,
my Saviour and my ſhield;
He ſends his ſpirit with his word
to arm me for the field.

2. When ſin and hell their force unite,
he makes my ſoul his care,
Inſtructs me to the heav'nly flight,
and guards me thro' the war.

3. A friend and helper ſo divine
doth my weak courage raiſe;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
and his ſhall be the praiſe.

The ſenſe of a great part of this Pſalm is found often repeated in the Book of Pſalms. I have therefore only taken three ſmall parts of it, and formed three diſtinct hymns on very different ſubjects.

PSALM CXLIV. *Second Part. v. 3, 4, 5, 6. The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.*

1. LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
still hasting to the dust.

2. O what is feeble dying man
or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
to visit him with grace?

3. That God, who darts his light'nings down,
who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
how wond'rous is his love!

PSALM CXLIV. *Third Part. v. 12—15. Grace above Riches*; or, *The happy Nation.*

1. HAPPY the city, where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters bright as polish'd stones
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2. Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle and corn have large encrease;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

3. Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those
On whom the all sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

PSALM CXLIV. Long Metre.
The Greatness of God.

1. MY God, my king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;

Thy grace employ my humble tongue
'Till death and glory raise the song.

2. The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

3. Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift; thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4. Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy Majesty divine;
Let *Britain* round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

5. Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6. But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds;
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

The verses of this Psalm are here transposed in this manner, namely, 1, 2, 7, 8, 5, 6, 4, 3.

PSALM CXLV. 1—7. 11—13. *First Part.*

The Greatness of God.

1. LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
my King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
in the bright world above.

2. Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
and let his praise be great:

I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
thy works of grace repeat.

3. Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
and while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
shall join their chearful voice.

4. Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
and children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
and nations sound thy praise.

5. Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
shall thro' the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state
with public splendor shown.

6. The world is manag'd by thy hands,
thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
tho' rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. *Second Part.*

The Goodness of God.

1. SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
my God, my heav'nly king;
Let age to age thy righteousness
in sounds of glory sing.

2. God reigns on high, but not confines
his goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
and ev'ry want supplies.

3. With longing eyes thy creatures wait
on thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
and fills their mouths with good.

4. How kind are thy compaſſions, Lord!
how ſlow thine anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word
to chear the ſouls he loves.

5. Creatures with all their endleſs race
thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim;
But ſaints that taſte thy richer grace
delight to bleſs thy name.

The verſes of this pſalm are here tranſpoſed thus, 7, 9, 15, 16, 8, 10.

PSALM CXLV. 14, 17, &c. *Third Part.*

Mercy to ſufferers; or, *God hearing prayer.*

1. LET ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
thou ſov'reign Lord of all;
Thy ſtrength'ning hands uphold the weak,
and raiſe the poor that fall.

2. When ſorrow bows the ſpirit down,
or virtue lies diſtreſt
Beneath ſome proud oppreſſor's frown,
thou giv'ſt the mourners reſt.

3. The Lord ſupports our tott'ring days,
and guides our giddy youth;
Holy and juſt are all his ways,
and all his words are truth.

4. He knows the pains his ſervants feel,
he hears his children cry,
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil
his grace is ever nigh.

5. His mercy never ſhall remove
from men of heart ſincere;
He ſaves the ſouls whoſe humble love
is join'd with holy fear.

6. [His ſtubborn foes his ſword ſhall ſlay,
and pierce their hearts with pain ;
But none that ſerve the Lord ſhall ſay,
" they ſought his aid in vain."]

7. [My lips ſhall dwell upon his praiſe,
and ſpread his fame abroad ;
Let all the ſons of *Adam* raiſe
the honours of their God.]

The various tranſpoſitions that I have made in ſeveral parts of this pſalm, were neceſſary to divide it into proper lengths for public worſhip, and to reduce the verſes of a like ſenſe together.

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God for his Goodneſs and Truth.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart ſhall join
In works ſo pleaſant, ſo divine,
Now while the fleſh is mine abode,
And when my ſoul aſcends to God,

2. Praiſe ſhall employ my nobleſt pow'rs
While immortality endures :
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life and thought, and being laſt.

3. Why ſhould I make a man my truſt ;
Princes muſt die and turn to duſt ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r
And thoughts all vaniſh in an hour.

4. Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On *Iſ'el*'s God : He made the ſky,
And earth and ſeas, with all their train,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

5. His truth for ever ſtands ſecure ;
He ſaves th' oppreſt, he feeds the poor :
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace,
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

6. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind :
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs.

7. He loves his ſaints ; he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell :
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns ;
Praiſe him in everlaſting ſtrains.

This pſalm conſiſts ſo much of ſingle ſentences, that a ſmall and eaſy tranſpoſition of the verſes, with a very few lines added, will afford a metre to *the tune of the 113th pſalm*, with a repetition of the firſt ſtanza at the end to complete the tune, as follows.

PSALM CXLVI. *as the 113th Pſalm.*

Praiſe to God for his Goodneſs and Truth.

1. I'LL praiſe my maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is loſt in death
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs :
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt
While life and thought and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

2. Why ſhould I make a man my truſt ;
Princes muſt die and turn to duſt :
Vain is the help of fleſh and blood :
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r
And thoughts all vaniſh in an hour,
Nor can they make their promiſe good.

3. Happy the man whoſe hopes rely
On *Iſr'el*'s God : He made the ſky,
And earth and ſeas with all their train ;
His truth for ever ſtands ſecure ;
He ſaves th' oppreſt, he feeds the poor,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind ;
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace,

He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs,
And grants the priſ'ner ſweet releaſe.

5. He loves his ſaints; he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns:
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age
In this exalted work engage;
Praiſe him in everlaſting ſtrains.

6. I'll praiſe him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is loſt in death
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler pow'rs;
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt
While life and thought and being laſt,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. *Firſt Part.*

The divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord: 'Tis good to raiſe
Our hearts and voices in his praiſe:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2. The Lord builds up *Jeruſalem*,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the ſtubborn ſoul,
And makes the broken ſpirit whole.

3. He form'd the ſtars, thoſe heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4. Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the juſt,
And treads the wicked to the duſt.

PAUSE.

5. Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his cloud all round the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6. He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7. What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

8. But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear;
And looks and loves his image there.

PSALM CXLVII. *Second Part.*

Summer and Winter.

A Song for *Great-Britain.*

1. O *Britain*, praise thy mighty God.
And make his honours known abroad;
He bids the ocean round thee flow;
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

2. Thy children are secure and blest;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest:
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

3. Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter rains;
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4. With hoary frost he strews the ground:
His hail descends with clatt'ring sound:
Where is the man so vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful cold?

5. He bids the *southern* breezes blow,
The ice dissolves the waters flow:
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call the *Britons* to his praise.

6. To all the isle his laws are shown,
His gospel through the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To ev'ry land; praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVII. 7—9. 13—18.
Common Metre.

The Seasons of the Year.

1. WITH songs and honours sounding loud
address the Lord on high:
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
and waters vail the sky.

2. He sends his show'rs of blessing down
to chear the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
and corn in valleys grow.

3. He gives the grazing ox his meat,
he hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
should raise his honours high.

4. His steady counsels change the face
of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
and wint'ry days appear.

5. His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
descend and cloth the ground;

The liquid ſtreams forbear to flow,
in icy fetters bound.

6. When from his dreadful ſtores on high
he pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares this God defy
ſhall find his courage fail.

7. He ſends his word and melts the ſnow,
the fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
and bids the ſpring return.

8. The changing winds, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With ſongs and honours ſounding loud
praiſe ye the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praiſe to God from all Creatures.

1. YE tribes of *Adam*, join
With heav'n, and earth, and ſeas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praiſe:
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright
In worlds of light
Begin the ſong.

2. Thou ſun with dazling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your marker's praiſe,
With ſtars of twinkling light:
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

3. The ſhining worlds above
In glorious order ſtand,

Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command:
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4. He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfills
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

5. Let all the earth-born race
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.

6. Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word:
When light'nings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

7. Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;

Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms
Exalt his name.

8. Ye kings, and judges, fear
The Lord, the sov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing:
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

9. Virgins and youth engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join.
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By ev'ry tongue
In endless strains.

10. Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above,
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Paraphras'd in* Long Metre.

Universal Praise to God.

LOUD *Hallelujahs* to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell

Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note, This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112*th*, or, 127*th psalm*, if these two lines be added to every stanza, namely,

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the praise

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the *long metre*.

2. The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3. High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his

4. Awake ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare,
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

5. Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

6. Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill;
Vallies lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.

7. Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore;
Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8. Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,
Nature demands a song from you:
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up and meat his praises too.

9. Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains, and lofty kings!

10. Wide as his vast dominion lies
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

11. *Jehovah*! 'tis a glorious word,
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12. Speak of the wonders of that love
Which *Gabriel* plays on ev'ry chord:
From all below and all above,
Loud *Hallelujahs* to the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Universal Praise.

1. LET ev'ry creature join
to praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
and sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
and moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
shine to your Maker's praise.

3. He built those worlds above,
and fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
and ever speak his name.

4. Ye vapours when ye rise,
or fall in show'rs or snow,

Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies,
his pow'r and glory show.

5. Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
to execute his word.

6. By all his works above
his honours be expreſt;
But saints, that taste his saving love,
should sing his praises best.

PAUSE the First.

7. Let earth and ocean know
they owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye wat'ry worlds below,
and monsters of the seas.

8. From mountains near the sky
let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and *cedars* high,
and vales and fields around.

9. Ye *lions* of the wood,
and tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
and he expects your praise.

10. Ye birds of lofty wing,
on high his praises bear;
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing
your Maker's glory there.

11. Ye creeping aunts and worms
his various wisdom show,
And flies in all your shining swarms,
praise him that dress you so.

12. By all the earth-born race
his honours be expreſt,

But saints that know his heav'nly grace
should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE the Second

13. Monarchs of wide command,
praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges adore that sov'reign hand
whence all your honours spring.

14. Let vig'rous youths engage
to sound his praises high;
While growing babes and with'ring age
their feebler voices try.

15. United zeal be shewn,
his wond'rous frame to raise;
God is the Lord; His name alone
deserves our endless praise.

16. Let nature join with art
And all pronounce him blest;
But saints that dwell so near his heart,
should sing his praises best.

PSALM CXLIX.

Praise God, all his saints; or, *The Saints judging the World.*

1. ALL ye that love the Lord rejoice,
and let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with chearful voice
his latter wonders shew.

2. The *Jews*, the people of his grace,
shall their Redeemer sing;
And *Gentile* nations join the praise,
while *Zion* owns her king.

3. The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
whom sinners treat with scorn:

The meek that lie despis'd in dust
salvation shall adorn.

4. Saints should be joyful in their king,
ev'n on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing,
for God shall raise the dead.

5. Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
their hands shall weild the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
the vengeance of the Lord.

6. When *Christ* the judgment-seat ascends,
and bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
who humbly lov'd him here.

7. Then shall they rule with iron rod
nations that dar'd rebel;
And join the sentence of their God,
on tyrants doom'd to hell.

8. The royal sinners bound in chains,
new triumphs shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains:
praise ye and love the Lord.

This Psalm seems to be written to encourage the *Jews* in their wars against the *Heathen Princes of Canaan*, who were divinely sentenced to destruction; But the four last verses of it have been too much abused in later ages to promote sedition and disturbance in the state; so that I chose to refer this *honour* that is here given to *all the saints*, to the day of judgment, according to those expressions in the New Testament, *Matt.* xix. 28. *Ye shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the tribes*, &c. 1 Cor. vi. 3. *We shall judge Angels.* Rev. ii. 27. & iii. 21. *I will give him power over the nations, he shall rule them with a rod of iron*, &c.

PSALM CL. 1, 2, 6.

A Song of Praise.

1. IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
his grace he there reveals;

To heav'n your joy and wonder raiſe,
for there his glory dwells.

2. Let all your ſacred paſſions move,
while you rehearſe his deeds;
But the great work of ſaving love
your higheſt praiſe exceeds.

3. All that have motion, life, and breath,
proclaim your maker bleſt;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
my ſoul ſhall praiſe him beſt.

The greateſt part of this Pſalm ſuits not my chief deſign; I have therefore imitated only the two firſt verſes and the laſt in a ſhort *Doxology*, or *Song of Praiſe*.

Yet ſince the *Chriſtian Doxology* is more uſed in *Chriſtian* Aſſemblies, I have added that alſo.

The CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praiſe, and glory giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father and the Son,
and ſpirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
or ſaints that love the Lord.

Common Metre, where the Tune includes two Stanza's.

1. THE God of mercy be ador'd,
who calls our ſouls from death,
Who ſaves by his redeeming *word*,
and new creating *breath*.

2. To praise the Father, and the Son,
and spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in one,
let saints and angels join.

Short Metre.

YE Angels round the throne,
and saints that dwell below.
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
and bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the Great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and spirit be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

THE END.

AN

INDEX:

OR,

TABLE to find a PSALM suited to Particular SUBJECTS or OCCASIONS.

Note, *in this Table I have not directed to the several Parts or Metres of the Psalm, lest it should breed too great a confusion of figures. What is sought in any Psalm may easily be found, by turning a leaf or two backward or forward, to the distinct Parts or Metres.*

If you find not what word you seek in this Table, seek another of the same signification: Or, seek it under some of the more general words; such as God, Christ, Church, Saints, Psalm, Prayer, Praise, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, *&c.*

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HYMNS

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And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c. Rev. v. 9.

Soliti essent (i. e. *Christiani*) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere. *Plinus in Epist.*

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M DCC LXIX.

THE

PREFACE.

WHILE we ſing praiſes to our *God* in his church, we are employed in that part of worſhip, which of all others is the neareſt a-kin to Heaven; and 'tis pity that this, of all others, ſhould be performed the worſt upon earth. The goſpel brings us nearer to the heavenly ſtate than all the former diſpenſations of *God* amongſt men; and in theſe laſt days of the goſpel, we are brought almoſt within ſight of the kingdom of our *Lord*; yet we are very much unacquainted with the ſongs of the New-Jeruſalem, and unpractiſed in the work of praiſe. To ſee the dull indifference, the negligent and thoughtleſs air, that ſits upon the faces of a whole aſſembly, while the Pſalm is on their lips, might even tempt a charitable obſerver to ſuſpect the fervency of inward religion; and 'tis much to be feared, that the minds of moſt of the worſhippers are abſent or unconcerned. Perhaps the modes of preaching, in the beſt churches, ſtill want ſome degrees of reformation; nor are the methods of prayer ſo perfect, as to ſtand in need of no correction or improvement. But of all our religious ſolemnities, *Pſalmody* is the moſt unhappily managed: that very action, which ſhould elevate us to the moſt delightful and divine ſenſations, doth not only flat our devotion, but too often awaken our regret, and touches all the ſprings of uneaſineſs within us.

I have been long convinced, that one great occasion of this evil arises from the matter and words to which we confine all our songs; some of them are almost opposite to the spirit of the gospel; many of them foreign to the state of the New Testament, and widely different from the present circumstances of Christians. Hence it comes to pass, that when spiritual affections are excited within us, and our souls are raised a little above this earth in the beginning of a Psalm, we are checked on a sudden in our ascent toward Heaven, by some expressions that are most suited to the days of *carnal ordinances*, and fit only to be sung in the *worldly sanctuary*. When we are just entering into an evangelical frame, by some of the glories of the gospel presented in the brightest figure of Judaism, yet the very next line, perhaps, which the Clerk parcels out unto us, hath something in it so extremely Jewish and cloudy, that darkens our sight of *God* the Saviour; thus, by keeping too close to David in the house of *God*, the veil of Moses is thrown over our hearts. While we are kindling into divine love, by the meditations of the *loving kindness of* God, *and the multitude of his tender mercies*, within a few verses some dreadful curse against men is proposed to our lips; that *God would add iniquity unto their iniquity, nor let them come into his righteousness, but blot them out of the book of the living*, Psal. lxix. 26, 27, 28; which is so contrary to the new commandment *of loving our enemies*; and even under the Old Testament is best accounted for, by referring it to the spirit of prophetic vengeance. Some sentences of the Psalmist, that are expressive of the tempers of our own hearts, and the circumstances of our lives, may compose our spirits to seriousness, and allure us to a

sweet retirement within ourselves; but we meet with a following line, which so peculiarly belongs but to one action or hour of the life of David, or of Asaph, that breaks off our song in the midst, our consciences are affrighted, lest we should speak a falsehood unto *God*: thus the powers of our souls are checked on a sudden, and our spirits ruffled, before we have time to reflect that this may be sung only as a history of ancient saints; and, perhaps, in some instances, that *salvo* is hardly sufficient neither: besides, it almost always spoils the devotion, by breaking the uniform thread of it. For while our lips and our hearts run on sweetly together, applying the words to our own case, there is something of divine delight in it; but at once we are forced to turn off the application abruptly, and our lips speak nothing but the heart of David. Thus our own hearts are, as it were, forbid the pursuit of the song, and then the harmony and the worship grow dull of meer necessity.

Many Ministers, and many private Christians, have long groaned under this inconvenience, and have wished rather than attempted a reformation: at their importunate and repeated requests, I have for some years past devoted many hours of leisure to this service. Far be it from my thoughts to lay aside the book of *Psalms* in public worship; few can pretend so great a value for them as myself; it is the most artful, most devotional and divine collection of poesy; and nothing can be supposed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven than some part of that book: never was a piece of experimental divinity so nicely written, and so justly reverenced and admired: but it must be acknowledged still, that

there are a thousand lines in it which were not made for a church in our days, to assume as its own. There are also many deficiencies of light and glory, which our Lord *Jesus* and his apostles have supplied in the writings of the New Testament; and with this advantage I have composed these Spiritual Songs, which are now presented to the world. Nor is the attempt vain-glorious or presuming; for, in respect of clear evangelical knowledge, *The least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than all the Jewish prophets*, Matt. xi. 11.

Now let me give a short account of the following compositions.

The greatest part of them are suited to the general state of the gospel, and the most common affairs of Christians. I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be used in a religious assembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to some seasons, either of private or of public worship. The most frequent tempers and changes of our spirit, and conditions of our life, are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expressed according to the variety of our passions, our love, our fear, our hope, our desire, our sorrow, our wonder, and our joy, as they are refined into devotion, and act under the influence and conduct of the blessed Spirit; all conversing with *God* the Father, by the new and living way of access to the throne, even the person and the mediation of our Lord *Jesus Christ*: to him also, even to the *Lamb that was slain and now lives*, I have addressed many a song; for thus doth the Holy Scripture instruct and teach us to worship, in the various short patterns of Christian psalmody, described in the *Revelations*. I have avoided the more obscure and controverted points of Christ-

tianity, that we might all obey the direction of the word of *God* and *sing his praises with understanding*, Psal. xlvii. 7. The contentions and distinguishing words of sects and parties are secluded, that whole assemblies might assist at the harmony, and different churches join in the same worship without offence.

If any expressions occur to the reader that favour of an opinion different from his own, yet he may observe these are generally such as are capable of an extensive sense, and may be used with a charitable latitude. I think 'tis most agreeable, that what is provided for public singing, should give to sincere consciences as little disturbance at possible. However, where any unpleasing word is found, he that leads the worship may substitute a better; for (blessed be *God*) we are not confined to the words of any man in our public solemnities.

The whole book is written in four sorts of metre, and fitted to the most common tunes. I have seldom permitted a stop in the middle of a line, and seldom left the end of a line without one, to comport a little with the unhappy mixture of reading and singing, which cannot presently be reformed. The metaphors are generally sunk to the level of vulgar capacities. I have aimed at ease of numbers and smoothness of sound, and endeavoured to make the sense plain and obvious. If the verse appears so gentle and flowing, as to incur the censure of feebleness, I may honestly affirm, that sometimes it cost me labour to make it so: some of the beauties of poesy are neglected, and some wilfully defaced. I have thrown out the lines that were too sonorous, and have given an allay to the verse, least a more exalted turn of thought or language should darken or disturb the devotion of the

weakeſt ſouls But hence it comes to paſs, that I have been forced to lay aſide many Hymns after they were finiſhed, and utterly exclude them from his volume, becauſe of the bolder figures of ſpeech that crouded themſelves into the verſe, and a more unconfined variety of number, which I could not eaſily reſtrain.

Theſe, with many other divine and moral compoſures, are now printed in a ſecond edition of the poems, entitled *Horæ Lyricæ*: for as in that book I have endeavoured to pleaſe and profit the politer part of mankind, without offending the plainer ſort of Chriſtians, ſo in this it has been my labour to promote the pious entertainment of ſouls truly ſerious, even of the meaneſt capacity; and, at the ſame time, (if poſſible) not to give diſguſt to perſons of richer ſenſe and nicer education: and I hope, in the preſent volume, this end will appear to be purſued with much greater happineſs than in the firſt impreſſion of it, tho' the world aſſures me the former has not much reaſon to complain.

The whole is divided into three books.

In the *Firſt*, I have borrowed the ſenſe, and much of the form of the ſong, from ſome particular portions of ſcripture, and have paraphraſed moſt of the doxologies in the New-Teſtament, that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical; and many parts of the Old Teſtament alſo, that have a reference to the times of the *Meſſiah*. In theſe I expect to be often cenſured, for a too religious obſervance of the words of ſcripture, whereby the verſe is weakened and debaſed, according to the judgment of criticks; but as my whole deſign was to aid the devotion of Chriſtians ſo more ſpecially in this part; and I am ſa-

tisfied I shall hereby attain two ends *viz.* assist the worship of all serious minds, to whom the expressions of scripture are ever dear and delightful; and gratify the taste and inclination of those, who think nothing must be sung unto God but the translations of his own word: yet you will always find in this paraphrase dark expressions enlightened, and the Levitical ceremonies and Hebrew forms of speech changed into the worship of the gospel, and explained in the language of our time and nation; and what would not bear such an alteration, is omitted and laid aside. After this manner should I rejoice to see a good part of the book of *Psalms* fitted for the use of our churches, and David converted into a Christian: but because I cannot persuade others to attempt this glorious work, I have suffered myself to be persuaded to begin it; and have, through divine goodness, already proceeded half way through.

The *Second Part* consists of Hymns, whose form is of mere human composure, but I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. I might have brought some text or other, and applied it to the margin of every verse, if this method had been as useful as it was easy. If there be any poems in the book that are capable of giving delight to persons of a more refined taste and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part; but except they lay aside the humour of criticism, and enter into a devout frame, every ode here already despairs of pleasing. I confess myself to have been too often tempted away from the more spiritual designs I proposed, by some gay and flowery expressions that gratified the fancy; the bright images too often prevailed above the fire of divine affection; and the

light exceeded the heat; yet, I hope, in many of them, the reader will find, that devotion dictated the song, and the head and hand were nothing but interpreters and secretaries to the heart; nor is the magnificence or boldness of the figures comparable to that divine licence which is found in the eighteenth and sixty eighth psalms, several chapters of *Job*, and other poetical parts of scripture: and, in this respect, I may hope to escape the reproof of those who pay a sacred reverence to the holy bible.

I have prepared the *Third Part* only for the celebration of the Lord's supper, that, in imitation of our blessed Saviour, we might sing an hymn after we have partaken of the bread and wine. Here you will find some paraphrases of Scripture, and some other compositions. There are about an hundred hymns in the two former parts that may very propably be used in this ordinance, and sometimes, perhaps, appear more suitable than any of these last: but there are expressions generally used in these, which confine them only to the table of the Lord; and therefore I have distinguished and set them by themselves.

If the Lord, who inhabits the praises of Israel, shall refuse to smile upon this attempt for the reformation of psalmody amongst the churches, yet I humbly hope that the blessed Spirit will make these compositures useful to private Christians; and if they may but attain the honour of being esteemed pious meditations, to assist the devout and the retired soul in the exercises of love, faith, and joy, 'twill be a valuable compensation of my labours: my heart shall rejoice at the notice of it, and my God shall receive the glory. This was my hope and view in the first publication;

and 'tis now my duty to acknowledge to him, with thankfulness, how useful he has made these compositions already, to the comfort and edification of societies, and of private persons: and, upon the same grounds, I have a better prospect, and a bigger hope of much more service to the church, by the large improvements of this edition, if the Lord; who dwells in Zion, shall favour it with his continued blessing.

Advertisements concerning the second Edition.

I. THERE are almost 150 new Hymns added, and one or more suited to every theme and subject in divinity. Having found, by converse with Christians, what words or lines in the former made them less useful, I have not only made various corrections in them, but have endeavoured to avoid the same mistakes in all the new compositures. And whereas many of the former were too particularly adapted to special frames and seasons of the Christian life, almost all that are added have a more general and extensive sense, and may be assumed and sung by most persons in a worshipping congregation.

II. About 14 or 15 Psalms that were translated in the first edition, are left out in this, because I intend (if God afford life and assistance) to convert the biggest part of the book of *Psalms* into spiritual songs for the use of Christians; yet the same numbers are still applied to the Hymns, that there might be no confusion between the first and second edition.

III. In all the longer Hymns, and in some of the shorter, there are several stanza's included in crotchets thus, [] ; which stanza's may be left out in singing, without disturbing the

ſenſe. Thoſe parts are alſo included in ſuch cretches, which contain words too poetical for meaner underſtandings, or too particular for whole congregations to ſing. But after all, 'tis beſt in public pſalmody, for the Miniſter to chooſe the particular parts and verſes of the Pſalm or Hymn that is to be ſung, rather that leave it to the judgment or caſual determination of him that leads the tune.

IV. The eſſay concerning the improvment of pſalmody, by the uſe of evangelical Hymns, which took up many pages of the laſt edition, is quite left out here; partly leſt the bulk ſhould ſwell too much, but chiefly becauſe I intend a more complete treatiſe of pſalmody, in which the ſubſtance of that eſſay will be interſperſed, and, I hope, fuller evidence of the duty of ſinging new ſongs to him that ſits upon the throne, ſince the Lamb is aſcended thither too. *April*, 1709.

Note, Since the ſixth edition of this Book, the Author has finiſhed what he had ſo long promiſed, *viz. The Pſalms of David imitated in the language of the New-Teſtament*; which the world ſeems to have received with approbation, by the ſale of ſome thouſands in a year's time: there the reader will find thoſe Pſalms, which were left out of all the latter editions of theſe Hymns, inſerted in their proper places. It is preſumed that that Book, in conjunction with this, may appear to be ſuch a ſufficient proviſion for pſalmody, as to anſwer moſt occaſions of Chriſtian life: and, if an Author's own opinion may be taken, he eſteems it the greateſt work that ever he has publiſhed, or ever hopes to do, for the uſe of the churches.

March 3, 1719-20.

TABLE

To find any Hymn by the first Line.

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	B.	H.
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Z.

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H

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK I.

Collected from the Holy Scriptures.

I. *A new song to the* Lamb *that was slain*, Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

1. BEHOLD the glories of the *Lamb*,
amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honours for his name,
and songs before unknown.

2. Let elders worship at his feet,
the church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
and harps of sweeter sound.

3. Those are the prayers of the saints,
and these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
he loves to hear our praise.

4. Eternal Father, who shall look
into thy secret will?

Who but the ſon ſhall take that book,
and open ev'ry ſeal?

5. He ſhall fulfil thy great decrees;
the Son deſerves it well:
Lo, in his hand the ſov'reign keys
of heav'n, and death, and hell!]

6. Now to the *Lamb*, that once was ſlain,
be endleſs bleſſings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
for ever on thy head.

7. Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls with blood,
haſt ſet the pris'ners free:
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God,
and we ſhall reign with thee.

8. The worlds of nature and of grace
are put beneath thy pow'r;
Then ſhorten theſe delaying days,
and bring the promis'd hour.

II. *The deity and humanity of* Chriſt, John i. 1, 3, 14. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10.

ERE the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad,
From everlaſting was the word;
With *God* he was: the word was *God*,
And muſt divinely be ador'd.

2. By his own pow'r were all things made;
By him ſupported all things ſtand:
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3. Ere ſin was born, or ſatan fell,
He led the hoſt of morning ſtars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4. But lo, he leaves thoſe heav'nly forms,
The word deſcends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converſe with worms,
Dreſs'd in ſuch feeble fleſh as they.

5. Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the godhead ſhone!

6. Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myſt'ries here, and tell
The loves of our deſcending *God*,
The glories of *Emanuel*.

III. *The nativity of* Chriſt, Luke i. 30, *&c.* and ii. 10, *&c.*

1. BEHOLD, the grace appears,
the promiſe is fulfil'd;
Mary, the wondr'ous virgin, bears,
and *Jeſus* is the child.

[2. The *Lord*, the higheſt *God*,
calls him his only Son:
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
and gives him *David*'s throne.

3. O'er *Jacob* ſhall he reign
with a peculiar ſway;
The nations ſhall his grace obtain,
his kingdom ne'er decay.]

4. To bring the glorious news,
a heav'nly form appears;
He tells the ſhepherds of their joys,
and baniſhes their fears.

5. *Go, humble ſwains*, (ſaid he)
to David's *city*, *fly*;
The promis'd infant born to-day,
doth in a manger lie.

6. *With looks and hearts ſerene,*
Go viſit Chriſt *your king;*
And ſtraight a flaming troop was ſeen:
the ſhepherds heard them ſing,

7. *Glory to* God *on high!*
and heav'nly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
at our Redeemer's birth!

[8. In worſhip ſo divine
let ſaints employ their tongues;
With the celeſtial hoſt we join,
and loud repeat their ſongs;

9. *Glory to* God *on high!*
and heav'nly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
at our Redeemer's birth!]

IV. *Referred to the 2d Pſalm.*

V. *Submiſſion to afflictive providences,* Job. i. 21.

1. NAKED as from the earth we came,
and crept to life at firſt,
We to the earth return again,
and mingle with our duſt.

2. The dear delights we here enjoy,
and fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
to be repaid anon.

3. 'Tis *God* that lifts our comforts high,
or ſinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (bleſſed be his name!)
he takes but what he gave.

4. Peace, all our angry paſſions then;
let each rebellious ſigh,

Be silent as his sov'reign will,
and ev'ry murmur die.

5. If smiling mercy crown our lives,
its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
that strikes our comforts dead.

VI. *Triumph over death,* Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

1. GREAT *God,* I own thy sentence just,
and nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
to dwell with fellow-clay.

2. Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
and trample on the tombs:
My *Jesus,* my Redeemer, lives!
my *God,* my Saviour comes.

3. The mighty conqu'ror shall appear
high on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4. Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
and gnaw my wasting flesh,
When *God* shall blind my bones again,
he clothes them all afresh:

5. Then shall I see thy lovely face
with strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
with pleasure and surprise.

VII. *The invitation of the gospel;* or, *spiritual food and clothing,* Isa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

1. LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
and ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
with an inviting voice.

2. Ho! all ye hungry ſtarving ſouls,
that feed upon the wind,
And vainly ſtrive, with earthly toys,
to fill an empty mind;

3. Eternal wiſdom has prepar'd
a ſoul-reviving feaſt,
And bids your longing appetites
the rich proviſion taſte.

4. Ho! ye that pant for living ſtreams,
and pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirſt
with ſprings that never dry.

5. Rivers of love and mercy here
in a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
like floods of milk and wine.

[6. Ye periſhing and naked poor,
who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
that will not hide your ſins;

7. Come, naked, and adorn your ſouls
in robes prepar'd by *God*,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
and dy'd in his own blood.]

8. Dear *God*! the treaſures of thy love
are everlaſting mines,
Deep as our helpleſs miſ'ries are,
and boundleſs as our ſins!

9. The happy gates of goſpel-grace
ſtand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to ſeek ſupplies,
and drive our wants away.

VIII. *The safety and protection of the church,* Isa. xxvi. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

1. HOW honourable is the place,
where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
and beauty of the land!

2. Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
the city where we dwell;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
defy th' assaults of hell.

3. Lift up the everlasting gates,
the doors wide open fling;
Enter ye nations, that obey
the statutes of our King.

4. Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
and live in perfect peace;
You that have known *Jehovah*'s name,
and ventur'd on his grace.

5. Trust in the *Lord,* for ever trust,
and banish all your fear:
Strength in the Lord *Jehovah* dwells,
eternal as his years.

6. What tho' the rebels dwell on high,
his arm shall bring them low
Low as the caverns of the grave
their lofty heads shall bow.

7. On *Babylon* our feet shall tread,
in that rejoicing hour;
The ruins of her walls shall spread
a pavement for the poor.

IX. *The promises of the covenant of grace,* Isa. lv. 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19, Ezek. xxxvi. 25, *&c.*

1. IN vain we lavish out our lives,
to gather empty wind;

The choiceſt bleſſings earth can yield
will ſtarve a hungry mind.

2. Come, and the *Lord* ſhall feed our ſouls,
with more ſubſtantial meat,
With ſuch as ſaints in glory love,
with ſuch as angels eat.

3. Our *God* will ev'ry want ſupply,
and fill out hearts with peace ;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath
the riches of his grace.

4. Come, and he'll cleanſe out ſpotted ſouls,
and waſh away our ſtains
In the dear fountain that his Son
pour'd from his dying veins,

[5. Our guilt ſhall vaniſh all away,
tho' black as hell before ;
Our ſins ſhall ſink beneath the ſea,
and ſhall be found no more.

6. And leſt pullution ſhould o'erſpread
our inward pow'rs again,
His ſpirit ſhall bedew our ſouls
like purifying rain.]

7. Our heart, that flinty ſtubborn thing,
that terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
ſhall be diſſolv'd by love.

8. Or he can take the flint away
that would not be refin'd ;
And from the treaſures of his grace
beſtow a ſoſter mind.

9. There ſhall his ſacred Spirit dwell,
and deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our ſouls
to ſwift obedience draw.

10. Thus will he pour ſalvation down,
and we ſhall render praiſe;
We the dear people of his love,
and he our *God* of grace.

X. *The bleſſedneſs of goſpel-time*; or, *the revelation of* Chriſt *to* Jews *and* Gentiles, Iſa. v. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10. Matt xiii 16, 17.

1. HOW beauteous are their feet
who ſtand on *Zion*'s hill,
Who bring ſalvation on their tongues,
and words of peace reveal!

2. How charming is their voice!
how ſweet the tidings are!
"*Zion*, behold thy Saviour King,
"he reigns and triumphs here."

3. How happy are our ears,
that hear this joyful ſound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
and ſought, but never found!

4. How bleſſed are our eyes,
that ſee this heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings deſir'd it long,
but dy'd without the ſight!

5. The watchmen join their voice
and tuneful notes employ;
Jeruſalem breaks forth in ſongs,
and deſarts learn the joy.

6. The *Lord* makes bare his arm
thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
their Saviour and their *God*.

XI. *The humble enlightened, and carnal reason humbled*; or, *the sovereignty of grace*, Luke x. 21, 22.

1. THere was an hour when *Christ rejoic'd*,
And spoke his joy in words of praise;
" Father, I thank thee, mighty *God*,
" Lord of the earth, and heavens and seas.

2. " I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love,
" That crowns thy doctrine with success;
" And makes the babes in knowledge learn
" The heights, and breadths, and lengths of (grace.

3. " But all this glory lies conceal'd
" From men of prudence and of wit;
" The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
" And their own pride resists the light.

4. " Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
" Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
" 'Tis thy delight t'abase the proud,
" And lay the haughty scorner low.

5. " There's none can know the Father right,
" But those who learn it from the Son;
" Nor can the Son be well receiv'd
" But where the Father makes him known."

6. Then let our souls adore our *God*,
That deals his graces as he pleases;
Nor gives to mortals an account
Or of his actions, or decrees.

XII. *Free grace revealing* Christ, Luke x. 21.

1. JESUS the man of constant grief,
a mourner all his days,
His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
and turn'd his joy to praise:

2. *Father, I thank thy wond'rous love,*
that hath reveal'd thy Son
To men unlearned; and to babes
has made thy gospel known.

3. *The myst'ries of redeeming grace*
are hidden from the wise,
While pride and carnal reas'ning join
To swell and blind their eyes.

4. Thus doth the *Lord* of heav'n and earth
his great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
by his own sov'reign will.

XIII. *The Son of* God *incarnate*; or, *the titles and kingdom of* Christ, Is. ix. 2, 6, 7.

1. THE lands that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heav'nly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade
Are blest with beams divinely bright.

2. The virgin's promis'd Son is born:
Behold th' expected child appear;
What shall his names or titles be?
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

[3. This Infant is the mighty *God*,
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of *David*, and his Lord.]

4. The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.

5. *Jesus*, the holy child, shall sit
High on his Father *David*'s throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

XIV. *The triumph of faith*; or, Christ's *unchangeable love*, Rom. viii. 33, *&c.*

1. WHO shall the *Lord's* elect condemn?
'Tis *God* that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2. Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis *Christ* that suffer'd in their stead;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.

3. He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceeding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4. Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us, bears us thro',
And makes us more then conqu'rors too.

5. Faith hath an overcoming power
It triumphs in the dying hour,
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6. Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from *Christ* our love.

XV. *Our own weakness*, and Christ *our strength*, 2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

1. LET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day;
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2. I glory in infirmity,
That *Christ*'s own pow'r may rest on me;

When I am weak, then am I ſtrong ;
Grace is my ſhield, and *Chriſt* my ſong.

3. I can do all thing, or can bear,
All ſuff'rings, if my *Lord* be there ;
Sweet pleaſures mingle with the pains,
While his left-hand my head ſuſtains.

4. But if the *Lord* be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations ſpring and riſe,
We find how great our weakneſs is.

5. So *Sampſon*, when his hair was loſt,
Met the *Philiſtines* to his coſt ;
Shook his vain limbs with ſad ſurpriſe,
Made feeble fight, and loſt his eyes.

XVI. *Hoſanna to* Chriſt, Matt. xxi 9. Luke xix, 38, 40.

1. HOSANNA to the royal Son
of *David*'s ancient line,
His nature's two, his perſon one,
myſterious and divine.

2. The root of *David* here we find,
and offſpring is the ſame ;
Eternity and time are join'd
in our *Emanuel*'s name.

3. Bleſt he that comes to wretched men
with peaceful news from heav'n !
Hoſannas of the higheſt ſtrain
to *Chriſt* the Lord be giv'n !

4. Let mortals ne'er refuſe to take
th' Hoſanna on their tongues,
Leſt rocks and ſtones ſhould riſe, and break
their ſilence into ſongs.

XVII. *Victory over death*, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1. O For an overcoming faith
to chear my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
and all his frightful pow'rs.

2. Joyful, with all the strength I have,
my quiv'ring lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
and where the monster's sting?

3. If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
death hath no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
but *Christ*, my ransom, dy'd.

4. Now to the *God* of victory
immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
through *Christ* our living head.

XVIII. *Blessed are the dead that die in the* LORD, Rev. xiv. 13.

1. HEar what the voice from heav'n proclaims
for all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
and soft their sleeping bed.

2. They die in *Jesus* and are blest;
how kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
and freed from ev'ry snare.

3. Far from this world of toil and strife,
they're present with the *Lord*;
The labours of their mortal life
end in a large reward.

XIX. *The song of* Simeon; or, *death made desirable*, Luke i. 27, &c.

1. LORD, at thy temple we appear,
as happy *Simeon* came,

And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
O make our joys the same !

2. With what divine and vast delight
the good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
he clasp'd the holy Child !

3. *Now I can leave this world,* (he cry'd)
behold thy servant dies ;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
and close my peaceful eyes.

4. *This is the light prepar'd to shine*
upon the Gentile *lands,*
Thine Isr'el's *glory, and their hope,*
to break their slavish bands.

[5. JESUS ! the vision of thy face
hath over-pow'ring charms !
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
if *Christ* be in my arms.

6. Then while ye hear my heart-strings break ;
how sweet my minutes roll !
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
and glory in my soul.]

XX. *Spiritual apparel,* viz. *the robe of righteousness, and garments of salvation,* Isa. lxi. 10.

1. AWAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
prepare a tuneful voice !
In God, the life of all my joys,
aloud will I rejoice.

2. 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
and made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted worm
he makes his graces shine.

3. And left the shadow of a spot
should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
and cast it all around.

4. How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
what earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
how white the garments are!

5. The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
and hope, and ev'ry grace;
But *Jesus* spent his life, to work
the robe of right'ousness.

6. Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
by the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
let all thy pow'rs agree.

XXI. *A vision of the kingdom of* Christ *among men*, Rev. xxi. 1, 2, 3, 4.

1. LO, what a glorious sight appears
to our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are past away,
and the old rolling skies.

2. From the third heav'n, where *God* resides,
that holy, happy place,
The *New Jerusalem* comes down
adorn'd with shining grace.

3. Attending angels shout for joy,
and the bright armies sing,
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
of your descending King.

4. *The* God *of glory down to men*
removes his blest'd abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
and he the loving God.

5. *His own ſoft hand ſhall wipe the tears*
from ev'ry weeping eye ;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
and death itſelf ſhall die.

6. How long, dear Saviour, O how long !
ſhall this bright hour delay ?
Fly ſwifter round, ye wheels of time,
and bring the welcome day.

XXII, *and* XXIII. *Referred to the* 125*th Pſalm.*

XXIV. *The rich ſinner dying,* Pſal. xlix. 6, 9. Eccl. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

1. IN vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their ſhining duſt in vain,
Look down and ſcorn the humble poor,
And boaſt their lofty hills of gain.

2. Their golden cordials cannot eaſe
Their pained hearts or aching heads ;
Nor fright, nor bribe, approaching death
From glittering roofs and downy beds.

3. The ling'ring, the unwilling ſoul
The diſmal ſummons muſt obey,
And bid a long, a ſad farewel,
To the pale lumps of lifeleſs clay.

4. Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and ſlaves have equal thrones ;
Their bones without diſtinction lie
Amongſt the heap of meaner bones.

The reſt referred to the 49*th Pſalm.*

XXV. *A viſion of the* Lamb, Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.

1. ALL mortal vanities begone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears :

Behold! amidſt th' eternal throne,
A viſion of the *Lamb* appears.

[2 Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes, and ſeven his horns,
To ſpeak his wiſdom and his pow'r.

3. Lo! he receives a ſealed book
From him that ſits upon the throne;
Jeſus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.

4. All the aſſembling ſaints around
Fall worſhipping before the *Lamb*,
And in new ſongs of goſpel-ſound
Addreſs their honours to his name.

[5. The joy, the ſhout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlaſting hills;
Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
To read the book, to looſe the ſeals.]

6. Our voices join the heav'nly ſtrain,
And with tranſporting pleaſure ſing,
Worthy the *Lamb* that once was ſlain,
To be our teacher and our king!

7. His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counſels, deep deſigns;
His grace and vengeance ſhall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8. Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches, that did once rebel,
Are now made fav'rites of their *God*.

9. Worthy for ever is the *Lord*,
That died for treaſons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

XXVI. *Hope of Heaven, by the resurrection of Christ*, 1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

1. BLEST be the everlasting *God*,
the Father of our *Lord*;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
his majesty ador'd.

2. When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
and call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
that they should never die.

3. What tho' our inbred sins require
our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the *Lord* our Saviour rose,
so all his foll'wers must.

4. There's an inheritance divine,
reserv'd against that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefi'd,
and cannot waste away.

5. Saints by the pow'r of *God* are kept,
till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
till *Christ* shall call us home.

XXVII. *Assurance of Heaven*; or, *a Saint prepared to die.* 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

[1. DEATH may dissolve my body now,
and bear my spirit home:
Why do my minutes move so slow,
nor my salvation come?

2. With heav'nly weapons I have fought
the battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith
and wait the sure reward.]

3. God has laid up in heav'n for me
a crown which cannot fade;

The right'ous judge, at that great day,
shall place it on my head.

4. Nor hath the King of grace decreed
this prize for me alone.
But all that love, and long to see,
th' appearance of his Son.

5. Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe,
from ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep
this feeble soul of mine.

6. God is my everlasting aid,
and hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
and endless praise. *Amen.*

XXVIII. *The triumph of* Christ *over the enemies of his Church.* Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1. WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
comes travelling in state,
Along the *Idumean* road,
away from *Bozrah*'s gate.

2. The glory of his robes proclaim
'tis some victorious king:
"'Tis I, the just, th' Almighty one,
"that your salvation bring."

3. Why, mighty Lord, thy saints enquire,
why thine apparel's red?
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
who in the wine-press tread?

4. "I by myself have trod the press,
"and crush'd my foes alone;
"My wrath hath struck the rebels dead,
"my fury stamp'd them down.

5. "'Tis *Edom*'s blood that dyes my robes
"with joyful scarlet stains;

" The triumph that my raiment wears,
" ſprung from their bleeding veins.

6. " Thus ſhall the nations be deſtroy'd
" that dare inſult my ſaints;
" I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
" an ear for their complaints."

XXIX. *The ſecond part*; or, *the ruin of* Antichriſt, ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.

1. " I Lift my banner, ſaith the Lord,
" where *Antichriſt* has ſtood;
" The city of my goſpel foes.
" ſhall be a field of blood.

2. " My heart has ſtudied juſt revenge;
" and now the day appears,
" The day of my redeem'd is come,
" to wipe away their tears.

3. " Quite weary is my patience grown,
" and bids my fury go;
" Swift as the light'ning it ſhall move,
" and be as fatal too.

4. " I call for helpers, but in vain:
" then has my goſpel none?
" Well, mine own arm has might enough
" to cruſh my foes alone.

5. " Slaughter and my devouring ſword
" ſhall walk the ſtreets around,
" *Babel* ſhall reel beneath my ſtroke,
" and ſtagger to the ground."

6. Thy honours, O victorious king!
thine own right-hand ſhall raiſe,
While we thy awful vengeance ſing,
and out deliv'rer praiſe.

XXX. *Prayer for deliverance anſwered,* Iſa. xxvi. 8——20.

1. IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the viſits of thy grace;
Our ſouls deſire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2. My thoughts are ſearching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongſt the black ſhades of loneſome night;
My earneſt cries ſalute the ſkies,
Before the dawn reſtore the light.

3. Look how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they ſhall ſee thy lifted hand,
And feel the ſcourges of thy rod.

4. Hark! the Eternal rends the ſky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of muſic to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5. Come, children, to your father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
'Till the fierce ſtorms be overblown,
And my revenging fury ceaſe.

6. My ſword ſhall boaſt its thouſands ſlain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings;
While heav'nly peace around my flock
Stretches its ſoft and ſhady wings.

XXXI. *Referred to the 1ſt Pſalm.*

XXXII. *Strength from Heaven,* Iſ. xl. 27, *&c.*

1. WHence do our mournful thoughts ariſe
and where's our courage fled?
Has reſtleſs ſin and raging hell
ſtruck all our comforts dead?

2. Have we forgot th' Almighty name
that formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
grow weary or decay?

3. Treasures of everlasting might
in our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
and treads their foes to hell.

4. Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
and youthful vigour cease;
But we, that wait upon the Lord,
shall feel our strength increase.

5. The saints shall mount on eagle's wings,
and taste the promised bliss,
'Till their unwearied feet arrive
where perfect pleasure is.

The XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV. XXXVI, XXXVII, and XXXVIII. *Referred to* Psal. cxxxi, cxxxiv, lxvii, lxxiii, xc, and lxxxiv.

XXXIX. God's *tender care of his church*, Isa. xlix. 13, 14, *&c.*

1. NOW shall my inward joys arise,
and burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
and pleasure tunes my tongue.

2. God on his thirsty *Sion* hill
some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
to show'r salvation down.

3. Why do we then indulge our fears,
suspicions, and complaints!
Is he a God, and shall his grace
grow weary of his saints?

4. Can a kind woman e'er forget
the infant of her womb,
And 'mongſt a thouſand tender thoughts
her ſuckling have no room.

5. *Yet,* (ſaith the Lord) *ſhould nature change,*
and mothers monſters prove,
Zion *ſtill dwells upon the heart*
of everlaſting love.

6. *Deep on the palms of both my hands*
I have engraved her name ;
My hands ſhall raiſe her ruin'd walls,
and build her broken frame.

XL. *The buſineſs and bleſſedneſs of glorified Saints,* Rev. vii. 13, 14, 15, *&c.*

1. *WHAT happy men, or angels, theſe,*
That all their robes are ſpotleſs white ?
Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heav'nly light ?

2. From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
And ſeas of their own blood, they came :
But nobler blood has waſh'd their robes,
Flowing from Chriſt the dying lamb.

3. Now they approach th' almighty throne,
With loud hoſannas night and day ;
Sweet anthems to the great *Three One,*
Meaſure their bleſs'd eternity,

4. No more ſhall huger pain their ſouls ;
He bids their parching thirſt be gone,
And ſpreads the ſhadow of his wings,
To ſkreen 'em from the ſcorching ſun.

5. The Lamb, that fills the middle throne,
Shall ſhed around his milder beams,
There ſhall they feaſt on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living ſtreams.

6. Thus ſhall their mighty bliſs renew
Thro' the vaſt round of endleſs years;
And the ſoft hand of ſov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

XLI. *The ſame;* or, *the martyrs glorified,* Rev. vii. 13, *&c.*

1. *THESE glorious minds, how bright they ſhine!*
whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy ſeats
of everlaſting day?

2. From tort'ring pains to endleſs joys
on fiery wheels they rode,
And ſtrangely waſh'd their raiment white
in Jeſus' dying blood.

3. Now they approach a ſpotleſs God,
and bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and ſacred ſongs
adore the holy One.

4. The unveil'd glories of his face
amongſt his ſaints reſide,
While the rich treaſure of his grace
ſees all their wants ſupply'd.

5. Tormenting thirſt ſhall leave their ſouls,
and hunger flee as faſt;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
ſhall be their ſweet repaſt.

6. The Lamb ſhall leave his heav'nly flock
where living fountains riſe;
And love divine ſhall wipe away
the ſorrows of their eyes.

XLII. *Divine wrath and mercy*, Nahum i, 1, 2, 3, &c.

1. ADORE and tremble, for our God
is a * *consuming fire*;
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
and raise his vengeance higher.

2. Almighty vengeance, how it burns!
how bright his fury glows!
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
lie treasur'd for his foes.

3. Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,
are forc'd into a flame;
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze,
and rend all nature's frame.

4. At his approach the mountains fly,
and seek a wat'ry grave;
The frighted sea makes haste away,
and shrinks up ev'ry wave.

5. Thro' the wide air the weighty rocks
are swift as hail-stones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fiery rage,
that shakes the solid world?

6. Yet, mighty God! thy sov'reign grace
sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race
when wrath comes rushing down.

7. Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
a fiery tempest pour,
While we beneath thy shelt'ring wings
thy just revenge adore.

XLIII. *Referred to the* 100*th Psalm.*

XLIV. *Referred to the* 133*d Psalm.*

* Heb. xii. 29.

XLV. *The last judgment*, Rev. xxi. 5, 6, 7, 8.

1. SEE where the great incarnate God
fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
bears the last judgment down.

[2. " I am the first, and I the last,
thro' endless years the same ;
" *I AM* is my memorial still,
" and my eternal name.

3. " Such favours as a God can give,
" my royal grace bestows :
" Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
" Where life and pleasure flows.]

[4. " The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
" I'll own him for a son ;
" The whole creation shall reward
the conquests he has won.

5. " But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
" and all the lying race,
" The faithless and the scoffing crew,
" that spurn at offer'd grace ;

6. " They shall be taken from my sight,
" bound fast in iron chains,
" And headlong plung'd into the lake
" where fire and darkness reigns."]

7. O may I stand before the Lamb,
when earth and seas are fled !
And hear the judge pronounce my name,
with blessings on my head !

8. May I with those for ever dwell,
who here were my delight,
While sinners banish'd down to hell,
no more offend my sight.

XLVI, & XLVII. *Referred to Psalm* 148, & 3.

XLVIII. *The Chriſtian race*, Iſa. xl. 28, 29, *&c.*

1. AWAKE our ſouls, (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone
Awake and run the heav'nly race,
And put a chearful courage on.

2. True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint;

3. The mighty God, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endleſs years
Their everlaſting circles run:

4. From thee, the overflowing ſpring,
Our ſouls ſhall drink a freſh ſupply,
While ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength
Shall melt away, and drop and die.

5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our ſouls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly road.

XLIX. *The works of* Moſes *and the* Lamb, Rev. xv. 3.

1. HOW ſtrong thine arm is mighty God!
who would not fear thy name!
Jeſus, how ſweet thy graces are!
who would not love the *Lamb*?

2. He has done more than *Moſes* did,
our prophet and our King;
By his blood he will lead our ſouls,
and taught our lips to ſing.

3. In the *Red Sea* by *Moſes'* hand
th' *Egyptian* hoſt was drown'd;

But his own blood hides all our sins,
and guilt no more is found.

4. When thro' the desart *Isr'el* went
with manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
and calls it living bread.

5. *Moses* beheld the promis'd land,
yet never reach'd the place;
But *Christ* shall bring his follow'rs home
to see his Father's face.

6. Then shall our love and joy be full,
and feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song,
of *Moses* and the *Lamb*.

L. *The song of* Zecharias, *and the message of* John *the Baptist*, or, *light and salvation by* JESUS CHRIST, Luke i. 68, *&c.* John i. 29, 32.

1. NOW be the *God* of *Isr'el* blest,
who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
and all the oaths he sware.

2. Now he bedews old *David*'s root
with blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise grow,
the promis'd horn arise.

[3. *John* was the prophet of the *Lord*,
to go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour God
sent to prepare his ways.

4. He makes the great salvation known;
he speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,
in its own glory shines.

5. " Behold the Lamb of *God*, he cries,
" that takes our guilt away :
" I saw the spirit o'er his head
" on his baptizing day."

6. " Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
" sink ev'ry mountain low ;
" The proud must stoop, and humble souls
" shall his salvation know.

7. " The *Heathen* realms, with *Isr'el*'s land,
" shall join in sweet accord ;
" And all that's born of man shall see
" the glory of the *Lord*.

8. " Behold the morning-star arise,
" ye that in darkness sit ;
" He marks the path that leads to peace,
" and guides our doubtful feet."

LI. *Persevering grace*, Jude 24, 25.

1. TO *God* the only wise,
our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
their humble praises bring.

2. 'Tis his almighty love,
his counsel, and his care,
Preserves us save from sin and death,
and ev'ry hurtful snare.

3. He will present our souls,
unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
with joys divinely great.

4. Then all the chosen seed
shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
and make his wonders known.

5. To our Redeemer *God*
wiſdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of Majeſty,
and everlaſting ſongs.

LII. *Baptiſm*, Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1. 'TWas the commiſſion of the *Lord*,
Go teach the nations, and baptize,
The nations have received the word
Since he aſcended to the ſkies.

2. He ſits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And ſends his cov'nant with the ſeals,
To bleſs the diſtant *Britiſh* lands.

3. *Repent, and be baptiz'd*, he ſaith,
For the remiſſion of your ſins;
And thus our ſenſe aſſiſts our faith,
And ſhews us what his goſpel means.

4. Our ſouls he waſhes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good ſpirit from our *God*
Deſcends like purifying rain.

5. Thus we engage ourſelves to thee,
And ſeal our cov'nant with the *Lord*;
O may the great eternal Three
In heav'n our ſolemn vows record!

LIII. *The Holy Scriptures*, Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16, Pſalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

1. GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to ſaints of old,
Sent his own ſon, with truth and grace,
To teach us in theſe latter days.

2. Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that ſure record;

The bright inheritance of heav'n,
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.

3. *God*'s kindest thoughts are here expres's'd
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4. Ye *British* isles, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To ev'ry land) praise ye the Lord.

LIV. *Electing grace*; or, *Saints beloved in Christ*, Eph. i. 3, *&c.*

1. JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy *God* and ours are both the same:
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son!

2. *Christ be my first elect*, he said,
Then chose our souls in *Christ* our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3. Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
Blameless in love, and holy seed.

4. Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5. With *Christ* our Lord we share our part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his first-belov'd.

LV. Hezekiah's *song*; or, *ſickneſs and recovery*, Iſa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

1. WHEN we are rais'd from deep diſtreſs
our *God* deſerves a ſong;
We take the pattern of our praiſe
from *Hezekiah*'s tongue.

2. The gates of the devouring grave
are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
commands them faſt again.

4. Pains of the fleſh are wont t' abuſe
our minds with ſlaviſh fears;
Our days are paſt, and we ſhall loſe
the remnant of our years.

4. We chatter with a ſwallow's voice,
or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterneſs inſtead of joys,
afflicted and forlorn.

5. *Jehovah* ſpeaks the healing word,
and no diſeaſe withſtands:
Fevers and plagues obey the *Lord*,
and fly at his commands.

6. If half the ſtrings of life ſhould break,
he can our frame reſtore:
He caſts our ſins behind his back,
and they are found no more.

LVI. *The ſong of* Moſes *and the* Lamb; or, Babylon *falling*, Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 19. & xvii. 6.

1. WE ſing the glories of thy love,
we ſound thy dreadful name;
The chriſtian Church unites the ſongs
of *Moſes* and the *Lamb*.

2. Great *God*, how wond'rous are thy works
of vengeance and of grace!

Thou King of ſaints, almighty *Lord*,
how juſt and true thy ways!

3. Who dares refuſe to fear thy name,
or worſhip at thy throne?
Thy judgments ſpeak thine holineſs
thro' all the nations known.

4. Great *Babylon*, that rules the earth,
drunk with the martyrs blood,
Her crimes ſhall ſpeedily awake
the fury of our *God*.

5. The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
and ſhe muſt drink the dregs;
Strong is the *Lord*, her ſov'reign judge,
and ſhall fulfil the plagues.

LVII. *Original ſin*; or, *the firſt and ſecond* Adam, Rom. v. 12, *&c.* Pſ. li. 4. Job xiv. 4.

1. BAckward, with humble ſhame we look
on our original:
How is our nature daſh'd and broke
in our firſt father's fall!

2. To all that's good averſe and blind,
but prone to all that's ill:
What dreadful darkneſs veils our mind!
how obſtinate our will!

[3. Conceiv'd in ſin (O wretched ſtate!)
before we draw our breath,
The firſt young pulſe begins to beat
iniquity and death.

4. How ſtrong in our degen'rate blood
the old corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked flood,
wanders thro' all our veins!]

[5. Wild and unwholeſome as the root
will all the branches be;

How can we hope for living fruit
from such a deadly tree?

6. What mortal pow'r from things unclean
can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
from an infected spring?]

7. Yet, mighty *God*, thy wond'rous love
can make our nature clean;
While *Christ* and grace prevail above
the tempter, death and sin.

8. The second *Adam* shall restore
the ruins of the first:
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r,
that new creates our dust!

LVIII. *The devil vanquished;* or, Michael's *war with the dragon*, Rev. xii. 7.

LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heav'n, when *Michael* stood
Chief general of th' eternal King,
And fought the battles of our *God*.

2. Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the *Lord* prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boast;
Their courge sinks, their weapons fail.

3. Down to the earth was satan thrown;
Down to the earth his legions fell:
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4. Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.

5. 'Twas by thy blood, immortal *Lamb*,
Thine armies trod the tempter down;

'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6. Rejoice, ye heav'ns; let ev'ry ſtar
Shine with new glories round the ſky:
Saints, while ye ſing the heav'nly war,
Raiſe your Deliv'rer's name on high.

LIX. Babylon *fallen*, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

1. IN *Gabriel's* hand a mighty ſtone
Lies, a fair type of *Babylon*:
Prophets rejoice, and all ye ſaints,
God *ſhall avenge your long complaints.*

2. He ſaid, and dreadful as he ſtood,
He ſunk the mill-ſtone in the flood:
Thus terrible ſhall Babal *fall,*
Thus, and no more be found at all.

LX. *The virgin* Mary's *ſong*; or, *the promiſed* Meſſiah *born*, Luke i. 46, *&c.*

1. OUR ſouls ſhall magnify the *Lord*,
In *God* the Saviour we rejoice:
While we repeat the virgin's ſong,
May the ſame ſpirit tune our voice.

[2. The higheſt ſaw her low eſtate,
And mighty things his hand hath done;
His over-ſhadowing pow'r and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.

3. Let ev'ry nation call her bleſs'd,
And endleſs years prolong her fame:
But *God* alone muſt be ador'd;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.]

4. To thoſe that fear and truſt the *Lord*,
His mercy ſtands for ever ſure:
From age to age his promiſe lives,
And the performance is ſecure.

5. He spake to *Abra'm* and his seed,
In thee shall all the earth be bless'd:
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

6. But now no more shall *Isr'el* wait,
No more the *Gentiles* lie forlorn:
Lo, the desire of nations comes;
Behold the promis'd seed is born!

LXI. Christ *our High Priest and King*; *and* Christ *coming to judgment*, Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

NOW to the *Lord*, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2. 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us, rebels, near to *God*.

3. To *Jesus* our atoning priest,
To *Jesus* our superior King,
Be everlasting pow'r confest,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

4. Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move;
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once;
Then he displays his pard'ning love.

6. The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

LXII. Christ Jesus, *the Lamb of* God, *worshipped by all the creation*, Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

1. COME let us join our chearful songs,
with angels round the throne :
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
but all their joys are one.

2. *Worthy the* Lamb *that dy'd*, they cry,
to be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
for he was slain for us.

3. *Jesus* is worthy to receive
honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
be, *Lord*, for ever thine.

4. Let all that live above the sky,
and air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
and speak thine endless praise.

5. The whole creation join in one,
to bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
and to adore the *Lamb*.

LXIII. Christ's *humiliation and exaltation*, Rev. v. 12.

WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our *God*, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name ?

2. Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live and reign,
At his almighty Father's side.

3. Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who ſtood condemn'd at *Pilate*'s bar:
Wiſdom belongs to *Jeſus* too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madneſs here.

4. All riches are his native right,
Yet he ſuſtain'd amazing loſs;
To him aſcribe eternal might,
Who left his weakneſs on the croſs.

5. Honour immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of ſcandal and of ſcorn;
While glory ſhines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6. Bleſſings for ever on the *Lamb*,
Who bore the curſe for wretched men:
Let angels ſound his ſacred name,
And ev'ry creature ſay, *Amen*.

LXIV. *Adoption*. 1 John iii. 1, 2, 3, &c. Gal. vi 6.

1. BEHOLD what wond'rous grace
the Father hath beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race,
to call them ſons of *God*!

2. 'Tis no ſurpriſing thing,
that we ſhould be unknown;
The *Jewiſh* world knew not their King,
God's everlaſting Son.

3. Nor doth it yet appear
how great we muſt be made;
But when we ſee our Saviour here,
we ſhall be like our head.

4. A hope ſo much divine
may trials well endure;

May purge our souls from sense and sin,
as *Christ* the Lord is pure.

5. If in my father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy spirit like a dove
to rest upon my heart.

6. We would no longer lie
like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall *Abba* Father cry,
and thou the kindred own.

LXV. *The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of the* Lord; or, *the day of judgment*, Rev. xi. 15.

1. LET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the *Lord*.

2. Almighty *God*, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

3. The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more:
On wings of vengeance flies our *God*,
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4. Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the *Lord*
Receive an infinite reward.

LXVI. Christ *the King at his table*, Sol. Song i. 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13, 17.

1. LET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine int'rest in his heav'nly love:

The voice that tells me, *Thou art mine*,
Exceeds the bleſſings of the vine.

2. On thee th' anointing ſpirit came,
And ſpreads the ſavour of thy name;
That oil of gladneſs and of grace
Draws virgin ſouls to meet thy face.

[3. *Jeſus*, al lure me by thy charms,
My ſoul ſhall fly into thine arms:
Our wand'ring feet thy favour bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

[4 Wonder and pleaſure tune our voice,
To ſpeak thy praiſes and our joys:
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taſte of richeſt wine.]

5. Tho' in ourſelves deform'd we are,
And black as *Kedar*'s tents appear,
Yet, when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of *Solomon*.

[6. While at his table ſits the King,
He loves to ſee us ſmile and ſing:
Our graces are our beſt perfume,
And breathe like ſpikenard round the room.]

7. As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying *Chriſt* to me;
And while he makes my ſoul his gueſt,
My boſom, *Lord*, ſhall be thy reſt.

[8. No beam of cedar, or of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait until thy love
Raiſe us to nobler ſeats above.]

LXVII. *Seeking the paſtures of* Chriſt *the Shepherd*, Sol. Song i. 7.

1. THOU whom my ſoul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear ſhepherd, let me know
Where doth thy ſweeteſt paſture grow?

2. Where is the ſhadow of that rock,
That from the ſun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy ſheep,
Among them reſt, among them ſleep.

3. Why ſhould thy bride appear like one
That turns aſide to paths unknown?
My conſtant feet would never rove,
Would never ſeek another love,

[4. The footſteps of thy flock I ſee;
Thy ſweeteſt paſtures here they be;
A wond'rous feaſt thy love prepares, [tears.
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and

5. His deareſt fleſh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richeſt blood;
Here to theſe hills my ſoul will come,
'Till my beloved lead me home.]

LXVIII. *The banquet of love*, Sol. Song ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7,

1. BEhold the roſe of *Sharon* here,
The lily which the vallies bear:
Behold the tree of life that gives
Refreſhing fruit, and healing leaves.

2. Amongſt the thorns ſo lilies ſhine;
Amongſt wild gourds, the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidſt a thouſand meaner loves.

3. Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat:
Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes, and please my taste.

[4. Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace:
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

5. With living bread, and gen'rous wine,
He chears this sinking heart of mine;
And op'ning his own heart to me,
He shews his thoughts how kind they be.]

6. O never let my *Lord* depart;
Lie down and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

LXIX. *Christ appearing to his Church, and seeking her company*, Sol. Song ii. 8—13.

1. THE voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

2. Now thro' the veil of flesh I see
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shows the beauties of his face.

3. Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
Rise, saith my Lord, *make haste away,*
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4. *The* Jewish *wint'ry state is gone;*
The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
The sacred turtle-dove, we hear,
Proclaims the new, the joyful year.

5. *Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root*
Bloſſoms and buds, and gives her fruit.
Lo, we are come to taſte the wine;
Our ſouls rejoice and bleſs the vine.

6. And when we hear our *Jeſus* ſay,
Riſe up my love, make haſte away!
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

LXX. *Chriſt inviting, and the Church anſwering the invitation,* Sol. Song ii. 14, 16, 17.

[1. HARK! the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;
From coves of darkneſs and of doubt,
He gently ſpeaks and calls us out.

2. *My Dove, who hideſt in the rock,*
Thine heart almoſt with ſorrow broke,
Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3. *Thy voice to me ſounds ever ſweet;*
My graces in thy count'nance meet;
Tho' the vain world thy face deſpiſe,
'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.

4. Dear *Lord*, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives:
To thee our joyful lips ſhall raiſe
The voice of prayer, and of praiſe.]

[5. I am my Love's, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our paſſion join;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought ariſe, to grieve my *Lord*.

6. My ſoul to paſtures fair he leads,
Amongſt the lilies where he feeds;
Amongſt the ſaints (whoſe robes are white
Waſh'd in his blood) is his delight.

7. 'Till the day break, and shadows flee,
'Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8. Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide
My Love, my Saviour, from my side.]

LXXI. *Christ found in the street, and brought to the Church*, Sol. Song iii. 1—5.

1. OFTEN I seek my *Lord* by night,
Jesus, my Love, my soul's delight;
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.

2. Then I arise, and search the street,
'Till I my *Lord*, my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
Where did you see my soul's delight?

3. Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heav'nly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

[4. I bring him to my mother's home;
Nor does my *Lord* refuse to come
To *Sion*'s sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5. He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there,
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]

6. I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;

Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

LXXII. *The coronation of Christ, and Espousals of the Church,* Sol. Song iii. 2.

1. DAughters of *Sion*, come behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad Church, with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of *Solomon*.

2. *Jesus*, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3. Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, *Lord* to thee;
Like the dear hour, when from above,
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

4. The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5. Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the *Lamb*.

6. O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne,
With all his father's glories on.

LXXIII. *The Church's beauty in the eyes of* Christ Sol. Song iv, 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

1. KIND in the speech of *Christ* our *Lord*;
Affection sounds in ev'ry word:

Lo, thou art fair, my love, he cries,
Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.

[2. *Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice*
Salutes mine ear with secret joys;
No spice so much delights the smell,
Nor milk nor honey taste so well.]

3. *Thou art all fair, my bride to me,*
I will behold no spot in thee.
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!

4. Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,
His graces and his right'ousness.

5. *My sister and my spouse,* he cries,
Bound to my heart by various ties.
Thy pow'rful love my heart retains
In strong delight and pleasing chains.

6. He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wild world of beasts and men,
To *Zion* where his glories are;
Not *Lebanon* is half so fair.

7. Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When *Christ* invites my soul away.

LXXIV. *The Church the garden of* Christ, Sol. Song iv. 12, 14, 15, *and* v. 1.

1. WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot, inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2. Like trees of mirrh and spice we stand,
Planted by *God* the Father's hand;

And all his ſprings in *Sion* flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3. Awake, O heav'nly wind and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, deſcend and breathe:
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

5. Make our beſt ſpices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour *God*;
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

[5. Let my beloved come and taſte
His pleaſant fruits at his own feaſt.
I come, my ſpouſe, I come, he cries,
With love and pleaſure in his eyes.

6. Our *Lord* into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to ſmell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feaſt divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine,

7. *Eat of the tree of life, my friends,*
The bleſſings that my father ſends;
Your taſte ſhall all my dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my love?

8. *Jeſus*, we will frequent thy board,
And ſing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praiſe than tongues can give.]

LXXV. *The deſcription of* Chriſt *the Beloved*
Sol. Song. v. 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16.

1. THE wond'ring world enquires to know
Why I ſhould love my *Jeſus* ſo:
What are his charms, ſay they *above*
The objects of a mortal love?

2. Yes my beloved, to my ſight,
Shews a ſweet mixture, red and white:

All human beauties, all divine,
In my beloved meet and shine.

3. White is his soul, from blemish free,
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousands fairs;
A sun amongst ten thousand stars;

[4. His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

5. Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

[6. His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heav'nly hands that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

7. Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.]

[8. His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll.
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.]

9. His mouth that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and clears his fainting saints:
His countenance more graceful is
Than *Lebanon* with all its trees.

10. All over glorious is my *Lord*,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd:
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

LXXVI. Christ *dwells in heaven, but visits on earth,* Sol. Song vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

1. WHen strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2. My best beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends, and shews his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

[3. In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4. He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell, shall make us part.]

[5. He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of *Amminadib*
The heav'nly rapture can describe.

6. O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
'Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love.]

LXXVII. *The love of* Christ *to the Church in his language to her, and provisions for her,* Sol. Song vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

1. NOW in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says:
How fair my saints are in my sight,
My love, how pleasant for delight!

2. Kind is thy language, sov'reign *Lord*,
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word:
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

3. Such wond'rous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And makes our cold affections flame.

4. These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

5. In paradise, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old, laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

LXXVIII. *The strength of* Christ's *love, and the soul's jealousy of her own*, Sol. Song viii, 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

[1. WHO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness
And, press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved *Lord* she leans.

2. This is the spouse of *Christ* our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood:
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.]

3. "O let my name engraven stand,
"Both on thy heart and on thy hand:
"Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
"That pledge of love for ever there.

4. "Stronger than death thy love is known,
"Which floods of wrath could never drown;

" And hell and earth in vain combine
" To quench a fire so much divine.

5. " But I am jealous of my heart,
" Lest it should once from thee depart;
" Then let thy name be well impress'd,
" As a fair signet on my breast.

6. " 'Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
" Where fears and doubts can never come,
" Thy count'nance let me often see,
" And often thou shalt hear from me.

7. " Come, my beloved, haste away,
" Cut short the hours of thy delay;
" Fly like a youthful hart or roe
" Over the hills where spices grow."

LXXIX. *A morning hymn*, Psalm xix. 5, 8. *and* lxxiii. 24, 25.

1. GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The chearful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the skies;

2. From the fair chambers of the *East*,
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3. Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day:
With ready mind, and active will,
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

[4. But I shall rove and lose the race,
If *God*, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

5. *Lord*, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our becloaded eyes;

Thy threat'nings juſt, thy promiſe ſure;
Thy goſpel makes the ſimple wiſe.

6. Give me thy counſel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliſs;
All my deſires and hopes beſide
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

LXXX. *An evening Hymn,* Pſalm iv. 8. iii. 5. 6. *and* cxliii. 8.

1. THUS far the *Lord* has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning ſhall make known
Some freſh memorial of his grace.

2. Much of my time has run to waſte,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies paſt;
He gives me ſtrength for days to come.

3. I lay my body down to ſleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful ſtations round my bed.

4. In vain the ſons of earth or hell
Tell me a thouſand frightful things:
My *God* in ſafety makes me dwell
Beneath the ſhadow of his wings.

[5. Faith in his name forbids my fears:
O may thy preſence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindneſs of thy heart.

6. Thus when the night of death ſhall come,
My fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouſe my tomb,
With ſweet ſalvation in the ſound.]

LXXXI. *A song for the morning or evening.*
Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xlv. 7.

1. MY *God*, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3. I yield my pow'rs to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

LXXXII. God *far above creatures*; or, *man vain and mortal*, Job iv. 17—21.

1. SHall the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, *God*!
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he?

2. Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3. But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.

4. From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

5. Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glorious thou!

No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal *God* compare.

LXXXIII. *Afflictions and death under providence*, Job v. 6, 7, 8.

1. NOT from the dust affliction grows,
nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes;
a sad inheritance!

2. As sparks break out from burning coals,
and still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
and man grows up to mourn:

3. Yet with my God I leave my cause,
and trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
of love and right'ousness.

4. Not all the pains that e'er I bore
shall spoil my future peace;
For death and hell can do no more
than what my Father please.

LXXXIV. *Salvation, righteousness, and strength in* Christ, Isa. xlv. 21—25.

1. JEHOVAH speaks, let *Isr'el* hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While *God*'s eternal Son proclaims
His sov'reign honours and his names.

2. "I am the Last, and I the First,
"The Saviour *God*, and *God* the Just;
"There's none beside pretends to shew
"Such justice and salvation too.

[3. "Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
"Just on the verge of death and hell,

" Look up to me from distant lands,
" Light, life, and heav'n are in my hands.

4. " I by my holy name have sworn,
" Nor shall the word in vain return;
" To me shall all things bend the knee,
" And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.]

5. " In me alone shall men confess
" Lies all their strength and right'ousness;
" But such as dare despise my name,
" I'll cloath 'em with eternal shame.

6. " In me, the *Lord*, shall all the seed
" Of *Isr'el* from their sins be freed;
" And by their shining graces prove
" Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

LXXXV. *The same.*

1. THE *Lord* on high proclaims
his godhead from his throne;
Mercy and Justice are the name
by which I will be known.

2. *Ye dying souls, that sit*
in darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
to my recov'ring grace.

3. Sinners shall hear the sound:
their thankful tongues shall own,
Our right'ousness and strength is found
in thee, the Lord *alone.*

4. In thee shall *Isr'el* trust,
and see their guilt forgiv'n;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
and take the saints to heav'n.

LXXXVI. God *holy, just, and sovereign*, Job. ix. 2——10.

1. HOW should the sons of *Adam*'s race
be pure before their *God*?
If he contend in right'ousness
we fall beneath his rod.

2. To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence:
Not one of all my thousand faults
can bear a just defence.

3. Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
what vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
or 'tempt th' unequal war?

[4. Mountains by his almighty wrath
from their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from *South* to *North*,
and all her pillars mourn:

5. He bids the sun forbear to rise;
th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
and seals up all the stars.

6. He walks upon the stormy sea;
flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
or his dark footsteps find.]

LXXXVII. God *dwells with the humble and penitent*, Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

1. THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne:
"My name is *God*, I dwell on high;
"Dwell in my own eternity;

2. " But I deſcend to worlds below :
" On earth I have a manſion too :
" The humble ſpirit and contrite
" Is an abode of my delight.

3. " The humble ſoul my words revive ;
" I bid the mourning ſinner live ;
" Heal all the broken hearts I find,
" And eaſe the ſorrows of the mind.

[4. " When I contend againſt their ſin,
" I make them know how vile they've been ;
" But ſhould my wrath for ever ſmoke,
" Their ſouls would ſink beneath my ſtroke."

5. O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Leſt we ſhould faint, deſpair, and die !
Thus ſhall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chaſt'ning love.]

LXXXVIII. *Life the day of grace and hope,* Eccleſ. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1. LIFE is the time to ſerve the *Lord*,
The time t' inſure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vileſt ſinner may return.

[2. Life is the hour that *God* has giv'n
To 'ſcape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the bleſſings of the day.]

2. The living know that they muſt die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their ſenſe is gone
Alike unknowing and unknown.

[4. Their hatred and their love is loſt,
Their envy buried in the duſt ;
They have no ſhare in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the ſun.]

5. Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue;
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6. There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

LXXXIX. *Youth and Judgment*, Eccl. xi. 9.

YE sons of *Adam*, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.

2. Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine
Enjoy the day of mirth, but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3. *God* from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness, you have done,
Must all appear before the sun.

4. The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your heart with terror thro'
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace?

5. Almighty *God*, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the *Lord*.

XC. *The same.*

1. LO the young tribes of *Adam* rise,
and thro' all nature rove;
Fullfil the wishes of their eyes,
and taste the joys they love.

2. They give a loose to wild desires;
but let the sinners know
The strict account that *God* requires
of all the works they do.

3. The Judge prepares his throne on high;
the frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
and fly before his face.

4. How shall I bear thy dreadful day,
and stand the fiery test?
I give all mortal joys away
to be for ever blest.

XCI. *Advice to youth*; or, *old age and death in an unconverted state*, Eccles. xii. 74 Isa. lxv, 20.

1. NOW in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your Creator *God*:
Behold, the months come hast'ning on
When you shall say, *My joys are gone*.

2. Behold, the aged sinner goes
Loaden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3. The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to *God*; not there to dwell
But hears her doom and sinks to hell.

4. Eternal King, I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

XCII. Christ *the Wisdom of* God, Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

1. SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
and not her speech be heard?

The voice of *God's* eternal word,
deserves it no regard?

2. " I was his chief delight,
his everlasting son,
" Before the first of all his works,
" creation was begun.

[3. " Before the flying clouds,
" before the solid land,
" Before the fields, before the floods,
" I dwelt at his right hand.

4. " When he ador'd the skies,
" and built them, I was there,
" To order when the sun should rise,
" and marshal ev'ry star.

5. " When he pour'd out the sea,
" and spread the flowing deep,
" I gave the flood a firm decree
" in its own bounds to keep.]

6. " Upon the empty air
" the earth was ballanc'd well;
" With joy I saw the mansion where
" the sons of men should dwell.

7. " My busy thoughts at first
" on their salvation ran,
" Ere sin was born, or *Adam's* dust
" was fashion'd to a man.

8. " Then come, receive my grace,
" ye children, and be wise;
" Happy the man that keeps my ways,
" the man that shuns them dies."

XCIII. Christ, *or wisdom, obeyed or resisted,* Prov. viii. 34——36.

1. THUS saith the wisdom of the *Lord*,
" Blest is the man that hears my word;

" Keeps daily watch before my gates,
" And at my feet for mercy waits.

2. " The soul that seeks me shall obtain
" Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;
" Immortal life is his reward,
" Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3. " But the vile wretch that flies from me,
" Doth his own soul an injury;
" Fools that against my grace rebel,
" Seek death and love the road to hell."

XCIV. *Justification by faith, not by works*; or, *the law condemns, grace justifies*, Rom. iii. 19——22.

1. VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
on their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
and all their actions guilt.

2. Let *Jew* and *Gentile* stop their mouths
without a murm'ring word;
And the whole race of *Adam* stand,
guilty before the *Lord*.

3. In vain we ask *God*'s right'ous law
to justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
is all the law can do.

4. *Jesus*, how glorious is thy grace,
when in thy name we trust!
Our faith receives a right'ousness
that makes the sinner just.

XCV. *Regeneration*, John i. 12, *and* iii. 3, *&c.*

1. NOT all the outward forms on earth,
nor writes that *God* has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
can raise a soul to heav'n.

The sov'reign will of God alone
creates us heirs of grace:
Born in the image of his son,
a new peculiar race.

3. The spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
and forms the man afresh.

4. Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise,
from the long sleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
and praise employs our breath.

XCVI. *Election excludes boasting*, 1 Cor. 26—31.

1. BUT few among the carnal wise,
but few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes
almighty King of grace.

2. He takes the men of meanest name
for sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
on honourable blood.

3. He calls the fool, and makes him know
the myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
and all its pride abase.

4. Nature has all its glories lost,
when brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
but in the Lord alone.

XCVII. Christ *our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.*
1 Cor. i. 30.

1. BURY'D in shadows of the night,
We lie till *Christ* restores the light;

Wiſdom deſcends to heal the blind,
And chaſe the darkneſs of the mind.

2. Our guilty ſouls are drown'd in tears
'Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep diſtreſs,
And ſing, *the Lord our Right'ouſneſs.*

3. Our very frame is mix'd with ſin;
His ſpirit makes our natures clean:
Such virtues from his ſuff'rings flow,
At once to cleanſe and pardon too.

4. *Jeſus* beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his ſlaves in heavy chains;
He ſets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5. Poor helpleſs worms in thee poſſeſs
Grace wiſdom, pow'r and right'ouſneſs;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole ſelves, O Lord, to thee.

XCVIII. *The ſame.*

1. HOW heavy is the night
that hangs upon our eyes,
'Till *Chriſt*, with his reviving light,
over our ſouls ariſe?

2. Our guilty ſpirits dread
to meet the wrath of heav'n;
But in his right'ouſneſs array'd
we ſee our ſins forgiv'n.

3. Unholy and impure
are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
with ſanctifying grace.

4. The pow'rs of hell agree
to hold our ſouls in vain;

He sets the sons of bondage free,
and breaks the cursed chain.

5. *Lord*, we adore thy ways
to bring us near to *God*,
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
and thine atoning blood.

XCIX. *Stones made children of* Abraham ; or, *grace not conveyed by religious parents*, Mat. iii. 9.

1. VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race:
(their fathers now with *God*.)

2. He from the caves of earth and hell
can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of *Abr'am* well
with new created sons.

3. Such wond'rous pow'r he doth possess,
who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness;
the world obey'd and came.

C. *Believe and be saved*, John iii. 16, 17, 18.

1. NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did *Christ* the son of *God* appear:
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2. Such was the pity of our *God*,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3. Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name, and live;

A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4. But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace;
Who *God*'s eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

CI. *Joys in heaven for a repenting sinner,* Luke xv. 7, 10.

1. WHO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2. With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3. The spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

CII. *The beatitudes,* Matt. v. 2——12.

[1. BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n]

[2. Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of *Christ* divinely flows
A healing balm for all their woes.]

[3. Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]

[4. Bleſs'd are the ſouls that thirſt for grace,
Hunger and long for right'ouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed
With living ſtreams and living bread.]

[5. Bleſs'd are the men whoſe bowels move
And melt with ſympathy and love;
From Chriſt the Lord ſhall they obtain
Like ſympathy and love again.]

[6. Bleſs'd are the pure, whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'rs of ſin;
With endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A *God* of ſpotleſs purity.]

[7. Bleſs'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing ſtriſe;
They ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
The ſons of *God*, the *God* of peace.]

[8. Bleſs'd are the ſuff'rers who partake
Of pain and ſhame for *Jeſus'* ſake;
Their ſouls ſhall triumph in the *Lord*,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

CHL. *Not aſhamed of the goſpel*, 2 Tim. i. 12.

1. I'M not aſham'd to own my *Lord*,
or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the honour of his word,
the glory of his croſs.

2. *Jeſus*, my God! I know his name;
his name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
nor let my hope be loſt.

3. Firm as his throne his promiſe ſtands,
and he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
'till the deciſive hour.

4. Then will he own my worthleſs name
before his Father's face,
And in the *New Jeruſalem*
appoint my ſoul a place.

CIV. *A ſtate of nature and grace*, 1 Cor. vi. 10. 11.

1. NOT the malicious or profane,
the wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor ſland'rers, ſhall obtain
the kingdom of our *God*.

2. Surpriſing grace! and ſuch were we
by nature and by ſin,
Heirs of immortal miſery,
unholy and unclean.

3. But we are waſh'd in *Jeſus'* blood,
we're pardon'd thro' his name;
And the good ſpirit of our *God*
has ſanctify'd our frame.

4. O for a perſevering pow'r
to keep thy juſt commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
no more pollute our hands.

CV. *Heaven inviſible and holy*, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.
Rev. xxi. 27.

1. NOR eye has ſeen, nor ear has heard,
nor ſenſe, nor reaſon known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
for thoſe that love the Son.

2. But the good Spirit of the *Lord*
reveals a heav'n to come;
The beams of glory in his word
allure and guide us home.

3. Pure are the joys above the ſky,
and all the region peace;

No wanton lips, nor wanton eye,
can see or taste the bliss.

4. Those holy gates for ever bar
pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
but foll'wers of the Lamb:

5. He keeps the father's book of life,
there all their names are found:
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
to tread the heav'nly ground.

CVI. *Dead to sin by the cross of* Christ, Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

1. SHall we go on to sin,
because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the *Lord* again,
and open all his wounds?

2. Forbid it, mighty *God*!
nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucify'd,
should raise them from the dead.

3. We will be slaves no more,
since *Christ* has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
and bought our liberty.

CVII. *The fall and recovery of man*; or, Christ *and satan at enmity*, Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

1. DEceiv'd by subtle snares of hell,
Adam our head, our father, fell,
When satan, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that *God* forbid.

2. Death was the threat'ning: death began
To take possession of the man;

His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curſes ſmote the ground.

3. But ſatan found a worſe reward;
Thus ſaith the vengeance of the *Lord*,
Let everlaſting hatred be
Betwixt the woman's ſeed and thee.

4. *The woman's ſeed ſhall be my Son;*
He ſhall deſtroy what thou haſt done;
Shall break thy head, and only feel
Thy malice raging at his heel.

[5. He ſpake; and bid four thouſand years
Roll on: at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy deſcend to earth,
And ſing the young Redeemer's birth.

6. Lo, by the ſons of hell he dies!
But as he hung 'wixt earth and ſkies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

CVIII. *Chriſt unſeen and beloved*, 1 Pet. i. 8.

1. NOT with our mortal eyes
have we beheld the *Lord*,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
and love him in his word.

2. On earth we want the ſight
of our Redeemer's face:
Yet, *Lord*, our inmoſt thoughts delight
to dwell upon thy grace.

3. And when we taſte thy love,
our joys divinely grow
Unſpeakable, like thoſe above,
and heav'n begins below.

CIX. *The value of* Christ, *and his righteousness*, Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

1. NO more, my *God*, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done,
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2. Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3. Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for *Jesus'* sake:
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his right'ousness partake!

4. The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my *Lord* has done.

CX. *Death and immediate glory*, 2 Cor. v. 1, 5--8.

1. THere is a house not made with hands,
eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
'till *God* shall bid it fly.

2. Shortly this prison of my clay
must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
thy heav'nly Father's call.

3. 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
that forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
has his own Spirit giv'n.

4. We walk by faith of joys to come;
faith lives upon his word:

But while the body is our home,
We're abſent from the *Lord*.

5. 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy grace,
but we had rather ſee;
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
and preſent, Lord, with thee.

CXI. *Salvation by grace*, Titus iii. 3—7.

[1. LORD, we confeſs our num'rous faults;
how great our guilt has been!
Fooliſh and vain were all our thoughts,
and all our lives were ſin.

2. But, O my ſoul, for ever praiſe,
for ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
of folly, ſin, and ſhame.]

[3. 'Tis not by works of right'ouſneſs
which our own hands have done;
But we are ſav'd by ſov'reign grace,
abounding thro' his ſon.]

4. Tis from the mercy of our *God*,
that all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
our ſouls are waſh'd from ſin.

5. 'Tis thro' the purchaſe of his death,
who hung upon the tree,
The ſpirit is ſent down to breathe
on ſuch dry bones as we.

6. Rais'd from the dead we live anew;
and juſtify'd by grace,
We ſhall appear in glory too,
and ſee our father's face.

CXII. *The brafen ſerpent*; or, *looking to* Jeſus, John iii. 14——16.

1. SO did the *Hebrew* prophet raiſe
the braſen ſerpent high;
The wounded felt immediate eaſe,
the camp forbore to die.

2. *Look upward in the dying hour,*
and live, the prophet cries;
But *Chriſt* performs a nobler cure,
when faith lifts up her eyes.

3. High on the croſs the Saviour hung;
high on the heav'ns he reigns:
Here ſinners, by th' old ſerpent ſtung,
look, and forget their pains.

4. When *God*'s own Son is lifted up,
a dying world revives;
The *Jew* beholds the glorious hope,
th' expiring *Gentiles* lives.

CXIII. Abraham's *bleſſing on the* Gentiles. Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1. HOW large the promiſe! how divine!
to *Abra'm* and his ſeed;
I'll be a God *to thee and thine,*
ſupplying all their need.

2. The words of his extenſive love
from age to age endure;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
and ſeals the bleſſing ſure.

3. *Jeſus* the ancient faith confirms,
to our great fathers giv'n;
He takes young children to his arms,
and calls them heirs of heav'n.

4. Our *God*, how faithful are his ways!
his love endures the ſame;
Nor from the promiſe of his grace
blots out the childrens name.

CXIV. *The ſame*, Rom. xi. 16, 17.

1. *Gentiles* by nature, we belong
to the wild olive wood;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
and grafts us in the good.

2. With the ſame bleſſings grace endows
the *Gentile* and the *Jew*;
If pure and holy be the root,
ſuch are the branches too.

3. Then let the children of the ſaints
be dedicate to *God*;
Pour out thy ſpirit on them, *Lord*,
and waſh them in thy blood.

4. Thus to the parents, and their ſeed,
ſhall thy ſalvation come,
And num'rous houſholds meet at laſt
in one eternal home.

CXV. *Conviction of ſin by the law*, Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

1. LORD, how ſecure my conſcience was,
and felt no inward dread,
I was alive without the law,
and thought my ſins were dead.

2. My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright;
but ſince the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

[3. My guilt appear'd but ſmall before,
'till terribly I ſaw
How perfect, holy, juſt, and pure,
was thine eternal law.

4. Then felt my ſoul with heavy load;
my ſins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful *God*,
and all my hopes were ſlain.]

5. I'm like a helpleſs captive ſold,
under the pow'r of ſin;
I cannot do the good I would,
nor keep my conſcience clean.

6. My *God*, I cry with ev'ry breath,
for ſome kind pow'r to ſave,
To break the yoke of ſin and death,
and thus redeem the ſlave.

CXVI. *Love to* God *and our neighbour*, Matt. xxii. 37—40.

1. THUS ſaith the firſt the great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
"To love thy Maker, and thy *God*,
"With utmoſt vigour and delight;

2. "Then ſhall thy neighbour, next in place,
"Share thine affections and eſteem,
"And let thy kindneſs to thyſelf
"Meaſure and rule thy love to him."

3. This is the ſenſe that *Moſes* ſpoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove:
For what of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfil'd by love.

4. But oh! how baſe our paſſions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!

Lord fill our ſouls with heav'nly fire,
Or we ſhall ne'er perform thy will.

CXVII. *Election ſovereign and free*, Rom. ix. 21, 22, 23, 24,

[1. BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his veſſels as he pleaſe;
Such is our *God*, and ſuch are we,
The ſubjects of his high decrees.

2. Doth not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the maſs, which part to chooſe,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler uſe?]

3. May not the ſov'reign *Lord* on high
Diſpenſe his favours as he will,
Chooſe ſome to life, while others die,
And yet be juſt and gracious ſtill?

[4. What if, to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
And ſeal their own deſtruction ſure?

5. What if he means to ſhew his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out ſome of mortal race,
And forms them fit for heav'nly joys?]

6. Shall man reply againſt the *Lord*,
And call his Maker's ways unjuſt,
The thunder of whoſe dreadful word
Can cruſh a thouſand worlds to duſt?

7. But, O my ſoul, if truth ſo bright
Should dazzle and confound thy ſight,
Yet ſtill his written will obey,
And wait the great deciſive day.

8. Then ſhall he make his juſtice known,
And the whole world, before his throne,

With joy, or terror, shall confess
The glory of his righ'tousness.

CXVIII. Moses *and* Christ; or, *sins against the law and gospel*, John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6, *and* x. 28, 29.

1. THE law by *Moses* came;
but peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by *Christ* (a nobler name)
descending from above.

2. Amidst the house of *God*
their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
but *Christ* a faithful Son.

3. Then to his new commands
be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
the Sov'reign and the head.

4. The man that durst despise
the law that *Moses* brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
for his presumpt'ous fault:

5. But sorer vengeance falls
on that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when *Jesus* calls,
and dare resist his grace.

CXIX. *The different success of the gospel*, 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1. CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
the mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the *Jews* esteem,
and folly to the *Greek*:

2. But ſouls enlighten'd from above
with joy receive the word;
They ſee what wiſdom, pow'r, and love,
ſhines in their dying *Lord*.

3. The vital ſavour of his name
reſtores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the ſame
to guilt, deſpair, and death.

4. 'Till *God* diffuſe his graces down,
like ſhow'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain *Apollos* ſows the ground,
and *Paul* may plant in vain.

CXX. *Faith of things unſeen*, Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

1. FAITH is the brighteſt evidence
of things beyond our ſight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of fleſh and ſenſe,
and dwells in heav'nly light:

2. It ſets time paſt in preſent view,
brings diſtant proſpects home,
Of things a thouſand years ago,
or thouſand years to come.

3. By faith we know the worlds were made
by *God*'s almighty word:
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
by faith obey'd the *Lord*.

4. He ſought a city fair and high,
built by th' eternal hands;
And faith aſſures us, tho' we die,
that heav'nly building ſtands.

CXXI. *Children devoted to* God, Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvi. 14. 15. 33.
(*For those who practise infant baptism*)

1. THUS saith the mercy of the *Lord*,
I'll be a God to thee :
I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
shall be a seed for me.

2. *Abra'm* believ'd the promis'd grace,
and gave his sons to *God :*
But water seals the blessing now,
that once was seal'd with blood.

3. Thus *Lydia* sanctify'd her house,
when she receiv'd the word ;
Thus the believing jailor gave
his household to the *Lord* :

4. Thus later saints, eternal King,
thine ancient truth embrace ;
To thee their infant offspring bring,
and humbly claim the grace.

CXXII. *Believers buried with* Christ *in baptism*. Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.

1. DO we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury'd with the *Lord* :
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?

2. Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death :
So from the grave did *Christ* raise,
And lives to *God* above the skies.

3. No more let sin or satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again ;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

CXXIII. *The repenting prodigal*, Luke xv. 13, *&c.*

1. BEhold the wretch, whose lust and wine
had wasted his estate,
He begs a share amongst the swine,
to taste the husks they eat.

2. *I die with hunger here*, he cries;
I starve in foreign lands;
My father's house has large supplies,
and bounteous are his hands.

3. *I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,*
fall down before his face:
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
nor can deserve thy grace.

4. He said, and hasten'd to his home,
to seek his father's love:
The father saw the rebel come,
and all his bowels move.

5. He ran, and fell upon his neck,
embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
for follies he had done.

6. *Take of his clothes of shame and sin,*
(the father gives command)
Dress him in garments white and clean,
with rings adorn his hand.

7. *A day of feasting I ordain,*
let mirth and joy abound;
My son was dead, and lives again,
was lost, and now is found.

CXXIV. *The first and second* Adam, Rom. v. 12, *&c.*

DEEP in the dust, before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own:

Great *God* we own th' unhappy name
Whence ſprung our nature and our ſhame!

2. *Adam* the ſinner; at his fall
Death like a conqu'ror ſeized us all:
A thouſand new born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

3. But whilſt our ſpirits, filled with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We ſing the honours of thy grace,
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd race.

4. We ſing thine everlaſting ſon,
Who join'd our nature to his own:
Adam the ſecond, from the duſt,
Raiſes the ruins of the firſt.

[5. By the rebellion of one man
Thro' all his ſeed the miſchief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his ſeed made right'ous too.

6. Where ſin did reign and death abound,
There have the ſons of *Adam* found
Abounding life; their glorious grace
Reigns thro' *the Lord our right'ouſneſs.*]

CXXV. Chriſt's *compaſſion to the weak and tempted*, Heb. iv. 16. *and* v. 7. Mat. xii. 20.

1. WITH joy we meditate the grace
of our high prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
his bowels melt with love.

2. Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
he knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
for he has felt the ſame.

3. But ſpotleſs, innocent and pure,
the great Redeemer ſtood,

While ſatan's fiery darts he bore,
and did reſiſt to blood.

4. He in the days of feeble fleſh
pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his meaſure feels, afreſh
what ev'ry member bears.

[5. He'll never quench the ſmoaking flax,
but raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breakes,
nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.]

6. Then let our humble faith addreſs
his mercy and his pow'r
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
in the diſtreſſing hour.

CXXVI. *Charity and uncharitableneſs*, Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

1. NOT diff'rent food, or diff'rent dreſs,
Compoſe the kingdoms of our *Lord*,
But peace and joy and right'ouſneſs,
Faith and obedience to his word.

3. When weaker Chriſtians we diſpiſe,
We do the goſpel mighty wrong;
For *God*, the gracious and the wiſe,
Receives the feeble with the ſtrong.

4. Let pride and wrath be baniſh'd hence,
Meekneſs and love our ſouls purſue;
Nor ſhall our practice give offence
To ſaints, the *Gentile* or the *Jew*.

CXXVII. Chriſt's *invitation to ſinners*; or, *humility and pride*, Matt. xi. 28—30.

1. "COME hither all ye weary ſouls,
" Ye heavy laden ſinners come;

" I'll give you rest from all your toils,
" And raise you to my heav'nly home.

2. " They shall find rest that learn of me;
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
" But passion rages like the sea,
" And pride is restless as the wind.

3. " Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
" My yoke, and bear it with delight;
" My yoke is easy to his neck,
" My grace shall make the burden light."

4. *Jesus*, we come at thy command,
With faith and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

CXXVIII. *The Apostles commission*; or, *the gospel attested by miracles*, Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

1. " GO preach my gospel, *saith the Lord*,
" Bid the whole earth my grace receive
" He shall be sav'd that trusts my word,
" He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

[2. " I'll make your great commission known,
" And ye shall prove my gospel true,
" By all the works that I have done,
" By all the wonders ye shall do.

3. " Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
" Go cast out devils in my name;
" Nor let my prophets be afraid,
" Tho' *Greeks* reproach, and *Jews* blaspheme.]

4. " Teach all the nations my commands;
" I'm with you 'till the world shall end:
" All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
" I can destroy, and I defend."

5. *He spake, and light shone round his head,*
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

CXXIX. *Submission and deliverance;* or, *Abraham offering his son,* Gen. xxii. 6, *&c.*

1. SAints, at your heav'nly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the *Lord*;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2. So *Abraham* with obedient hand
Led forth his son at *God's* command:
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

3. *Abra'm, forbear,* the Angel cry'd,
Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed.

4. Just in the last distressing hour
The *Lord* displays deliv'ring pow'r;
The mount of danger is the place,
Where we shall see surprising grace.

CXXX. *Love and hatred,* Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, *&c.*

1. NOW by the bowels of my *God*,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2. Clamour, and wrath, and war, begone,
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

3. The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flees from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?

4. Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Thro' all our lives let mercy run:
So *God* forgives our num'rous faults
For the dear sake of *Christ* his Son.

CXXXI. *The pharisee and publican,* Luke xviii. 10, *&c.*

1. BEhold how sinners disagree,
The publican and pharisee!
One doth his right'ousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2. This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3. The *Lord* their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4. Dear Father let me never be
Join'd with the boasting pharisee:
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

CXXXII. *Holiness and grace,* Tit. ii. 10—13.

1. SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour-*God:*
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3. Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4. Religion bears our spirit up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
That bright appearance of the *Lord*,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

CXXXIII. *Love and charity*, 1 Cor. xiii. 2——7, 13.

1. LET pharisees of high esteem
their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
if love be wanting there.

2. Love suffers long with patient eye,
nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present injury die.
and long forgets the past.

[3. Malice and rage, those firies of hell,
she quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
tho' she endures the wrong.]

[4. She nor desires nor seeks to know
the scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
nor envies those that climb.]

5. She lays her own advantage by
to seek her neighbour's good;
So *God*'s own Son came down to die,
and bought our lives with blood.

6. Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
in all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more;
saints for ever love.

CXXXIV. *Religion vain without love*, 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

1. HAD I the tongues of *Greeks* and *Jews*,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2. Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3. Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4. If love to *God* and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

CXXXV. *The love of* Christ *shed abroad in the heart*, Ehp. iii. 16, &c.

1. COME, dearest *Lord*, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2. Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the heighth, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3. Now to the *God*, whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, thro' *Christ* is Son.

CXXXVI. *Sincerity and hypocrisy*; or, *formality in worship*, Joh. iv. 24. Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

1. GOD is a spirit, just and wise;
he sees our inmost mind:
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
and leave our soul behind.

2. Nothing but truth before his throne
with honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
thro' the disguise they wear.

3. Their lifted eyes salutes the skies,
their bending knees the ground;
But *God* abhors the sacrifice
where not the heart is found.

4. *Lord*, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
and make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
and find acceptance there.

CXXXVII. *Salvation by grace in Christ*, 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

1. NOW to the pow'r of *God* supreme
Be everlasting honour giv'n;
He saves from hell, (we bless his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2. Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3. 'I was his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die:
He gave us grace in *Christ* his Son
Before he spread the starry sky.

4. *Jesus* the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5. He dies; and in that dreadful night
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroyed;
Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

CXXXVIII. *Saints in the hand of* Christ, John x. 28, 29.

1. FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
my *Lord*, my hope, my trust:
If I am found in *Jesus* hands
my soul can ne'er be lost.

2. His honour is engag'd to save
the meanest of his sheep:
All that his heav'nly Father gave
his hands securely keep.

3. Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
his fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
they must for ever rest.

CXXXIX. *Hope in the covenant*: or, God's *promise and truth unchangeable*, Heb. vi. 17——19.

1. HOW oft have sin and satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my *God*!

But everlasting is thy love
And *Jesus* seals it with his blood.

2. The oath and promise of the *Lord*
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3. Amidst temptation sharp and long
My soul to this dear refuge flies:
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4. The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging *God*
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

CXL. *A living and a dead faith*, collected from several scriptures.

1. MISTALEN souls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
while they are slaves to lust.

2. Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
if faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
to *Christ* the living head.

3. 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
and lifts the thoughts above.

4. 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
by a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail
in the decisive hour.

[5. Faith muſt obey her Father's will,
as well as truſt his grace;
A pard'ning *God* is jealous ſtill
for his own holineſs.

6. When from the curſe he ſets us free,
he makes our natures clean;
Nor would he ſend his Son to be
the miniſter of ſin.

7. His ſpirit purifies our frame,
and ſeals our peace with *God*:
Jeſus, and his ſalvation, came
by water and by blood.]

CXLI. *The humiliation and exaltation of* Chriſt. Iſa. liii. 1.—5, 10—12.

1. WHO has believ'd thy word,
or thy ſalvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty *Lord*,
and glorify thy Son.

2. The *Jews* eſteem'd him here
too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
and his companion, grief.

3. They turn'd their eyes away,
and treated him with ſcorn;
But 'twas their grief upon him lay,
their ſorrows he has borne.

4. 'Twas for the ſtubborn *Jews*,
and *Gentiles* then unknown,
The *God* of juſtice pleas'd to bruiſe
his beſt beloved Son.

5. "But I'll prolong his days,
"and make his kingdom ſtand;
"My pleaſure (ſaith the *God* of grace)
"ſhall proſper in his hand.

[6. " His joyful soul shall see
" the purchase of his pain,
" And by his knowledge justify
" the guilty sons of men.]

[7. " Ten thousand captive slaves,
" releas'd from death and sin,
" Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
" and own his pow'r divine.]

[8. " Heav'n shall advance my Son.
" to joys that earth deny'd:
" Who saw the follies men had done,
" and bore their sins, and dy'd."]

CXLII. *The same,* Isa. liii. 6—9. 12.

1. LIKE sheep we went astray,
and broke the fold of *God*,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
but all the downward road.

2. How dreadful was the hour
when *God* our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
upon the shepherd's head.

3. How glorious was the grace,
when *Christ* sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the shepherd pays
a ransom for the flock.

4. His honour and his breath
were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
and made as vile as they.

5. But *God* shall raise his head
o'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous seed
to recompense his pain.

6. *I'll give him* (saith the Lord)
a portion with the strong ;
He shall possess a large reward,
and hold his honours long.

CXLIII. *Characters of the children of* God* from several Scriptures.

1. SO new-born babes desire the breast,
to feed, and grow, and thrive ;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
and by the gospel live.

[2. With inward gust their heart approves
all that the world relates ;
They love the men their Father loves,
and hate the works he hates.]

[3. Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
can make them slaves to lust :
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
nor grovel in the dust.

4. Not all the chains the tyrants use
shall blind their souls to vice :
Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce
a thousand victories.]

[5. Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
abides and reigns within ;
Immortal principles forbid
the sons of *God* to sin.]

[6. Not by the terrors of a slave
do they perform his will,
But with the noblest pow'rs they have
his sweet commands fulfil]

7. They find access at ev'ry hour
to *God* within the vail ;
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
and joys that never fail.

8. O happy ſouls! O glorious ſtate
of over-flowing grace!
To dwell ſo near the Father's ſeat,
and ſee his lovely face!

9. *Lord*, I addreſs thy heav'nly throne:
call me child of thine;
Send down the ſpirit of thy Son
to form my heart divine.

10. There ſhed thy choiceſt loves abroad,
and make my comforts ſtrong;
Then ſhall I ſay, *my Father, God*,
with an unwav'ring tongue.

CXLIV. *The witneſſing and ſealing Spirit*, Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

1. WHY ſhould the children of a King,
go mourning all their days!
Great Comforter, deſcend and bring
ſome tokens of thy grace.

2. Doſt thou not dwell in all the ſaints,
and ſeal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou baniſh my complaints,
and ſhew my ſins forgiv'n?

3. Aſſure my conſcience of her part
in the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witneſs with my heart,
that I am born of *God*.

4. Thou art the earneſt of his love,
the pledge of joy to come;
And thy ſoft wings, celeſtial dove,
will ſafe convey me home.

CXLV. Chriſt *and* Aaron, Heb. vii. *and* ix.

1. JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
a thouſand glories more

Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
the sons of *Aaron* wore.

2. The first their own burnt-off'rings brought
to purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
and all thy nature clean.

[3. Fresh blood as constant as the day
was on their altar spilt ;
But thy one off'ring takes away
for ever all our guilt.]

[4. Their priesthood ran thro' several hands,
for mortal was their race ;
Thy never-changing office stands,
eternal as thy days.]

[5. Once in the circuit of a year,
with blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears,
before the golden throne :

6. But *Christ*, by his own pow'rful blood,
ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our *God*,
shows his own sacrifice.]

7. *Jesus*, the King of glory, reigns
on *Sion*'s heav'nly hill ;
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
and wears his priesthood still.

8. He ever lives to intercede
before his Father's face :
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
nor doubt thy Father's grace.

CXLVI. *Characters of Christ*, borrowed from inanimate things in Scripture.

1. GO, worship at *Immanuel's* feet,
See in his face what wonders meet !

Earth is too narrow to expreſs
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

[2. The whole creation can afford
But ſome faint ſhadows of my *Lord*:
Nature, to make her beauties known,
Muſt mingle colours not her own.]

[3. Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear *Lord*, our ſouls would thus be fed;
That fleſh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

[4. Is he a Tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That right'ous Branch, that fruitful Bough,
Is *David*'s Root and offſpring too.]

[5. Is he a Roſe? Not *Sharon* yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields;
Or if the Lily he aſſume,
The vallies bleſs the rich perfume.]

[6. Is he a Vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a laſting union join
My ſoul to *Chriſt* the living vine!]

[7. Is he the Head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The ſaints below, and ſaints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

[8. Is he a Fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of ſin and death:
Theſe waters all my ſoul renew,
And cleanſe my ſpotted garments too.]

[9. Is he a Fire? He'll purge my droſs:
But the true gold ſuſtains no loſs;
Like a refiner ſhall he ſit,
And tread the refuſe with his feet.]

[10. Is he a Rock? How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desart thro'.]

[11. Is he a Way? He leads to *God*,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
'Till I arrive at *Sion*'s hill.]

[12. Is he a Door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

[13. Is he design'd a Corner-stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

[14. Is he a Temple? I adore
Th' indwelling Majesty and pow'r;
And still to his most holy place,
Where'er I pray, I turn my face.]

[15. Is he a Star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the Morning-star.]

[16. Is he a Sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and right'ousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chace their clouds, and dry their tears.]

17. O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate *God*.

18. Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;

His beauties we can never trace,
'Till we behold him face to face.

CXLVII. *The names and titles of* Christ, from several Scriptures.

[1. 'TIS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my *Lord*;
Nor art nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of Majesty.

2. Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays;
Th' eternal *God*'s eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.]

3. The King of Kings, the *Lord* most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh:
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4. Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The *Lamb* resents his injur'd love;
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And *Judah's* lion tears the prey.

5. But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and life of men;
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6. With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

7. At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends;
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

CXLVIII. *The same as the* cxlvii. Psalm.

[1. WITH chearful voice I sing
The titles of my *Lord*,
And borrow all the names
Of honour from his word;
Nature and art
Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms
Of Majesty.

2. In *Jesus* we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' eternal *God's*
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.]

3. The Sov'reign King of Kings,
The *Lord* of Lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is call'd
The word of *God*:
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4. Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry *Lamb* resents
Th' injuries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar
And tear the prey.

5. But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,

What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
Light of the world,
And life of men;
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.

6. Immense compassion reigns
In our *Immanuel*'s heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part:
He is a friend,
And brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

7. At length the *Lord*, the Judge,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favourites and friends.
Then shall the saints
Completely prove
The heighths and depths
Of all his love.

CXLIX. *The offices of* Christ, from several Scriptures.

1. JOIN all the names, of love and pow'r,
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set *Immanuel*'s glory forth.

2. But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

[3. The Angel of the cov'nant stands
With his commission in his hands,

Sent from his Father's milder throne
To make the great salvation known.]

[4. Great Prophet, let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, or sin forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]

[5. My bright example, and my guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!]

[6. I love my shepherd, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]

[7. My surety undertakes my cause,
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My surety paid the dreadful debt.]

[8. *Jesus*, my great High-priest, has dy'd;
I seek no sacrifice beside:
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

[9. My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by:
Not all the earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

[10. My *Lord*, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

[11. Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of Salvation leads:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.]

12. Shold death and hell, and pow'rs unknown
Put all their forms of miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe; for *Chriſt* diſplays
Salvation in more ſov'reign ways.

CL. *The ſame as the* cxlviii. Pſalm.

1. JOIN all the glorious names,
Of wiſdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore,
All are too mean
To ſpeak his worth,
Too mean to ſet
My Saviour forth.

2. But O what gentle terms,
What condeſcending ways,
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder ſee
What forms of love
He bears for me.

[3. Arrayed in mortal fleſh
He like an angel ſtands,
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hands,
Commiſſion'd from
His father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.]

[4. Great prophet of my *God*,
My tongue would bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came;
The joyful news,
Of ſins forgiv'n,

Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.]

[5. Be thou my counsellor,
My pattern, and my guide;
And thro' this desart land
Still keep me near thy side:
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove nor seek
The crooked way!

[6. I love my shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.]

[7. To this dear surety's hand,
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His father's broken laws.
Behold my soul
At freedom set!
My surety paid
The dreadful debt.]

[8. *Jesus* my great high priest
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the throne.]

[9. My advocate appears
For my defence on high,

The father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by:
Not all that hell
Or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.]

[10. My dear almighty *Lord*,
My conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the pow'r
Behold I sit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.]

[11 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint
Shall win the day
Tho' death and hell
Obstruct the way.]

12. Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe;
For *Christ* displays
Superior pow'r
And guardian grace.

The end of the FIRST BOOK.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK II.

Compoſed on divine Subjects.

I. *A ſong of praiſe to* God *from* Great-Britain.

1. NATURE with all her pow'rs ſhall ſing
God the Creator and the King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor ſkies nor ſeas,
Deny the tribute of their praiſe.

[2. Begin to make his glories known,
Ye ſeraphs that ſit near his throne,
Tune your harps high, and ſpread the ſound
To the creation's utmoſt bound.]

[3. All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilſt with our ſouls and with our voice
We ſing his honours and our joys.]

[4. To him be ſacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave:

Our lips ſhall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.]

[5. This *Northern* iſle, our native land,
Lies ſafe in the Almighty's hand;
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.

6. He builds and guards the *Britiſh* throne,
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our ſucceſſive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]

7. Raiſe monumental praiſes high,
To him that thunders thro' the ſky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aſpiring tyrant down,

[8. Pillars of laſting braſs proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the *God* of war.]

9. Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftieſt thoughts and loudeſt ſongs:
Britain, pronounce with warmeſt joy
Hoſanna from ten thouſand tongues.

10. Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The ſtrongeſt notes that angels raiſe
Faint in the worſhip and the praiſe.

II. *The death of a ſinner.*

1. MY thoughts on awful ſubjects roll,
damnation and the dead:
What horrors ſeize the guilty ſoul,
upon a dying bed!

2. Ling'ring about theſe mortal ſhores
ſhe makes a long delay,

'Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
death sweeps the wretch away.

3. Then, swift and dreadful, she descends
down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
herself a frightful ghost.

4. There endless crowds of sinners lie,
and darkness makes their chains,
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
yet wait for fiercer pains.

5. Not all their anguish and their blood
for their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a *God*
shall hearken to their groans.

6. Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
nor bid my soul remove,
'Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death
and well insur'd his love!

III. *The death and burial of a saint.*

1. WHY do we mourn departing friends?
or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that *Jesus* sends
to call them to his arms.

2. Are we not tending upward too
as fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
to keep us from our love.

3. Why should we tremble to convey
their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of *Jesus* lay,
and left a long perfume.

4. The graves of all his saints he blest,
and soften ev'ry bed:

Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
but with the dying head?

5. Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
and ſhew'd our feet the way:
Up to the *Lord* our fleſh ſhall fly,
at the great riſing day.

6. Then let the laſt loud trumpet ſound,
and bid our kindred riſe;
Awake, ye nations, under ground,
ye ſaints, aſcend the ſkies.

IV. *Salvation in the croſs.*

HERE at thy croſs, my dying *God*,
I lay my ſoul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jeſus, nor ſhall it e'er remove.

2. Not all that tyrants think or ſay,
With rage and light'ning in their eyes;
Nor hell ſhall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions riſe.

3. Should worlds conſpire to drive me thence,
Moveleſs and firm this heart ſhould lie;
Reſolv'd, (for that's my laſt defence)
If I muſt periſh, there to die.

4. But ſpeak, my *Lord*, and calm my fear;
Am I not ſafe beneath thy ſhade?
Thy vengeance will not ſtrike me here,
Nor ſatan dare my ſoul invade.

5. Yes, I'm ſecure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes ſhall loſe their aim!
Hoſanna to my dying *God*,
And my beſt honours to his name.

V. *Longing to praiſe* Chriſt *better.*

LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the ſharp ſorrows of thy ſoul,

And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by the croſs;

2. When I behold death, hell, and ſin,
Vanquiſh'd by that dear blood of thine,
And ſee the man that groan'd and dy'd
Sit glorious by his Father's ſide;

3. My paſſions riſe and ſoar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that *Gabriel* ſings.

4. But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal ſtrains;
And in ſuch humble notes as theſe
Muſt fall below thy victories.

5. Well, the kind minute muſt appear
When we ſhall leave theſe bodies here,
Theſe clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the ſongs above the ſky.

VI. *A morning ſong.*

1. ONCE more, my ſoul, the riſing day
ſalutes the waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
to him that rolls the ſkies.

2. Night unto night his name repeats,
the day renews the ſound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he ſits,
to turn the ſeaſons round.

3. 'Tis he ſupports my mortal frame,
my tongue ſhall ſpeak his praiſe;
My ſins would rouſe his wrath to flame,
and yet his wrath delays.

[4. On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
and I could ne'er withſtand:

Thy juſtice might have cruſh'd me dead,
but mercy held thine hand.

5. A thouſand wretched ſouls are fled
ſince the laſt ſetting ſun,
And yet thou lengthen'ſt out my thread,
and yet my moments run.]

6. Dear *God*, let all my hours be thine,
whilſt I enjoy the light;
Then ſhall my ſun in ſmiles decline,
and bring a pleaſant night.

VII. *An evening ſong.*

[1. DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning ſong
like holy incenſe riſe;
Aſſiſt the off'rings of my tongue
to reach the lofty ſkies.

2. Thro' all the dangers of the day
thy hand was ſtill my guard,
And ſtill to drive my wants away
thy mercy ſtood prepar'd.]

3. Perpetual bleſſings from above
encompaſs me around;
But O how few returns of love
hath my Creator found!

4. What have I done for him that dy'd
to ſave my wretched ſoul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
faſt as my minutes roll!

5. *Lord*, with this guilty heart of mine
to thy dear croſs I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign,
to be renew'd by thee.

6. Sprinkled afreſh with pard'ning blood
I lay me down to reſt,

As in the embraces of my *God*,
or on my Saviour's breast.

VIII. *A Hymn for morning or evening.*

1. HOSANNA, with a chearful sound,
to *God*'s upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
and yet secure we stand.

2. That was a most amazing pow'r,
that rais'd us with a word;
And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour
we lean upon the *Lord*.

3. The ev'ning rests our weary head,
and angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
that was not made our tomb.

4. The rising morning can't assure
that we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door
to seize our lives away.

5. Our breath is forfeited by sin
to *God*'s revenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
in ev'ry gasp we draw.

6. *God* is our sun, whose daily light
our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
beneath his shady wings.

IX. *Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of* Christ.

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
and did my Sov'reign die?

Would he devote that sacred head
for such a worm as I?

[2. Thy body slain, sweet *Jesus*, thine,
and bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
the glorious suff'rer stood!]

3. Was it for crimes that I had done
he groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
and love beyond degree!

4. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
and shut his glories in,
When *God*, the mighty Maker dy'd
for man the creature's sin.

5. Thus might I hid my blushing face
while his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
and melt my eyes in tears.

6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
the debt of love I owe;
Here, *Lord*, I give myself away,
'tis all that I can do.

X. *Parting with carnal joys.*

1. MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
and bids the world farewel;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
and mischievous as hell.

2. No longer will I ask your love,
nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
lies not within your pow'r.

3. There's nothing round this spacious earth,
that suits my large desire;

To boundleſs joy and ſolid mirth
my nobler thoughts aſpire.

[4. Where pleaſure rolls its living flood,
from ſin and droſs refin'd,
Still ſpringing from the throne of *God*,
and fit to chear the mind.

5. Th' almighty ruler of the ſphere,
the glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-ſufficience there,
to make our bleſs complete.]

9. Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There ſits my Saviour dreſt in love,
and there my ſmiling *God*.

XI. *The ſame.*

1. I Send the joys of earth away;
Away ye tempters of the mind,
Falſe as the ſmooth deceitful ſea,
And empty as the whiſtling wind.

2. Your ſtreams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black deſpair;
And whilſt I liſten'd to your ſong,
Your ſtreams had e'en convey'd me there.

3. *Lord*, I adore thy matchleſs grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyſs;
That drew me from thoſe treach'rous ſeas,
And bid me ſeek ſuperior bliſs.

4. Now to the ſhining realms above
I ſtretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper ſkies!

5. There, from the boſom of my *God*,
Oceans of endleſs pleaſures roll;

There would I fix my laſt abode,
And drown the ſorrows of my ſoul.

XII. Chriſt *is the ſubſtance of the* Levitical *prieſthood.*

1. THE true *Meſſiah* now appears:
the types are all withdrawn;
So fly the ſhadows and the ſtars
before the riſing dawn.

2. No ſmoking ſweets, nor bleeding lambs,
nor kid nor bullock ſlain;
Incenſe and ſpice of coſtly names
would all be burnt in vain.

3. *Aaron* muſt lay his robes away,
his mitre and his veſt,
When *God* himſelf comes down to be
the Off'ring and the Prieſt.

4. He took our mortal fleſh to ſhow
the wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
and prays for us above.

5. *Father*, he cries, *forgive their ſins,*
for I myſelf have dy'd;
And then he ſhows his open'd veins,
and pleads his wounded ſide.

XIII. *The creation, preſervation, diſſolution, and reſtoration of this world.*

1. SING to the *Lord*, that built the ſkies,
The *Lord* that rear'd the ſtately frame;
Let half the nations ſound his praiſe,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2. He form'd the ſeas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry duſt,

Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

3. Now, from his high imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4. Thus shall this moving engine last
'Till all his saints are gather'd in;
Then for the trumpets dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again!

5. Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And light'ning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

XIV. *The* Lord's *day*; or, *delight in ordinances.*

1. WElcome sweet day of rest,
that saw the *Lord* arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
and these rejoicing eyes!

2. The King himself comes near,
and feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
and love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day amidst the place
where my dear *God* hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
of pleasurable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
in such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
to everlasting bliss.

XV. *The enjoyment of* Christ; or, *delight in worship.*

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, *Lord*, from thee.

2. My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear *Jesus*, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

[3. The trees of life immortal stand
In flourishing rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs, by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4. Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And chear my heart with sacred wine!]

5. Bless'd *Jesus*, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

6. Hail, great *Immanuel*, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

XVI. *Part the second.*

7. LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame;
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

When I can say, My *God* is mine,
I can feel thy glories shine,

I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.

9. While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away,
A long, an everlasting day.

10. Well, we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coast of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

[11. There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet, now and then, dear *Lord*, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

12. Send comforts down from thy right-hand,
While we pass o' this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

XVII. God's *eternity*.

1. RISE, rise my soul, and leave the ground,
stretch all my thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound,
to praise th' eternal *God*.

2. Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or *Adam* form'd, or angels made,
the Maker liv'd alone:

3. His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
but still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling place,
and *Ever* is his time.

4. While like a tide our minutes flow,
the present and the past,

He fills his own immortal NOW,
and sees our ages waste.

5. The sea and sky must perish too,
and vast destruction come:
The creatures, look, how old they grow,
and wait their fiery doom!

6. Well, let the sea shrink all away,
and flame melt down the skies;
My *God* shall live an endless day,
when th' old creation dies.

XVIII. *The ministry of angels.*

1. HIGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat
And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2.* *Go*, saith the *Lord*, *my Gabriel, go*,
Salute the virgin's fruitful womb;
† *Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,*
Sing and proclaim the Saviour come.

3. ‡ Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around *Elisha* stands;
Anon a heav'nly soldier flies,
§ And breaks the chains from *Peter*'s hands.

4. Thy winged troops, O *God* of hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts.
Let angels be our convoy too.

5. ** Are they not all thy servants, *Lord*?
At thy command they go and come;
With chearful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13. ‡ 2 Kings vi. 17. § Acts xii. 7. ** Heb. i. 14.

XIX. *Our frail bodies, and* God *our preserver.*

1. LET others boast how strong they be,
nor death nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O *Lord*, to thee,
what feeble things we are.

2. Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
and flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
and fades the grass away.

3. Our life contains a thousand springs,
and dies if one be gone :
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
should keep in tune so long.

4. But 'tis our *God* supports our frame,
the *God* that built us first ;
Salvation to th' almighty name
that rear'd us from the dust,

[5. He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
in all their motions rose ;
Let blood, said he, *flow round the veins*,
and round the veins it flows.

6. While we have breath, or use our tongues,
our Maker we'll adore ;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
or they would breathe no more.]

XX. *Backslidings and returns* ; or, *the inconstancy of our love.*

1. WHY is my heart so far from thee,
my *God*, my chief delight ?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
with thee, no more by night ?

[2. Why should my foolish passion rove ?
where can such sweetness be,

As I have tasted in thy love,
as I have found in thee!]

3. When my forgetful soul renews
the favour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
the relish all my days.

4. But ere one fleeting hour is past,
the flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
and to pollute my joys.

[5. Trifles of nature, or of art,
with fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
and thrust me from thy arms.]

6. Then I repent and vex my soul
that I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll
that let a Saviour go?

[7. Sins promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
and I am drown'd in grief;
But my dear *Lord* returns again,
he flies to my relief;

8. Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
he draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion's in his eyes,
and pardon in his hands.]

[9. Wretch that I am, to wonder thus
in chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
rather than lose thy sight.]

[10. Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
and bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
my *God*, my Saviour's breast.]

XXI. *A song of praise to* God *the Redeemer.*

1. LET the old heathens tune their song
Of great *Diana* and of *Jove*;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2. Behold! a *God* descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell.
How the black gulph, where satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

3. How justice frown'd, and vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

4. Infinite lover, gracious *Lord*,
To thee be endless honours giv'n;
Thy wond'rous name shall be ador'd,
Round the wide earth, and wider heav'n.

XXII. *With* God *is terrible Majesty.*

1. TERRIBLE *God*, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

2. This the old rebel angels knew,
And satan fell beneath thy frown:
Thine arrows struck the traitor thro'
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

3. This *Sodom* felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load.
With endless burnings who can dwell,
Or bear the fury of a God?

4. Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,

Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his ſtrong hands ſhall cruſh you down.

5. And ye, bleſs'd ſaints, that love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heav'nly ſervants do.
God is a bright and burning flame.

XXIII. *The ſight of* God *and* Chriſt *in heaven.*

1. DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferior things,

2. Beyond, beyond this lower ſky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where ſolid pleaſures never die,
And fruits immortal feaſt the ſoul.

3. O for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight,
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There ſits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloath'd in a body like our own.

4. Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall:
The *God* ſhines gracious thro' the man,
And ſheds ſweet glories on them all!

5. O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they ſing,
And ſit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And ſpread the triumphs of their King!

6. When ſhall the day, dear *Lord*, appear
That I ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand and bow amongſt 'em there,
And view thy face, and ſing, and love?

XXIV. *The evil of sin visible in the fall of angels and men.*

WHEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2. High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall arch-angel, sat;
* Amongst the morning-stars he sung,
'Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.

[3. 'Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne;
Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies;
† *How art thou sunk in darkness down,*
Son of the morning, from the skies!]

4. And thus our two first parents stood,
'Till sin defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their *God*,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

[5. So sprung the plague from *Adam*'s bow'r,
And spread destruction all abroad,
Sin, the curs'd name, that in one hour
Spoil'd six days labour of a *God*.]

6. Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to thy *Lord* for quick relief:
Oh! may he slay this treach'rous guest.

7. Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise;
Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

XXV. *Complaining of spiritual sloth.*

1. MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
awake, my sluggish soul!

* Job xxxviii. 7. † Isa. xiv. 12.

Nothing has half thy work to do,
yet nothing's half so dull.

2. The little ants, for one poor grain,
labour, and tug, and strive;
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain,
how negligent we live!

3. We, for whose sake all nature stands,
and stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel-bands
come flying from above;

4. We, for whom *God* the Son came down,
and labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
he purchas'd with his blood!

5. *Lord*, shall we live so sluggish still,
and never act our parts!
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
and sit and warm our hearts.

6. Then shall our active spirits move,
upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith and wings of love
we'll fly and take the prize.

XXVI. God *invisible*.

1. LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
we can't behold thy bright abode;
O 'tis beyond a creature mind,
To glance a thought half way to *God*.

2. Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3. The *Lord* of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,

And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4. Yet, glorious *Lord*, thy gracious eyes
Look through and chear us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

XXVII. *Praise ye him, all his angels,* Psal. cxlviii. 2.

1. GOD! the eternal awful name,
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And satan trembles when he hears;

2. Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling place;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3. 'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sov'reign King;

4. Tell how he shews his smiling face,
And cloaths all heav'n in bright array;
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

5. Speak (for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame;
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

[6. Sing of his pow'r and justice too,
That infinite right-hand of his,
That vanquish'd satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliss.]

[7. What mighty ſtorms of poiſon'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly jav'lins nailed their hearts
Faſt to the racks of long deſpair!]

[8. Shout to your King, you heav'nly hoſt;
You that beheld the ſinking foe,
(Firmly ye ſtood when they were loſt)
Praiſe the rich grace that kept ye ſo;]

9. Proclaim his wonders from the ſkies;
Let ev'ry diſtant nation hear;
And while you ſound his lofty praiſe,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

XXVIII. *Death and eternity.*

1. STOOP down, my thoughts, that uſe to riſe,
converſe a while with death:
Think how a gaſping mortal lies,
and pants away his breath:

2. His quiv'ring lip hangs feeble down,
his pulſes faint and few,
Then ſpeechleſs, with a doleful groan,
he bids the world adieu.

3. But oh, the ſoul that never dies!
at once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts purſue it where it flies,
and track its wond'rous way.

4. Up to the courts where angels dwell
it mounts triumphing there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
in infinite deſpair.

5. And muſt my body faint and die:
and muſt this ſoul remove?
Oh, for ſome guardian-angel nigh,
to bear it ſafe above!

6. *Jesus*, to thy dear faithful hand
my naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
to drop into my dust.

XXIX. *Redemption by price and power.*

1. JESUS, with all thy saints above
my tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
and sing thy bleeding heart.

2. Bless'd be the *Lamb*, my dearest *Lord*,
who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his father's flaming sword
in his own vital flood;

3. The *Lamb* that freed my captive soul
from satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
where hell and horror reigns.

4. All glory to the dying *Lamb*,
and never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
or saints to feel his grace.

XXX. *Heavenly joy on earth.*

1. COME, we that love the *Lord*,
and let our joy be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
and thus surround the throne.

2. The sorrows of the mind
be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
to make our pleasures less.

3. Let those refuse to sing
that never knew our *God*;

But fav'rites of the heav'nly King,
may ſpeak their joys abroad.

[4. The *God* that rules on high,
and thunders when he pleaſe,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
and manages the ſeas.]

5. This awful *God* is ours,
our father and our love;
He ſhall ſend down his heav'nly pow'rs
to carry us above.

6. There we ſhall ſee his face,
and never, never ſin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
drink endleſs pleaſures in.

7. Yes, and before we riſe
to that immortal ſtate,
The thonghts of ſuch amazing bliſs
ſhould conſtant joys create.

[8. The men of grace have found
glory begun below;
Celeſtial fruits, on earthly ground,
from faith and hope may grow.

9. The hill of *Sion* yields
a thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
or walk the golden ſtreets.

10, Then let our ſongs abound,
and ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' *Immanuel*'s ground
to fairer worlds on high.]

XXXI. Chriſt's *preſence makes death eaſy.*

1. WHY ſhould we ſtart and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are

Death is the gate of endleſs joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2. The pains, the groans, and dying ſtrife,
Fright our approaching ſouls away;
Still we ſhrink back again to life,
Fond of our priſon and our clay.

3. Oh! if my *Lord* would come and meet,
My ſoul ſhould ſtretch her wings in haſte,
Fly fearleſs thro' death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as ſhe paſs'd.

4. *Jeſus* can make a dying bed
Feel ſoft as downy pillars are,
While on his breaſt I lean my head,
And breath my life out ſweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and folly.*

1. HOW ſhort and haſty is our life!
how vaſt our ſouls affairs!
Yet ſenſeleſs mortals vainly ſtrive
to laviſh out their years.

2. Our days run thoughtleſsly along,
without a moments ſtay;
Juſt like a ſtory or a ſong
we paſs our lives away.

3. *God* from on high invites us home,
but we march heedleſs on;
And, ever haſt'ning to the tomb,
ſtoop downwards as we run.

4. How we deſerve the deepeſt hell,
that ſlight the joys above!
What change of vengeance ſhould we feel
that break ſuch cords of love!

5. Draw us O *God*, with ſov'reign grace,
and lift our thoughts on high,

That we may end this mortal race,
and see salvation nigh.

XXXIII. *The blessed society in Heaven.*

1. RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run
thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,
And say, there's nought below the sun
that's worthy of thy feet.

[2. Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
and tread the courts above :
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
shall tempt our meanest love.]

3. There, on a high majestic throne,
th' almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
on all the blissful plains.

4. Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
and spreads eternal noon :
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights,
to want the feeble moon.

5. Amidst those ever-shining skies
behold the sacred Dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
from all th' realms of love.

6. The glorious tenants of the place
stand bending round the throne ;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
the infinite Three-One.

[7. But oh, what beams of heav'nly grace
transport them all the while !
Ten thousand smiles from *Jesus* face,
and love in ev'ry smile !]

8. *Jesus*, and when shall that dear day,
that joyful hour, appear,

When I shall leave this house of clay,
to dwell amongst 'em there ?

XXXIV. *Breathing after the holy Spirit*; or, *fervency of devotion desired.*

1. COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
with all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
in these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look how we grovel here below,
fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
to reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
in vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
and our devotion dies.

4. Dear *Lord!* and shall we ever live
at this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
and thine to us so great ?

5. Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
with all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
and that shall kindle ours.

XXXV. *Praise to* God *for creation and redemption.*

1. LET them neglect thy glory, *Lord*,
who never knew thy grace;
But our loud song shall still record
the wonders of thy praise.

2. We raise our shouts, O *God*, to thee,
and send them to thy throne;

All glory to th' United *Three*,
the Undivided *One*.

3. 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
that form'd us by a word;
'Tis he reſtor'd our ruin'd frame:
ſalvation to the *Lord*.

4. Hoſanna! let the earth and ſkies
repeat the joyful ſound;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
in one eternal round.

XXXVI. Chriſt's *interceſſion*.

1. WELL, the Redeemer's gone
t' appear before a *God*;
To ſprinkle o'er the flaming throne
with his attoning blood.

2. No fiery vengeance now,
no burning wrath comes down:
If juſtice calls for ſinners blood,
the Saviour ſhews his own.

3. Before his Father's eye
our humble ſuit he moves;
The Father lays the thunder by,
and looks, and ſmiles, and loves.

4. Now may our joyful tongues
our Maker's honour ſing:
Jeſus, the Prieſt, receives our ſongs,
and bears 'em to the King.

[5. We bow before his face,
and ſound his glories high;
" Hoſanna to the *God* of Grace
" that lays his thunder by.]

6. " On earth thy mercy reigns,
" and triumphs all above:"

But, *Lord*, how weak our mortal ſtrains
to ſpeak immortal love!

[7. How jarring, and how low,
are all the notes we ſing!
Sweet Saviour, tune our ſongs anew,
and they ſhall pleaſe the King.]

XXXVII. *The ſame.*

1. LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly ſeat
where your Redeemer ſtays;
Kind Interceſſor, there he ſits,
and loves, and pleads, and prays.

2. 'Twas well, my ſoul, he dy'd for thee,
and ſhed his vital blood,
Appeas'd ſtern juſtice on the tree,
and then aroſe to *God*.

3. Petitions now, and praiſe may riſe,
and ſaints, their off'rings bring;
The Prieſt, with his own ſacrifice,
preſents them to the King.

[4. Let papiſts truſt what names they pleaſe,
their ſaints and angels boaſt;
We've no ſuch advocates as theſe,
nor pray to th' heav'nly hoſt.]

5. *Jeſus* alone ſhall bear my cries
up to his Father's throne:
He (deareſt *Lord!*) perfumes my ſighs,
and ſweetens ev'ry groan.

[6. Ten thouſand praiſes to the King,
Hoſanna in the high'ſt;
Ten thouſand thanks our ſpirits bring
to *God* and to his *Chriſt*.]

XXXVIII. *Love to God.*

1. HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
where love inſpires the breaſt:
Love is the brighteſt of the train,
and ſtrengthens all the reſt.

2. Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
and all in vain our fear;
Our ſtubborn ſins will fight and reign,
if love be abſent there.

3. 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet
in ſwift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
but ſatan cannot love.

4. This is the grace that lives and ſings
when faith and hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings
in the ſweet t'alms of bliſs.

5. Before we quite forſake our clay,
or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
to ſee our ſmiling *God*.

XXXIX. *The ſhortneſs and miſery of life.*

1. OUR days, alas! our mortal days,
are ſhort and wretched too;
Evil and few,* the patriarch ſays,
and well the patriarch knew.

2. 'Tis but at beſt a narrow bound
that heav'n allows to men;
And pains and ſins run thro' the round
of threeſcore years and ten.

3. Well, if ye muſt be ſad and few,
run on, my days, in haſte;

* Gen. xlvii, 9.

Moments of sin, and months of woe,
ye cannot fly too fast.

4. Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
and call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
and glory never dies.

XL. *Can comfort in the covenant made with* Christ.

1. OUR *God* how firm his promise stands,
ev'n when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
his glory and his grace.

2. Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
since *Christ* and we are one?
Thy *God* is faithful to his saints,
is faithful to his Son.

3. Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
and part of heav'n possess'd;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
and trust him for the rest.

XLI. *A sight of* God *mortifies us to the world.*

[1. UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2. Thy pond'rous blood, dear dying *Christ*,
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And thou can'st bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!

3. O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be?
How despicable to my eyes?]

4. Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vaniſh ſoon,
Vaniſh, as tho' I ſaw 'em not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5. Then they might fight and rage, and rave,
I ſhould perceive the noiſe no more
Than we can hear a ſhaking leaf
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6. Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs ſhall bow and ſing
Thine endleſs grandeur and thy grace.

XLII. *Delight in* God.

1. MY *God*, what endleſs pleaſures dwell
above at thy right-hand!
The courts below, how amiable,
where all thy graces ſtand!

2. The ſwallow near thy temple lies,
and chirps a chearful note;
The lark mounts upwards tow'rd thy ſkies,
and tunes her warbling throat.

3. And we, when in thy preſence, *Lord*,
we ſhout with joyful tongues;
Or ſitting round our Father's board,
we crown the feaſt with ſongs.

4. While *Jeſus* ſhines with quick'ning grace,
we ſing and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
we faint and tire, and die.

[5. Juſt as we ſee the loneſome dove
bemoan her widow'd ſtate,
Wand'ring, ſhe flies thro' all the grove,
and mourns her loving mate.

6. Just so our thoughts, from thing to thing,
in restless circles rove;
Just so we droop, and hang the wing,
when *Jesus* hides his love.]

XLIII. Christ's *sufferings and glory.*

1. NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great *Jehovah*'s equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2. Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.

[3. Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
He came t'atone almighty wrath:
Jesus, the God, was born to die.]

[4. Hell and its lions roar'd around;
His precious blood the monsters spilt,
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

5. Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6. Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace,
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face!

7. Amongst a thousand harps and tongues
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

XLIV. *Hell*; or, *the vengeance of* God.

1. WITH holy fear, and humble song,
The dreadful *God* our souls adore:
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his pow'r.

2. Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

[3. Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts t'inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls.

4. There Satan the first sinner lies,
And roars and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]

5. There guilty ghosts of *Adam*'s race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful *God*.

6. Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

XLV. God's *condescension to our worship*.

1. THY favours, *Lord*, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What can'st thou find beneath the poles,
To temp thy chariot downward thus?

2. Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with *Gabriel*'s songs;
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

3. G - at God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine?
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compassion's all divine.

XLVI. GOD's *condescension to human affairs.*

1. UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

[2. He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending *God*!]

[3. *God*, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to the earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downwards too.]

4. He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of Kings
Bestows his councils and his cares.

5. Our sorrow and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our *God*;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

6. In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow worm.

7. Oh! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

XLVII. *Glory and grace in the person of Christ.*

1. NOW to the *Lord*, a noble song!
Awake my soul: awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his bonndless love proclaim.

2. See, where it shines in *Jesus'* face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3. The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful *God*;
And thy rich glories, from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

4. But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands.
The pleasing lustre of his eyes,
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at *Jesus'* name:
Ye angels dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground!

6. O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

XLVIII. *Love to the creatures is dangerous.*

1. HOW vain are all things here below!
how false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
and ev'ry sweet a snare.

2. The brightest things below the sky
give but a flatt'ring light;

We should suspect some danger nigh
where we possess delight.

3. Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
the partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
and leave but half for *God!*

4. The fondness of a creature's love,
how strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
nor can we call 'em thence!

5. Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
my soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
from all created good.

XLIX. Moses *dying in the embraces of* God.

1. DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
if *God* be with us there;
We may walk thro' our darkest shade,
and never yield to fear.

2. I could renounce my all below,
if my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
and die as *Moses* did.

3. Might I but climb to *Pisgah*'s top,
and view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself should long to drop,
and pray for the command.

4. Clasp'd in my heav'nly father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
of so divine a death.

L. *Comforts under sorrows and pains.*

1. NOW let the *Lord* my Saviour smile,
And shew my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains a while,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

2. But Oh! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed *Jesus* frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die
And all the springs of life are down.

3. Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.

4. My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name:
I'd rather have it there impress'd,
Than in the bright records of fame.

5. When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the *Lamb*'s fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal father's hand.

6. Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and and down the hill.

LI. *God the Son, equal with the Father.*

1. BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful *God!*
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

[2. Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sway
All nature with a sov'reign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior *Lord.*]

[3. Mercy and truth unite in one,
And, smiling, sit at thy right-hand;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4. A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

5. Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with *God*.

6. Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is forever one;
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father *God*, and *God* the Son.

7. Then let the name of *Christ* our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own the *Lord*.

LII. *Death dreadful, or delightful.*

1. DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
to those that have no *God*,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
to seek her last abode.

2. In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes;
but guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
to darkness, fire, and pain.

3. Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell?
let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
a long *for ever* there.

4. See how the pit gapes wide for you,
and flashes in your face;

And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
and sing recov'ring grace.

5. He is a *God* of sov'reign love,
that promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
where happy spirits be.

6. Prepare me, *Lord*, for thy right-hand,
then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and some celestial band,
to bear my soul away.

LIII. *The pilgrimage of the saints*; or, *earth and heaven.*

1. LORD! what a wretched land is this,
that yields us no supply,
No chearing fruits, no wholesome trees,
nor streams of living joy?

2. But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
and mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found
with dang'rous waters flow.

3. Yet the dear path to thine abode
lies thro' this horrid land:
Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
and run at thy command.

[4. Our souls shall tread the desart thro'
with undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
the terrors that we meet.]

[5. A thousand savage beasts of prey
around the forest roam;
But *Judah*'s Lion guards the way,
and guides the strangers home.]

[6. Long nights and darkness dwell below,
with scarce a twinkling ray;

But the bright world to which we go
is everlasting day.]

[7. By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
we trace the sacred road;
Thro' dismal deeps, and dang'rous snares,
we make our way to *God*.]

8. Our journey is a thorny maze;
but we march upward still,
Forget these troubles of the ways,
and reach at *Sion's* hill.

[9. See the kind angels at the gates,
inviting us to come!
There *Jesus*, the forerunner, waits
to welcome trav'llers home.]

10. There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
the labours of our feet.

[11. No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
and *God* rejoice to hear.]

12. Eternal glories to the King,
that brought us safely thro';
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
and endless praise renew.

LIV. God's *presence is light in darkness.*

1. MY *God*, the Spring of all my joys,
the life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
and comfort of my nights!

2. In darkest shades if he appear,
my dawning is begun!

He is my ſoul's ſweet Morning-ſtar,
and he my riſing-ſun.

3. The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
with beams of ſacred bliſs,
While *Jeſus* ſhews his heart is mine,
and whiſpers, *I am his.*

4. My ſoul would leave this heavy clay
at that tranſporting word,
Run up with joy the ſhining way
t' embrace my deareſt *Lord.*

5. Fearleſs of hell, and ghaſtly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe:
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
ſhould bear me conqu'ror thro'.

LV. *Frail life, and ſucceeding eternity.*

1. THEE we adore, eternal name,
and humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
what dying worms are we!

[2. Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
as months and days increaſe;
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell,
leaves but the number leſs.

3. The year rolls round, and ſteals away
the breath that firſt it gave;
Whate'er we do, where-e'er we be,
we're trav'lling to the grave.]

4. Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground,
to puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
to hurry mortals home.

5. Good God! on what a ſlender thread
hang everlaſting things!

Th' eternal states of all the dead
upon life's feeble strings.

6. Infinite joy or endless woe
attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
upon the brink of death!

7. Waken, O *Lord*, our drowsy sense,
to walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
may they be found with *God*.

LVI. *The misery of living without* God *in this world; or, vain prosperity.*

1. NO! I shall envy them no more
who grow profanely great,
Tho' they increase their golden store,
and rise to wond'rous height:

2. They taste of all the joys that grow
upon this earthly clod!
Well, they may search the creature thro'
for they have ne'er a *God*.

3. Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
and think your life your own:
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
to mow your glory down.

4. Yes, you must bow your stately head;
away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed,
to bear it to the skies.

5. Go now, and boast of all your stores,
and tell how bright you shine;
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
and my Redeemer's mine.

LVII. *The pleasures of a good conscience.*

1. LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2. The day glides swiftly o'er their heads.
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

[3. Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer ev'nings be.

4. How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow;
And longing hopes, and chearful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]

5. They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
That heav'n prepares for their delight.

6. While wretched we, like worms and moles
Lie grov'lling in the dust below,
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

LVIII. *The shortness of Life and the goodness of* God.

1. TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
and days how swift they are!
Swift as an *Indian* arrow flies,
or like a shooting star.

[2. The present moments just appear,
then slide away in haste,

That we can never say, *They're here*;
but only say, *They're past*.]

[3. Our life is ever on the wing,
and death is ever nigh:
The moment when our lives begin,
we all begin to die.]

4. Yet, mighty *God*! our fleeting days
thy lasting favours share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
thou load'st the rolling year.

5. 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
and we are cloath'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
that leads our souls above.

6. His goodness runs an endless round;
all glory to the *Lord*:
His mercy never knows a bound;
and be his name ador'd.

7. Thus we begin the lasting song;
and when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
'till time and nature dies.

LIX. *Paradise on Earth.*

1. GLORY to *God* that walks the sky,
and sends his blessings thro';
That tells his saints of joys on high,
and gives a taste below.

[2. Glory to *God* that stoops his throne,
that dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimse of glory down
around his sacred feet.

3. When *Christ*, with all his graces crown
sheds his kind beams abroad,

'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
and glory in the bud.

4. A blooming paradise of joy
in this wild desart springs;
And ev'ry sense I straight employ
on sweet celestial things.

5. White lilies all around appear,
and each his glory shows;
The rose of *Sharon* blossoms here,
the fairest flow'r that blows.

6. Chearful I feast on heav'nly fruit,
and drink the pleasures down,
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
of the eternal throne.]

7 But, ah! how soon my joys decay,
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heav'nly scene away
from these lamenting eyes!

8. When shall the time, dear *Jesus*, when
the shining day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
and guilt and darkness here?

9. Up to the fields above the skies
my hasty feet would go,
There everlasting flow'rs arise,
and joys unwith'ring grow.

LX. *The truth of God the promiser*; or, *the promises are our security.*

1. PRaise everlasting praise be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid:
Praise to the *God* whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2. Praise to the goodness of the *Lord*,
Who rules his people by his word,

And there, as ſtrong as his decrees,
He ſets his kindeſt promiſes.

[3. Firm as the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of *God*,
Who ſpoke, and ſpread the ſkies abroad;

4. Each of them pow'rful as that ſound
That bid the new made world go round;
And ſtronger than the ſolid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

5. Whence then ſhould doubts and fears ariſe?
Why trickling ſorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas, our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6. Oh for a ſtrong, a laſting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty ſaith!
T' embrace the meſſage of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

7. Then ſhould the earth's old pillars ſhake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our ſteady ſouls ſhould fear no more
Than ſolid rocks when billows roar.

8. Our everlaſting hopes ariſe
Above the ruinable ſkies,
Where the eternal builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r ſuſtains.

LXI. *A thought of death and glory.*

1. MY ſoul, come, meditate the day
and think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay,
and fly to unknown lands.

2. And you, mine eyes, look down and view
the hollow gaping tomb;

This gloomy prison waits for you,
whene'er the summons come.]

3. Oh! could we die with those that die,
and place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
and converse with the dead.

4. Then should we see the saints above
in their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
to dwell with mortal worms:

[5. How we should scorn these cloaths of flesh
these fetters, and this load;
And long for ev'ning, to undress,
that we may rest with *God*.]

6. We should almost forsake our clay
before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
to their eternal home.

LXII. *God the Thunderer*;—or, *the last judgment, and hell**.

1. SING to the *Lord*, ye heav'nly hosts
and thou, O earth, adore:
Let death and hell thro' all their coasts
stand trembling at his pow'r.

2. His sounding chariot shakes the sky;
he makes the clouds his throne,
There all his stores of light'ning lie,
till vengeance darts them down.

3. His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
and from his awful tongue
A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
and thunder roars along.

* Made in a great sudden storm of thunder, August the 20th 1697.

4. Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
when this incensed *God*.
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
and sling his wrath abroad!

5. What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
he once defy'd the *Lord*:
But he shall dread the thund'rer now,
and sink beneath his word.

6. Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
to blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
in one eternal storm.

LXIII. *A funeral thought.*

1. HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
my ears attend the cry,
"Ye living men, come view the ground
"where you must shortly lie.

2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"in spite of all your tow'rs:
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
"must lie as low as ours."

3. Great God! is this our certain doom!
and are we still secure!
Still walking downwards to our tomb,
and yet prepare no more!

4. Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
to fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
we'll rise above the sky.

LXIV. God *the glory and defence of* Zion.

1. HAPPY the Church, thou sacred place
The seat of thy Creator's grace:—

Thine holy courts are his abode ;
Thou earthly palace of our *God*.

2. Thy walls are ſtrength, and at thy gates,
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits ;
Nor ſhall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counſels and his love.

3. Thy foes in vain deſigns engage ;
Againſt his throne in vain they rage,
Like riſing waves with angry roar,
That daſh and die upon the more.

4. Then let our ſouls in *Zion* dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of *Rome* and hell :
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like braſen bulwarks built around.

5. *God* is our ſhield, and *God* our ſun ;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he ſheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brighteſt praiſe.

LXV. *The hopes of heaven our ſupport under trials on earth.*

1. WHEN I can read my title clear
to manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewel to ev'ry fear,
and wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth againſt my ſoul engage,
and helliſh darts be hurl'd,
Then I can ſmile at Satan's rage,
and face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
and ſtorms of ſorrow fall :
May I but ſafely reach my home,
my *God*, my heav'n, my all.

4. There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
in ſeas of heav'nly reſt,

And not a wave of trouble roll
across my peaceful breast.

LXVI. *A prospect of heaven makes death easy.*

1. THERE is a land of pure delight
where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
and pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting springs abides,
and never-with'ring flowrs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
this heav'nly land from ours.

[3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
stand drest in living green:
So to the *Jews* old *Canaan* stood,
while *Jordan* roll'd between.

4. But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
to cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
and fear to launch away.]

5. Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the *Canaan* that we love,
with unbeclouded eyes.

6. Could we but climb where *Moses* stood,
and view the landskip o'er,
Not *Jordan*'s stream, nor death's cold flood,
should fright us from the shore.

LXVII. God's *eternal dominion.*

1. GREAT *God!* how infinite art thou!
what worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
and pay their praise to thee.

2. Thy throne eternal ages ſtood,
ere ſeas or ſtars were made;
Thou art the ever-living *God*,
were all the nations dead.

3. Nature and time quite naked lie
to thine immenſe ſurvey,
From the formation of the ſky,
to the great burning day.

4. Eternity, with all its years,
ſtands preſent in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
great *God!* there's nothing new.

5. Our lives thro' various ſcenes are drawn,
and vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
thine undiſturb'd affairs.

6. Great *God!* how infinite art thou!
what worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
and pay their praiſe to thee.

LXVIII. *The humble worſhip of heaven.*

1. FAther, I long, I faint to ſee
the place of thine abode;
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
up to thy ſeat, my *God!*

2. Here I behold thy diſtant face,
and 'tis a pleaſing ſight;
But to abide in thine embrace,
is infinite delight.

3. I'd part with all the joys of ſenſe,
to gaze upon thy throne;
Pleaſure ſprings freſh for ever thence;
unſpeakable, unknown.

[4. There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,
in shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigour in
with wonder and with love.

5. Then at thy feet with awful fear,
th' adorning armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
before th' eternal all.

6. There I would vie with all the host
in duty and in bliss;
When less than nothing I could boast,
* and vanity confess.]

7. The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
the humbler I shall lie;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
unmeasurably high.

LXIX. *The faithfulness of* God *in the premises.*

[1. BEgin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme
and speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name,
of our eternal King.

2. Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
and sound his pow'r abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
and the performing *God.*

3. Proclaim *salvation from the* Lord
for wretched dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred word
with an immortal pen.

4. Engrav'd as in eternal brass
the mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness rase
those everlasting lines.]

* Isaiah xl. 17.

[5. He that can dash whole worlds to death,
and make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
fulfills his great decrees.

6. His very word of grace is strong,
as that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
speaks all the promises.

7. He said, *Let the wide Heaven be spread,*
and Heav'n was stretch'd abroad:
Abra'm I'll be thy God, he said,
and he was *Abra'm's* God.

8. Oh, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
but whisper, *Thou art mine!*
Those gentle words should raise my song
to notes almost divine.

9. How would my leaping heart rejoice,
and think my heav'n secure!
I trust the all-creating voice,
and faith desires no more.]

LXX. God's *dominion over the sea,* Psalm cvii. 23, *&c.*

1. GOD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.

2. If but a *Moses* wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its *God*;
The stormy flood their Maker knew,
And led his chosen armies thro'.

3. The scaly flocks amidst the sea
To thee, their *Lord,* a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praise to *God.*

[4. The larger monſters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permiſion, ſport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5. If *God* his voice of tempeſt rears,
Leviathan lies ſtill and fears;
Anon he liſts his noſtrils high,
And ſpouts the ocean to the ſky.]

6. How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Amidſt theſe watry nations, *Lord!*
Yet the bold men that trace the ſeas,
Bold men refuſe their Maker's praiſe.

[7. What ſcenes of miracles they ſee,
And never tune a ſong to thee!
While on the flood they ſafely ride,
They curſe the hand that ſmooths the tide.

8. Anon they plunge in watry graves,
And ſome drink death among the waves:
Yet the ſurviving crew blaſpheme,
Nor own the *God* that reſcu'd them.]

9. Oh, for ſome ſignal of thine hand!
Shake all the ſeas, *Lord*, ſhake the land;
Great Judge, deſcend leſt men deny
That there's a *God* that rules the ſky.

LXXI. *Praiſe to* God *from all creatures.*

1. THE glories of my maker, *God*,
my joyful voice ſhall ſing,
And call the nations to adore
their Former and their King.

2. 'Twas his right-hand that ſhap'd our clay,
and wrought this human frame;

From the 70th to the 108th Hymn. I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the firſt and third lines of the ſtanza.

But from his own immediate breath
our nobler ſpirits came.

3. We bring our mortal pow'rs to *God*,
and worſhip with our tongues;
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
and join th' angelic ſongs.

4. Let grov'ling beaſts of ev'ry ſhape,
and fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and ſeas,
their various tribute bring.

5. The planets, to his honour ſhine,
and wheels of nature roll;
Praiſe him in your unweary'd courſe
around the ſteady pole.

6. The brightneſs of our Maker's name
the wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
beyond the heav'nly hills.

LXXII. *The* Lord's *day*; or, *the reſurrection of* Chriſt.

1. BLeſt morning, whoſe young dawning rays
beheld our riſing *God*:
That ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt,
and leave his laſt abode.

2. In the cold priſon of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the devolving ſkies had brought
the third, th' appointed day.

3. Hell and the grave unite their force
to hold our *God* in vain,
The ſleeping Conqueror aroſe,
and burſt their feeble chain.

4. To thy great name, almighty *Lord*,
theſe ſacred hours we pay,

And loud hoſannas ſhall proclaim
the triumph of the day.

[5. Salvation and immortal praiſe
to our victorious King;
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and ſeas,
with glad hoſannas ring.]

LXXIII. *Doubts ſcattered*; or, *ſpiritual joy reſtored.*

HENCE from my ſoul, ſad thoughts, begone,
and leave me to my joys;
My tongue ſhall triumph in my *God*,
and make a joyful noiſe.

2. Darkneſs and doubts had veil'd my mind,
and drown'd my head in tears,
'Till ſov'reign grace, with ſhining rays,
diſpell'd my gloomy fears.

3. Oh, what immortal joys I felt,
and raptures all divine,
When *Jeſus*, told me, I was his,
and my beloved mine!

4. In vain the tempter frights my ſoul,
and breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpſe, dear Saviour, of thy face
revives my joys again.

LXXIV. *Repentance from a ſenſe of divine goodneſs*; or, *a complaint of ingratitude.*

1. IS this the kind return,
and theſe the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuſe eternal love,
Whence all our bleſſings flow!

2. To what a ſtubborn frame
Has ſin reduc'd our mind!

What ſtrange rebellious wretches we,
And *God* as ſtrangely kind!

[3. On us he bids the ſun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the ſkies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4. The brutes obey their *God*,
And bow their necks to men;
But we more baſe, more brutiſh things,
Reject his eaſy reign.]

5. Turn, turn us, mighty *God*,
And mould our ſouls afreſh;
Break, ſov'reign grace, theſe hearts of ſtone,
And give us hearts of fleſh.

6. Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks ariſe.

LXXV. *Spiritual and eternal joy*; or, *the beatific ſight of* Chriſt.

1. FROM thee my *God*, my joys ſhall riſe,
and run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the ſkies,
and all created bounds.

2. The holy triumphs of my ſoul
ſhall death itſelf out-brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
and fly beyond the grave.

3. There where my bleſſed *Jeſus* reigns,
in heav'n's unmeaſur'd ſpace,
I'll ſpend a long eternity,
in pleaſure and in praiſe.

4. Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
the glories of thy love.

[5. Sweet *Jesus*, ev'ry smile of thine
shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
from all thy graces spring.

6. Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
my Saviour and my God.]

LXXVI. *The resurrection and ascension of* Christ.

1. HOsanna to the Prince of Light,
that cloath'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
and tore the bars away.

2. Death is no more the king of dread,
since our *Emanuel* rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
and spoil'd our hellish foes.

3. See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
and to his father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
and triumph in his eyes.

4. There our exalted Saviour reigns,
and scatters blessings down;
Our *Jesus* fills the middle seat
of the celestial throne.

[5. Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
to reach his bless'd abode,
Sweet be the accents of your songs
to our incarnate *God*.

6. Bright angels, ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings,
your ſweeteſt voices raiſe ;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
ſound our *Emanuel*'s praiſe.]

LXXVII. *The Chriſtian warfare.*

[1. STand up, my ſoul, ſhake off thy fears,
And gird the goſpel-armour on ;
March to the gates of endleſs joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2. Hell and thy ſins reſiſt thy courſe,
But hell and ſin are vanquiſh'd foes ;
Thy *Jeſus* nail'd 'em to the croſs,
And ſung the triumph when he roſe.]

[3. What tho' the prince of darkneſs rage,
And waſte the fury of his ſpite ?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endleſs night.

4. What tho' thine inward luſts rebel ?
'Tis but a ſtruggling gaſp for life ;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall ſlay thy ſins and end the ſtrife.]

5. Then let my ſoul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

6. There ſhall I wear a ſtarry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the ſkies
Join in my glorious Leader's praiſe.

LXXVIII. *Redemption by* Chriſt.

1. WHEN the firſt parents of our race
rebell'd, and loſt their *God*,

And the infection of their sin
had tainted all our blood :

2. Infinite pity touch'd the heart
of the eternal Son ;
Descending from the heav'nly court,
he left his Father's throne.

3. Aside the Prince of Glory threw
his most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
of our inferior clay.

4. His living pow'r, and dying love,
redeem'd unhappy men ;
And rais'd the ruins of our race
to life and God again.

5. To thee, dear *Lord*, our flesh and soul
we joyfully resign ;
Blest *Jesus*, take us for thy own,
for we are doubly thine.

6. Thine honour shall forever be
the bus'ness of our days ;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
speak thy deserved praise.

LXXIX. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

1. PLung'd in a gulph of dark despair
we wretched sinners lay,
Without one chearful beam of hope,
or spark of glimm'ring day.

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
he ran to our relief.

3. Down from the shining seats above
with joyful haste he fled,

Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
and dwelt among the dead.

4. He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
and brack our iron chains:
Jesus has freed our captive souls
from everlasting pains.

[5. In vain the baffled prince of hell
his cursed projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endless slaves,
are rais'd above the skies.]

6. Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
the Saviour's praises speak!

[7. Yes, we will praise thee, dearest *Lord*,
our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
to thine adored name.

8. Angels, assist our mighty joys,
strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
his love can ne'er be told.]

LXXX. God's *awful power and goodness.*

1. O H! the almighty *Lord!*
How matchless is his pow'r!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore.

2. Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne!
Couch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread ye down.

3. Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows

He deals infinite pains
On his rebellious foes.

4. Yet, everlasting *God*,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

5. The arms of mighty love
Defend our *Zion* well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From *Babylon* and hell.

6. Salvation to the King
That sits enthron'd above:
Thus we adore the *God* of might,
And bless the *God* of love.

LXXXI. *Our sin the cause of* Christ's *death.*

1. AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
now I begin to see:
Oh, the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
what murd'rous things they be?

2. Were these the traitors, deares *Lord*,
that thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly limbs
with floods of purple gore?

3. Was it for crimes that I had done,
my dearest *Lord* was slain,
When justice seiz'd *God*'s only Son,
and put his soul to pain?

4. Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace,
I'll wound my *God* no more:
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
for *Jesus* I adore.

5. Furnish me, *Lord*, with heav'nly arms
from grace's magazine,

And I'll proclaim eternal war
with ev'ry darling sin.

LXXXII. *Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.*

1. ARISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
and triumph in my *God*;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
his glorious grace abroad.

2. He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
the gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
then 'twas before I fell.

3. The arms of everlasting love,
beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the rock of ages set
my slipp'ry footsteps fast.

4. The city of my bless'd abode
is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
to shield the sacred place.

5. Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
and all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
and bounds his raging pow'r,

6. Arise, my soul, awake my voice,
and tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
my Saviour and my King.

LXXXIII. *The passion and exaltation of Christ.*

1. THUS saith the Ruler of the skies,
awake, my dreadful sword;
Awake my wrath, and smite the man,
my fellow, saith the *Lord,*

2. Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
and, armed, down the flies;
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
and bows his head, and dies.

3. But, oh! the wisdom and the grace
that join with vengeance now!
He dies, to save our guilty race,
and yet he rises too.

4. A person so divine was he
who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
and take his life again.

5. Live, glorious *Lord*, and reign on high,
let ev'ry nation sing,
And angel's sound, with endless joy,
the Saviour and the King.

LXXXIV. *The same.*

1. COME, all harmonious tongues,
your noblest music bring;
'Tis *Christ* the everlasting *God*,
and *Christ* the man, we sing.

2. Tell how he took our flesh,
to take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
that hellish monsters spilt.

[3. Alas! the cruel spear
went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]

[4. The waves of swelling grief
did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
lay heavy on his soul.]

5. Down to the ſhades of death
he bow'd his awful head;
Yet he aroſe to live and reign
when death itſelf is dead.

6. No more the bloody ſpear,
the croſs and nails no more;
For hell itſelf ſhakes at his name,
and all the heav'ns adore.

7. There the Redeemer ſits
high on the Father's throne:
The Father lays his vengeance by
and ſmiles upon his Son.

8. There his full glories ſhine
with uncreated rays,
And bleſs his ſaints and angels eyes
to everlaſting days.

LXXXV. *Sufficiency of pardon.*

1. WHY does your face, ye humble ſouls,
thoſe mournful colours wear?
What doubts are theſe that waſte your faith
and nouriſh your deſpair?

2. What tho' your num'rous ſins exceed
the ſtars that fill the ſkies,
And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
like pointed mountains riſe.

3. What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
the wide creation ſwell,
And has its curs'd foundations laid
low as the depths of hell.

4. See here an endleſs ocean flows
of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
the ſacred flood increaſe:

5. It rises high, and drowns the hills,
'T has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
our sins can ne'er be found.

6. Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
that buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
our follies, and our thoughts.

LXXXVI. *Freedom from Sin and misery in heaven.*

1. OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!
and like a violent sea,
They break our duty, *Lord*, to thee,
and hurry us away.

2. The waves of trouble, how they rise!
how loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
safe on the heav'nly shore.

3. There, to fulfill his sweet commands,
our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
or cool our burning love.

4. There shall we sit and sing, and tell
the wonders of his grace,
'Till heav'nly raptures, fire our hearts,
and smile in ev'ry face.

5. For ever his dear sacred name
shall dwell upon our tongue,
And *Jesus* and salvation be
the close of ev'ry song.

LXXXVII. *The divine glories above our reason.*

1. HOW wond'rous great, how glorious, bright,
must our Creator be,

Who dwells amidſt the dazzling light
of vaſt infinity!

2. Our ſoaring ſpirits upwards riſe
tow'rd the celeſtial throne:
Fain would we ſee the bleſſed Three,
and the almighty One.

3. Our reaſon ſtretches all its wings,
and climbs above the ſkies;
But ſtill how far beneath thy feet
our grov'ling reaſon lies!

[4. Lord, here we bend our humble ſouls,
and awfully adore;
For the weak pinions of our mind
can ſtretch a thought no more.]

5. Thy glories infinitely riſe
above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the higheſt ſeraph tries
to form an equal ſong.

[6. In humble notes our faith adores
the great myſterious King,
While angels ſtrain their nobler pow'rs,
and ſweep th' immortal ſtring.]

LXXXVIII. *Salvation.*

1. SALVATION! Oh, the joyful ſound;
'tis pleaſure to our ears;
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
a cordial for our fears.

2. Bury'd in ſorrow and in ſin,
at hell's dark door we lay;
But we ariſe, by grace divine,
to ſee a heav'nly day.

3. Salvation! let the echo fly
the ſpacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky
conspire to raise the sound.

LXXXIX. Christ's *victory over Satan.*

1. HOSSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
the prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
like light'ning from the skies.

2. There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
and fright the rescu'd sheep;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r
and malice to the deep.

3. Hosanna to our conqu'ring King,
all hail incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
to crown thy head above.

4. Thy victories and thy deathless fame
thro' the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
the triumphs thou hast won.

XC. *Faith in* Christ, *for pardon and sanctification.*

1. HOW sad our state by nature is!
our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
fast in his slavish chains.

2. But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
and trust upon the Lord.

3. My soul obeys th' almighty call,
and runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, *Lord,*
oh! help my unbelief.

[4. To the dear fountain of thy blood,
incarnate *God* I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
from crimes of deepest dye.

5. Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
my reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
with all his hellish crew.]

6. A guilty, weak, and helpless worm
on thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
my *Jesus*, and my all.

XCI. *The glory of* Christ *in Heaven.*

1. OH! the delights, the heav'nly joys,
the glories of the place
Where *Jesus* sheds the brightest beams
of his o'erflowing grace!

2. Sweet majesty and awful love
sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
at humble distance bow.

[3. Princes to his imperial name
bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
to see him wear the crown.

4. Archangels sound his lofty praise
thro' ev'ry heav'nly street.
And lay their highest honours down
submissive at his feet.

5. Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
that once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
and all the saints adore.

6. His head, the dear majestic head,
that cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
and circle it around.]

7. This is the man, th' exalted man,
whom we, unseen, adore,
But when our eyes behold his face,
our hearts shall love him more.

[8. *Lord*, how our souls are all on fire
to see thy blest abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
to our incarnate *God!*

9. And while our faith enjoys this sight,
we long to leave our clay;
And wish thy fiery chariots, *Lord*,
to fetch our souls away.]

XCII. *The Church saved, and her enemies disappointed.*

Composed the 5th of November, 1694.

1. SHOUT to the *Lord*, and let your joys
thro' the whole nation run:
Ye *British* skies, resound the noise
beyond the rising sun.

2. Thee, mighty *God*, our souls admire,
thee, our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir,
to praise th' eternal King.

3. Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
and on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs
thine envious foes devise.

4. Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
and, with an awful frown,

Flings vaſt confuſion on their plots,
and ſhakes their *Babel* down.

[5. Their ſecret fires in caverns lay,
and we the ſacrifice;
But gloomy caverns ſtrove in vain
t' 'ſcape all-ſearching eyes.

6. Their dark deſigns were all reveal'd,
their treaſons all betray'd:
Praiſe to the *Lord*, that broke the ſnare
their curſed hands had laid.]

7. In vain the buſy ſons of hell
ſtill new rebellions try;
Their ſouls ſhall pine with envious rage,
and vex away and die.

8. Almighty grace defends our land
from their malicious pow'r:
Let *Britain* with united ſongs
almighty grace adore.

XCIII. God *all, and in all*, Pſalm. lxxiii. 25.

1. MY *God*, my life, my love,
to thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
for thou art all in all.

[2. Thy ſhining grace can cheer
this dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradiſe when thou art here;
if thou depart, 'tis hell.]

[3. The ſmilings of thy face,
how amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to reſt in thine embrace,
and no-where elſe but there.]

[4. To thee, and thee alone,
the angels owe their bleſs;

They sit around thy gracious throne,
and dwell where *Jesus* is.]

[5. Not all the harps above
can make a heav'nly place,
If *God* his residence remove,
or but conceal his face.]

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
without they presence, *Lord*.

7. Thou art the sea of love,
where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
and centre of my soul.

[8. To thee my spirits fly
with infinite desire;
And yet, how far from thee I lie!
dear *Jesus*, raise me higher.]

XCIV. God *my only happiness*, Ps. lxxiii. 25.

1. MY *God*, my portion, and my love,
my everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
or on this earthly ball.

[2. What empty things are all the skies,
and this inferior clod?
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
there's nothing like my *God*.]

[3. In vain the bright, the burning sun
scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
if thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4. And whilst upon my restless bed
amongst the shades I roll,

If my Redeemer shews his head,
'tis morning with my soul.]

5. To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
and health and safe abode;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
but they are not my *God*.

6. How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
if once compar'd to thee?
Or what's my safety, or my health,
or what my friends, to me?

7. Were I possessor of the earth,
and call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8. Let others stretch their arms like seas,
and grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
and I desire no more.

XCV. *Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.*

1. INFINITE grief! amazing woe!
behold my bleeding *Lord*:
Hell and the *Jews*, conspire his death,
and use the *Roman* sword.

2. Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
my dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
his sacred body tore!

3. But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
in vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the *Roman* bands,
and the more spiteful *Jews*.

4. 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
his chief tormentors were;

Each of my crimes became a nail.
and unbelief, the spear.

5. 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
upon his guiltless head:
Break, break, my heart, oh, burst mine eyes,
and let my sorrows bleed.

6. Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul
'till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
in undissembled woe.

XCVI. *Distinguishing love; or, angels punished, and man saved.*

1. DOWN headlong from the native skies
the rebel angels fell,
And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath
pursu'd them deep to hell.

2. Down from the top of earthly bliss
rebellious man was hurl'd;
And *Jesus* stoop'd beneath the grave,
to reach a sinking world.

3. Oh, love of infinite degrees!
unmeasurable grace!
Must heav'n's eternal darling die,
to save a trait'rous race?

4. Must angels sink forever down,
and burn in quenchless fire,
While *God* forsakes his shining throne,
to raise us wretches higher?

7. Oh, for this love, let earth and skies
with hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
all hallelujahs sing.

XCVII. *The same.*

1. FROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd 'em down
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2. Amazing work of sov'reign grace,
That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

3. To thee, to thee, almighty love,
Our souls, our selves, our all we pay:
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

XCVIII. *Hardness of heart complained of.*

1. MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
how heavy here it lies;
Heavy and cold within my breast,
just like a rock of ice!

2. Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
upon this flinty throne,
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
beneath this heart of stone.

3. How seldom do I rise to *God*,
or taste the joys above?
This mountain presses down my faith,
and chills my flaming love.

4. When smiling mercy courts my soul
with all its heav'nly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing
would thrust it from my arms.

5. Against the thunders of thy word
rebellious I have stood;
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
and terrors of a *God*.

6. Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
in thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine
can melt the flint away.

XCIX. *The book of* God's *decrees.*

1. LET the whole race of creatures lie
abas'd before their *God*:
Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd,
he governs with a nod.

[2. Ten thousand ages ere the skies
were into motion brought;
All the long years and world's to come
stood present to his thought.

3. There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
but's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their thrones,
and sinks them as he please.]

4 If light attends the course I run,
'tis he provides those rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
if darkness cloud my days.

5. Yet I would not be much concern'd,
nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
what months are writ for me.

6. When he reveals the book of life,
Oh, may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
the foll'wers of the *Lamb!*

C. *The presence of* Christ *is the life of my soul.*

1. HOW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,

If *God*, at laſt, my ſov'reign judge,
Should frown, and bid my ſoul *depart!*

2. *Lord*, when I quite the earthly ſtage,
Where ſhall I fly but to thy breaſt?
For I have ſought no other home;
For I have learn'd no other reſt.

3. I cannot live contented here,
Without ſome glimpſes of thy face;
And heav'n, without thy preſence there,
Would be a dark and tireſome place.

4. When earthly cares ingroſs the day,
And hold my thoughts aſide from thee,
The ſhining hours of chearful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

5. And if no ev'ning viſit's paid
Between my Saviour and my ſoul,
How dull the night! how ſad the ſhade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6. This fleſh of mine might learn as ſoon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or, thrive and grow without my food.

[7. *Chriſt* is my light, my Life, my Care,
My bleſſed Hope, my heav'nly Prize:
Dearer than all my paſſions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8. The ſtrings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off,
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of *Chriſt* my Love.]

[9. My *God!* and can a humble child,
That loves thee with a flame ſo high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?

10. Impossible!——For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be.]

CI. *The world's three chief temptations.*

1. WHEN in the light of faith divine
we look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
how vain and dang'rous too!

[2. Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
to gain that airy good.

3. Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
and feed on shining dust;
They rob the serpent of his food,
t' indulge a sordid lust.]

4. The pleasures that allure our sense
are dang'rous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
and dash'd with bitter bowls.

5. *God* is mine all-sufficient good,
my portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
and all my pow'rs rejoice.

6. In vain the world accosts my ear,
and tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy our bliss so dear,
nor part with heav'n for you.

CII. *A happy resurrection.*

1. NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But, with a chearful gasp, resign

To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2. Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My *God* shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3. Break, sacred morning, thro' the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day,
Cut short the hours, dear *Lord*, and come;
Thy ligu'ring wheels, how long they stay!

[4. Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where *God* has shed his richest grace.]

[5. Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

CIII. Christ's *Commission*. John iii. 16, 17.

1. COME, happy souls, approach your *God*
with new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
the tributes of your tongues.

2. So strange, so boundless was the love
that pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
to give them life again.

3. Thy hands, dear *Jesus*, were not arm'd
with a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
the vengeance of a *God*.

4. But all was mercy, all was mild,
and wrath forsook the throne,

When *Christ* on the kind errand came,
and brought salvation down.

5. Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
and wipe your sorrows dry:
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
and you shall never die.

6. See, dearest *Lord*, our willing souls
accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
and give the Father praise.

CIV. *The Same.*

1. RAISE your triumphant songs
to an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
celestial grace has done.

2. Sing how eternal love
its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
from their abyss of woes.

3. His hand no thunder bears,
nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
to fiercer flames below.

4. 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
and wrath stood silent by,
When *Christ* was sent with pardons down
to rebels doom'd to die.

5. Now sinners, dry your tears,
let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
and take the offer'd peace.

6. *Lord*, we obey thy call;
we lay an humble claim

To the salvation thou hast brought,
and love and praise thy name.

CV. *Repentance flowing from the patience of God.*

1. AND are we wretches yet alive?
and do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
that bears us up from hell!

2. The burden of our weighty guilt
would sink us down to flames,
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above
to crush our feeble frames.

3. Almighty goodness cries, *forbear,*
and strait the thunder slays;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
and weary out his grace?

4. *Lord,* we have long abus'd thy love
too long indulg'd our sin,
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
what rebels we have been.

5. No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
no more will we obey:
Stretch out, O *God,* thy conq'uring hand,
and drive thy foes away.

CVI. *Repentance at the cross.*

1. OH, if my soul was form'd for woe,
how would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
from both my streaming eyes.

2. 'Twas for my sins my dearest *Lord*
hung on the curs'd tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
[illegible]

3. Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine
that crucify'd my *God*.
Those sins that peirc'd and nail'd his flesh
fast to the fatal wood.

4. Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
my heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
that made my Saviour bleed.

5. Whilst with a melting broken heart
my murder'd *Lord* I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
and slay the murd'rers too.

CVII. *The everlasting absence of* God *intolerable.*

1. THAT awful day will surely come,
th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
and pass the solemn test.

3. Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
thou Sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
pronounce the sound, depart?

[3. The thunder of that dismal word
would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, *Lord*,
with most tormenting fear.]

[4. What, to be banish'd for my life,
and yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal pain,
yet death for ever fly!

3. Oh! wretched state of deep despair,
to see my *God* remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.

6. *Jesus*, I throw my arms around,
and hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee
my spirit cannot rest.

7. Oh! tell me that my worthless name
is graven on thy hands;
Shew me some promise in thy book,
where my salvation stands.

[8. Give me one kind, assuring word,
to sink my fears again,
And chearfully my soul shall wait
here three-score years and ten.]

CVIII. *Access to the throne of grace by a Mediator.*

1. COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
up to the courts above,
And smile to see our father there
upon a throne of love.

2. Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
and shot devouring flame;
Our *God* appear'd *Consuming Fire*,
and vengeance was his name.

3. Rich were the drops of *Jesus'* blood
that calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
and turn'd the wrath to grace.

4. Now we may bow before his feet,
and venture near the *Lord*;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
nor double-flaming sword.

5. The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
and reach th' almighty throne.

6. To thee ten thousand thanks we bring
great advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King
that lays his fury by.

CIX. *The darkness of providence.*

1. LORD, we adore thy vast designs
Th' obscure abyss of providence
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2. Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile:
We, thro' the cloud, believe thy grace
Secure of thy compassion still.

3. Thro' seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Thro' all the briars and the night.

4. Dear father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our *God*,
Thine arm shall bear us safely thro'.

CX. *Triumph over death, in hope of the resurrection*

1. AND must this body die?
this mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
lie mould'ring in the clay?

2. Corruption, earth, and worms,
shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
to put it on afresh.

3. *God* my Redeemer lives,
and often from the skies

Looks down, and watches all my dust,
'till he shall bid it rise.

4. Array'd in glorious grace
shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
look heav'nly and divine.

5. These lively hopes we owe
to *Jesus'* dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
and sing his pow'r above.

6. Dear *Lord*, accept the praise
of these our humble songs,
'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
with our immortal tongues.

CXI. *Thanksgiving for victory*; or God's *dominion, and our deliverance.*

1. *ZION* rejoice, and *Judah* sing,
the *Lord* assumes his throne,
Let *Britain* own the heav'nly King,
and make his glories known.

2. The great, the wicked, and the proud,
from their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
and thunders thro' the world.

3. He reigns upon th' eternal hill,
distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fixed beneath his smiles,
and totter at his frowns.

4. Navies that rule the ocean wide,
are vanquish'd by his breath,
And legions, arm'd with pow'r and pride,
descend to wat'ry death.

5. Let tyrants make no more pretence
to vex our happy land;

Jehovah's name is our defence,
our buckler is his hand.

[6. Long may the King our Sov'reign live,
to rule us by his word;
And all the honours he can give,
be offer'd to the *Lord*.]

CXII. *Angels ministring to* Christ *and saints.*

1. GREAT *God!* to what a glorious heighth
Hast thou advanc'd the *Lord* thy son?
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2. Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state
In works of vengeance and of love.

3. His orders run thro' all the hosts,
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard the *British* coasts,
When foreign race invades our land.

4. Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Thro' all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.

5. *Lord*, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

CXIII. *The same.*

1. THE Majesty of *Solomon*,
how glorious to behold
The servants waiting round his throne,
the iv'ry and the gold!

2. But, mighty *God!* thy palace shines
with far superior beams;
Thine angel-guards are swift as winds
thy ministers are flames.

[3. Soon as thine only son had made
his entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled
to celebrate his birth.

4. And when oppress'd with pains and fears,
on the cold ground he lies,
Behold, a heav'nly form appears,
t' allay his agonies.]

5. Now to the hands of *Christ* our King,
are all their legions given;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
his chosen heirs to heav'n.

6. Pleasure and praise run thro' their host,
to see a sinner turn;
Then satan has a captive lost,
and *Christ* a subject born.

7. But there's an hour of brighter joy,
when he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
and gather in his friends.

8. Oh! could I say, without a doubt,
there shall my soul be found,
Then let the great Archangel shout,
and the last trumpet sound.

CXIV. Christ's *death, victory, and dominion.*

1. I Sing my Saviour's wond'rous death;
he conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
and shook the gates of hell.

2. *'Tis finish'd,* our *Emanuel* cries,
the dreadful work is done;

Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
his kingdom is begun.

3. His cross a sure foundation laid
for glory and renown,
When thro' the regions of the dead
he pass'd to reach the crown.

4. Exalted at his Father's side
sits our victorious *Lord*,
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
the vengeance or reward.

5. The saints, from his propitious eye,
await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
the terror of his frowns.

CXV. God *the Avenger of his saints*; or, *his kingdom supreme.*

1. HIGH as the heav'ns above the ground
reigns the Creator, *God*;
Wide as the whole creation's bound
extends his awful rod.

2. Let princes of exalted state
to him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
and cast their glories down.

3. Know that his kingdom is supreme,
your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you *Gods*, that awful name,
but ye must die like men.

4. Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
and treads the worms to dust.

5. Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
and think of heav'n with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
has an avenger there.

CXVI. *Mercies and thanks.*

1. HOW can I sink with such a prop
as my eternal *God*,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
and spreads the heav'ns abroad?

2. How can I die while *Jesus* lives,
who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
from thine exalted head.

3. All that I am, and all I have,
shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
my chearful hands resign.

4. Yet if I might make some reserve,
and duty did not call,
I love my *God* with zeal so great,
that I should give him all.

CXVII. *Living and dying with* God *present.*

1. I Cannot bear thine absence, *Lord*;
My life expires if thou depart:
Be thou, my heart, still near my *God*,
And thou, my *God*, be near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n a while.

3. Then dearest *Lord*, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,

And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

CXVIII. *The priesthood of* Christ.

1. BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
Revenge, the blood of *Abel* cries:
But the dear stream, when *Christ* was slain,
Speaks peace as loud from ev'ry vein.

2. Pardon and peace from *God* on high;
Behold he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels, that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the *Lord*.

3. To *Jesus* let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before his *God*,
And, for our pardon, pleads his blood.

CXIX. *The Holy Scriptures.*

1. LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my *Lord*,
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
but in thy written word.

2. The volume of my father's grace
does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
almost in ev'ry page.

3. This is the field where hidden lies
the pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
who makes the pearl his own.

4. Here consecrated water flows,
to quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
no danger dwells therein.]

5. This is the judge that ends the ſtrife,
where wit and reaſon fail;
My guide to everlaſting life,
thro' all this gloomy vale.

6. Oh, may thy counſels, mighty *God*,
my roving feet command;
Nor I forſake the happy road
that leads to thy right hand.

CXX. *The law and goſpel joined in Scripture.*

1. THE *Lord* declares his will,
and keeps the world in awe;
Amidſt the ſmoke on *Sinai*'s hill
breaks out his fiery law.

2. The *Lord* reveals his face,
and ſmiling from above,
Sends down the goſpel of his grace,
th' epiſtles of his love.

3. Theſe ſacred words impart
our Maker's juſt commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
and vengeance of his hands.

[4. Hence we awake our fear,
we draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treaſur'd here,
and armour of defence.

5. We learn *Chriſt* crucify'd,
and here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beſide
will do us little good.]

6. We read the heav'nly word,
we take the offer'd grace,
Obey the ſtatutes of the Lord,
and truſt his promiſes.

7. In vain ſhall ſatan rage
againſt a book divine,
Where wrath and light'ning guards the page,
where beams of mercy ſhine.

CXXI. *The law and goſpel diſtinguiſhed,*

1. THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our *God* we owe;
But 'tis the goſpel muſt reveal
Where lies our ſtrength to do his will.

2. The law diſcovers guilt and ſin,
And ſhews how vile our hearts have been:
Only the goſpel can expreſs
Forgiving love and cleanſing grace.

3. What curſes doth the law denounce
Againſt the man that fails but once?
But, in the goſpel, *Chriſt* appears
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4. My ſoul no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the goſpel gives:
The man that truſts the promiſe, lives.

CXXII. *Retirement and meditation.*

1. MY *God*, permit me not to be
A ſtranger to myſelf and thee
Amidſt a thouſand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my higheſt love.

2. Why ſhould my paſſions mix with earth,
And thus debaſe my heav'nly birth?
Why ſhould I cleave to things below,
And let my *God*, my Saviour go?

3. Call me away from fleſh and ſenſe,
One ſov'reign word can draw me thence;

I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys reſign.

4. Be earth, with all her ſcenes, withdrawn;
Let noiſe and vanity be gone;
In ſecret ſilence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my *God*, I find.

CXXIII. *The benefit of public ordinances.*

1. AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth, our ſouls retreat;
We leave this worthleſs world afar,
And wait and worſhip near thy ſeat.

2. *Lord*, in the temple of thy grace
We ſee thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3. While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans aſcend on high;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of bleſſings in variety.

[4. If ſatan rage and ſin grow ſtrong,
Here we receive ſome chearing word;
We gird the goſpel armour on,
To fight the battles of the *Lord*.

5. Or if our ſpirit faints and dies,
(Our conſcience gall'd with inward ſtings)
Here doth the right'ous ſun ariſe,
With healing beams beneath his wings.]

6. Father! my ſoul would ſtill abide
Within thy temple, near thy ſide:
But if my feet muſt hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

CXXIV. Moſes, Aaron, *and* Joſhua.

1. THIS not the law of ten commands
on holy Sinai giv'n,

Or sent to men by *Moses'* hands,
can bring us safe to heav'n.

2. 'Tis not the blood which *Aaron* spilt,
nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
or save our souls from hell.

3. *Aaron* the priest resigns his breath,
at *God*'s immediate will;
And in the desart yields to death,
upon th' appointed hill.

4. And thus, on *Jordan*'s yonder side,
the tribes of *Isr'el* stand,
While *Moses* bow'd his head and dy'd
short of the promis'd land.

5. *Isr'el*, rejoice, now * *Joshua* leads,
he'll bring your tribes to rest:
So far the *Saviour*'s name exceeds
the *Ruler* and the *Priest*.

CXXV. *Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.*

LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n
To souls that mourn the sins they've done:
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n,
By faith in *God*'s eternal Son.

2. Woe to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3. The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of *God* he lies:
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

* That name with Jesus, and signifies a Saviour.

CXXVI. God *glorified in the gospel.*

1. THE *Lord*, descending from above,
invites his children near;
While pow'r and truth, and boundless love,
display their glories here.

2. Here, in thy gospel's wond'rous frame,
fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
beyond whate'er they knew.

3. Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom thro' all thy mist'ries shines,
and shines in *Jesus'* face.

4. The law its best obedience owes
to our incarnate *God*;
And thy revenging justice shows
its honours in his blood.

5. But still the lustre of thy grace
our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
and more exalts our joys.

CXXVII. *Circumcision and baptism.*
(*Written only for those who practise the baptism of infants.*)

1. THUS did the sons of *Abra'm* pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till *Christ* the painful bondage broke.

2. By milder ways doth *Jesus* prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3. Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for *God*,

His ſpirit on their offspring ſhed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4. Let ev'ry ſaint with chearful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the *God* of *Abra'm* praiſe.

CXXVIII. *Corrupt nature from* Adam.

1. BLeſs'd with the joys of innocence,
Adam our father ſtood,
'Till he debas'd his ſoul to ſenſe,
and eat th' unlawful food.

2. Now we are born a ſenſual race,
to ſinful joys inclin'd;
Reaſon has loſt its native place,
and fleſh inſlaves the mind.

3. While fleſh, and ſenſe, and paſſion reigns,
ſin is the ſweeteſt good:
We fancy muſic in our chains,
and ſo forget the load.

4. Great *God*! renew our ruin'd frame,
our broken pow'rs reſtore;
Inſpire us with a heav'nly flame,
and fleſh ſhall reign no more,

5. Eternal ſpirit! write thy law
upon our inward parts,
And let the ſecond *Adam* draw
his image on our hearts.

CXXIX. *We walk by faith, not by ſight.*

1. 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deſarts dark as night;
'Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2. The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3. Chearful we tread the desart thro',
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Tho' lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4. So *Abra'm*, by divine command
Left his own house to walk with *God*;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

CXXX. *The new creation.*

1. ATTEND, while *God*'s exalted son
doth his own glories shew:
Behold, I sit upon my throne,
creating all things new.

2. *Nature and sin are past'd away,*
and the old Adam *dies;*
My hands a new foundation lay;
see the new world arise.

3. *I'll be a sun of righteousness*
to the new heav'ns I make;
None but the new-born heirs of grace
my glories shall partake.

4. Mighty Redeemer! set me free
from my old state of sin;
Oh, make my soul alive to thee,
create new pow'rs within.

5. Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
and mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
and turn the stone to flesh.

6. Far from the regions of the dead,
from sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that grace has made
I would forever dwell.

CXXXI. *The excellency of the Christian religion.*

1. LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my *Lord*;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

[2. What if we trace the globe around,
And search from *Britain* to *Japan*,
There shall be no religion found,
So just to *God*, so safe for man.]

3. In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
'Till we apply to *Christ* alone.

4. How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

[5. Not the feign'd fields of *Heath'nish* bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the *Turkish* paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]

6. Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

CXXXII. *The offices of* Christ.

1. WE bless the Prophet of the *Lord*,
that comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy spirit and thy word
shall lead us in thy ways.

2. We rev'rence our High-priest above,
who offer'd up his blood;
And lives to carry on his love,
by pleading with our *God*.

3. We honour our exalted King;
how sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
by his almighty hands.

4. Hosanna to his glorious name,
who gives by diff'rent ways;
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
to our immortal praise.

CXXXIII. *the operations of the* Holy Spirit.

1. ETernal Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From *God* the Father and the Son.

2. Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3. Thy pow'r and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning sin;
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.

4. The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy chearing words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

CXXXIV. *Circumcision abolished.*

1. THE promise was divinely free,
extensive was the grace;
I will the God *of* Abra'm *be,*
and of his num'rous race.

2. He ſaid, and with a bloody ſeal
confirm'd the words he ſpoke;
Long did the ſons of *Abra'm* feel
the ſharp and painful yoke.

3. 'Till *God*'s own Son, deſcending low,
gave his own fleſh to bleed;
And *Gentiles* taſte the bleſſings now,
from the hard bondage freed.

4. The *God* of *Abra'm* claims our praiſe,
his promiſes endure;
And *Chriſt* the Lord, in gentler ways,
makes the ſavation ſure.

CXXXV. *Types and prophecies of* Chriſt.

1. BEHOLD the woman's promis'd ſeed,
Behold the great *Meſſiah* come;
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the ſuperior room.

2. *Abra'm*, the ſaint, rejoic'd of old
When viſions of the *Lord* he ſaw;
Moſes, the man of *God*, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.

3. The types bore witneſs to his name,
Obtain'd their chief deſign and ceas'd;
The incenſe, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the prieſt.

4. Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their bleſſings on his head:
Jeſus, we worſhip at thy feet,
And nations own the promiſ'd ſeed.

CXXXVI. *Miracles at the birth of* Chriſt.

1. THE King of Glory ſends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;

Behold, the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'nly hosts declare his birth!

2. About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.

3. *Simeon* and *Anna* both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the Babe, and own'd his name.

4. Let *Jews* and *Greeks* blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with scorn;
Our souls adore th' eternal *God*
Who condescended to be born.

CXXXVII. *Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of* Christ.

1. BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive;
Behold, the dead awake, and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2. Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3. He dies; the heav'ns in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a *God*:
Behold the *Lord* ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die,

4. Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

CXXXVIII. *The power of the gospel.*

1. THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

2. This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

3. This gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice, and live:
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloath'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

[4. Where satan reign'd in shades of night
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
Our lusts its wond'rous pow'r controuls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]

[5. Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

6. May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

CXXXIX. *The example of* Christ.

1. MY dear Redeemer, and my *Lord*,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out out in living characters.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desart thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victʼry too.

4. Be thou my Pattern; make be bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then *God*, the judge, shall own my name
Amongst the follʼwers of the *Lamb*.

CXL. *The examples of* Christ *and the saints.*

1. GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
how bright their glories be!

2. Once they were mourning here below,
and wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
with sins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I ask them whence their victʼry came?
they, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the *Lamb*;
their triumph, to his death.

4. They markʼd the footsteps that he trod,
(his zeal inspirʼd their breast:)
And, follʼwing their incarnate *God*,
possess the promisʼd rest.

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
for his own pattern givʼn,
While the long cloud of witnesses
shew the same path to heavʼn.

CXLI. *Faith assisted by sense*; or, *preaching, baptism, and the* Lord's *supper.*

1. MY Saviour-*God*, my sovʼreign Prince,
reigns far above the skies!

But brings his graces down to sense,
and helps my faith to rise.

2. My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
they read and hear his word;
My touch and taste shall do the same
when they receive the *Lord*.

3. Baptismal water is design'd
to seal his cleansing grace,
While at his feast of bread and wine
he gives his saints a place:

4. But not the waters of a flood
can make my flesh so clean,
As by his spirit and his blood
he'll wash my soul from sin,

5. Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
so much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes thro' the signs,
and feeds upon his flesh.

6. I love the *Lord*, that stoops so low
to give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
exceeds the figures still.

CXLII. *Faith in* Christ *our Sacrifice.*

1. NOT all the blood of beasts,
on *Jewish* altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
or wash away the stain.

2. But *Christ*, the heav'nly Lamb,
takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
and richer blood than they.

3. My faith would lay her hand
on that dear head of thine,

While like a penitent I ſtand,
and there confeſs my ſin,

4. My ſoul looks back to ſee
the burdens thou didſt bear,
When hanging on the curſed tree,
and hopes her guilt was there.

5. Believing, we rejoice
to ſee the curſe remove;
We bleſs the *Lamb* with chearful voice,
and ſing his bleeding love.

CXLIII. *Fleſh and ſpirit.*

1. WHAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and ſin
attend our mortal ſtate?
I hate the thoughts that work within,
and do the works I hate.

2. Now I complain, and groan, and die,
while ſin and ſatan reign:
Now raiſe my ſongs of triumph high,
for grace prevails again.

3. So darkneſs ſtruggled with the light,
'till perfect day ariſe;
Water and fire maintain the fight
until the weaker dies.

4. Thus will the fleſh and ſpirit ſtrive,
and vex and break my peace;
But I ſhall quit this mortal life,
and ſin for ever ceaſe.

CXLIV. *The effuſion of the ſpirit*; or, *the ſucceſs of the goſpel.*

1. GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine diſciples met;
Whilſt on their heads the ſpirit came,
And ſat like tongues of cloven flame.

2. What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to give, and pow'r to save;
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words
Instead of shields, and spears and swords.

3. Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
Go, spread the mystery of his cross.

4. These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5. Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6. Great King of grace, my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my *Lord*,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

CXLV. *Sight thro' a glass, and face to face.*

1. I Love the windows of thy grace
thro' which my *Lord* is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
without a glass between.

2. Oh, that the happy hour were come,
to change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my *Lord* at home
in a diviner light.

3. Haste, my beloved, and remove
these interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
and all my pow'rs be praise.

CXLVI. *The vanity of creatures*; or, *no rest on earth.*

1. MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires;
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2. In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleasures but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3. So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place but keep the pain.

4. Great *God*! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

CXLVII. *The creation of the world*, Gen. 1.

1. NOW let a spacious world arise,
said the Creator *Lord*:
At once th' obedient earth and skies
rose at his sov'reign word.

[2. Dark was the deep; the waters lay
confus'd and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the new-born day
attends on his command.

3. He bids the clouds ascend on high;
the clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
and float on softer air.

4. The liquid element below
was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
and leave the solid land.

5. With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
the naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
or sun to warm the ground.

6. Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
behold, the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
to mark out months and years.

7. Out of the deep th' almighty King
did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
and fish of ev'ry name.]

8. He gave the lion and the worm
at once their wond'rous birth;
And gazing beasts of various form
rose from the teeming earth.

9. *Adam* was fram'd of equal clay,
tho' sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they;
With *God*'s own image bless'd.

10. Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
the young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
his word pronounc'd it good.

11. *Lord*, while the frame of nature stands,
thy praise shall fill my tongue:
But the new world of grace demands
a more exalted song.

CXLVIII. God *reconciled in* Christ.

1. DEarest of all the names above,
My *Jesus*, and my *God*,
Who can refuse thy heav'nly love,
or trifle with thy blood?

2. 'Tis by the merits of thy death
the Father ſmiles again:
'Tis by thine interceding breath
the ſpirit dwells with men.

3. 'Till *God* in human fleſh I ſee;
my thoughts no comfort find:
The holy, juſt, and ſacred Three
are terrors to my mind.

4. But if *Emanuel*'s face appear,
my hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my ſlaviſh fear,
his grace removes my ſins.

5. While *Jews* on their own law rely,
and *Greeks* of wiſdom boaſt,
I love th' incarnate myſtery,
and there I fix my truſt.

CXLIX. *Honour to magiſtrates*; or, *government from* God.

1. ETERNAL Sov'reign of the ſky,
and *Lord* of all below,
We mortals to thy Majeſty
our firſt obedience owe.

2. Our ſouls adore thy throne ſupreme,
and bleſs thy providence,
For magiſtrates of meaner name,
our glory and defence.

[3. The crowns of *Britiſh* princes ſhine
with rays above the reſt;
Where laws and liberties combine
to make the nation bleſs'd.]

4. Kingdoms on firm foundations ſtand,
while virtue finds reward;
And ſinners periſh from the land,
by juſtice and the ſword.

5. Let *Cæsar*'s due be ever paid
to *Cæsar* and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made
to be the *Lord*'s alone.

CL. *The deceitfulness of sin.*

1. SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
to practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
but leaves a sting behind.

2. With names of virtue she deceives
the aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
she makes his fetters strong.

3. She pleads for all the joys she brings
and gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
and chains it down to sense.

4. So on a tree divinely fair
grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
and tainted all her blood.

CLI. *Prophecy and inspiration.*

1. 'TWAS by an order from the *Lord*,
The antient prophets spoke his word;
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2. The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought:
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3. Great *God!* mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;

There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name, who d, 'd for me.

4. Let the falſe raptures of the mind
Be loſt and vaniſh in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope ſecure;
This is thy word, and muſt endure.

CLII. Sinai *and* Sion, *Heb.* xii. 18, *&c.*

1. NOT to the terrors of the *Lord*,
the tempeſt fire and ſmoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
which *God* on *Sinai* ſpoke.

2. But we are come to *Sion*'s hill,
the city of our *God*,
Where milder words declare his will,
and ſpread his love abroad.

3. Behold th' innumerable hoſt
of angels cloath'd in light!
Behold the ſpirits of the juſt,
whoſe faith is turn'd to ſight!

4. Behold the bleſs'd aſſembly there,
whoſe names are writ in heav'n!
And *God*, the judge of all, declares
their vileſt ſins forgiv'n.

5. The ſaints on earth, and all the dead,
but one communion make;
All join in *Chriſt*, their living head,
and of his grace partake.

6. In ſuch ſociety as this
my weary ſoul would reſt:
The man that dwells where *Jeſus* is,
muſt be forever bleſs'd.

CLIII. *The diſtemper, folly and madneſs of ſin*

1. SIN, like a venomous diſeaſe,
infects our vital blood;

The only balm is sov'reign grace,
and the physician, *God*.

2. Our beauty and our strength are fled,
and we draw near to death;
But *Christ* the *Lord*, recalls the dead
with his almighty breath.

3. Madness, by nature, reigns within,
the passions burn and rage,
'Till *God*'s own son with skill divine,
the inward fire assuage.

[4. We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
and solid good despise:
Such is the folly of the mind,
'till *Jesus* makes us wise.

5. We give our souls the wounds they feel,
we drink the pois'nous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
but heav'n prevents the fall.]

[6. The man possess'd amongst the tombs
cuts his own flesh and cries;
He foams and raves, 'till *Jesus* comes,
and the foul spirit flies.]

CLIV *Self-righteousness insufficient.*

*"WHERE are the mourners (saith the Lord)
"That wait and tremble at my word?
"That walk in darkness all the day?
"Come, make my name your trust and stay.

2 "No works nor duties of your own
"Can for the smallest sin atone;
† The robes that nature may provide,
Will not your least pollutions hide.

"The softest couch that nature knows,
Can give the conscience no repose:

* Isaiah l. 10, 11. † Isaiah xxviii. 20.

" Look to my right'ouſneſs, and live ;
" Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4. " Ye ſons of pride that kindle coals
" With your own hands, to warm your ſouls,
" Walk in the light of your own fire,
" Enjoy the ſparks that ye deſire.

5. " This is your portion at my hands ;
" Hell waits you with her iron bands ;
" Ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow there,
" In death, in darkneſs, and deſpair."

CLV. Chriſt *our Paſſover.*

1. LO, the deſtroying angel flies
to *Pharaoh*'s ſtubborn land!
The pride and flow'r of *Egypt* dies
by his vindictive hand.

2. He paſs'd the tents of *Jacob* o'er,
nor pour'd the wrath divine ;
He ſaw the blood on ev'ry door,
and bleſs'd the peaceful ſign.

3. Thus the appointed lamb muſt bleed,
to break th' *Egyptian* yoke ;
Thus *Iſr'el* is from bondage freed,
and 'ſcapes the angel's ſtroke.

4. *Lord*, if my heart were ſprinkled too
with blood ſo rich as thine,
Juſtice no longer would purſue
this guilty ſoul of mine.

5. *Jeſus* our paſſover was ſlain,
and has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
and *God's* avenging ſword.

CLVI. *Presumption and despair;* or, *Satan's various temptations.*

1. I Hate the tempter and his charms,
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms
to cheat our souls to death.

2. He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
or kills with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
presumption or despair.

3. Now he persuades, *How easy 'tis*
To walk the road to heav'n;
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
they cannot be forgiv'n

[4. He bids young sinners, *Yet forbear*
to think of God, *or death;*
For prayer and devotion are
but melancholy breath.

5. He tells the aged, *They must die,*
and 'tis too late to pray;
In vain for mercy now they cry,
for they have lost their day.]

6. Thus he supports his cruel throne
by mischief and deceit;
And drags the sons of *Adam* down
to darkness and the pit.

7. Almighty *God*, cut short his pow'r,
let him in darkness dwell;
And that he vex the earth no more,
confine him down to hell.

CLVII. *The same.*

1. NOW satan comes with dreadful roar
and threatens to destroy;

He worries whom he can't devour
with a malicious joy.

2. Ye sons of *God*, oppose his rage,
resist, and he'll be gone;
Thus did our dearest *Lord* engage
and vanquish him alone.

3. Now he appears almost divine,
like innocence and love;
But the old serpent lurks within,
when he assumes the dove.

4. Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
ye sons of *Adam* fly;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
nor should the children try.

CLVIII. *Few saved*; or, *the almost Christian, the hypocrite and apostate.*

1. BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shews a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller.

2. *Deny thyself, and take thy cross,*
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3. The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of *God* no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4. *Lord* let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

CLIX. *An unconverted ſtate*; or, *converting grace.*

[1. GREAT King of Glory and of Grace
we own, with humble ſhame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
and our firſt father's name.]

2. From *Adam* flows our tainted blood,
the poiſon reigns within,
Makes us averſe to all that's good,
and willing ſlaves to ſin.

[3. Daily we break thy holy laws,
and then reject thy grace;
Engag'd in the old ſerpent's cauſe,
againſt our Maker's face.]

4. We live eſtrang'd afar from *God*,
and love the diſtance well;
With haſte we run the dang'rous road
that leads to death and hell.

5. And can ſuch rebels be reſtor'd!
ſuch natures made divine!
Let ſinners ſee thy glory, *Lord*,
and feel this pow'r of thine.

6. We raiſe our Father's name on high,
who his own ſpirit ſends
To bring rebellious ſtrangers nigh,
and turn his foes to friends.

CLX. *Cuſtom in ſin.*

1. LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the ſpots that nature gives;
Then may the wicked turn to *God*,
And change their tempers, and their lives

2. As well might *Ethiopian* ſlaves
Waſh out the darkneſs of their ſkin;

The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3. Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least controul;
None but a pow'r divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

4. Great *God!* I own thy pow'r divine,
That works to change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

CLXI. *Christian virtues;* or, *the difficulty of conversion.*

1. STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
that leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
while crowds mistake and die.

2. Beloved self must be deny'd,
the mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd
and vain desires subdu'd.

[3. Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
lest they destroy our souls.

4. The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(that vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,
in sweet subjection lie.

5. The tongue, that most unruly pow'r
Requires a strong restraint:
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
and pray, but never faint.]

Lord, can a feeble helpless worm
'Fil a task so hard

Thy grace muſt all my work perform,
and give the free reward.

CLXII. *Meditation of heaven; or, the joys of faith.*

1. MY thoughts ſurmount theſe lower ſkies,
and look within the veil;
There ſprings of endleſs pleaſure riſe,
the waters never fail.

2. There I behold, with ſweet delight,
the bleſſed Three in One;
And ſtrong affections fix my ſight
On *God*'s incarnate Son.

3. His promiſe ſtands for ever firm,
his grace ſhall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
and ſeals it on his heart.

4. Light are the pains that nature brings;
how ſhort our ſorrows are,
When with eternal, future things,
the preſent we compare!

5. I would not be a ſtranger ſtill
to that celeſtial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

CLXIII. *Complaint of deſertion and temptations.*

1. DEAR *Lord!* behold our ſore diſtreſs;
our ſins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,
and let thy foes be ſlain.

[2. The lion with his dreadful roar
affrights thy feeble ſheep;

Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
and chain him to the deep.

3. Must we indulge a long despair?
shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear,
nor tears affect thine eye?]

4. If thou despise a mortal groan,
yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An advocate so near the throne
pleads and prevails with *God*.

5. He brought the spirit's pow'rful sword,
to slay our deadly foes:
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
and hell in vain oppose.

6. How boundless is our Father's grace,
in heighth, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our right'ousness,
his spirit is our strength.

CLXIV. *The end of the world.*

1. WHY should this earth delight us so?
why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
and ev'ry pleasure dies?

2. While time his sharpest teeth prepares
our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
and joys above his pow'r

3. Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
the sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
before my Saviour's face.

4. When will that glorious morning rise?
when the last trumpet sound,

And call the nations to the skies,
from underneath the ground?

CLXV. *Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.*

1. LONG have I sat beneath the sound
of thy salvation, *Lord*;
But still how weak my faith is found,
and knowledge of thy word.

2. Oft I frequent thy holy place,
and hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of thy grace
my mem'ry can retain!

[3. My dear Almighty, and my *God*,
how little art thou known
By all the judgements of thy rod,
and blessings of thy throne!

4. How cold and feeble is my love!
how negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
how few affections there!

5. Great *God*! thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
to give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
and make me learn thy grace.

[6. Shew my forgetful feet the way
that leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
and love shall never die.]

CLXVI. *The divine perfections.*

1. HOW shall I praise th' eternal *God*,
that infinite unknown!
Who can ascend his high abode,
or venture near his throne?

[2. The great invisible! he dwells
conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
the secrets of the night.

3. Those watchful eyes that never sleep
survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

[4. Speak we of strength? his arms is strong
to save or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
and endless is his joy.]

[5. He knows no shadow of a change,
nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
to guard his promises.]

[6. Sinners before his presence die:
how holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
burn like devouring flame.]

7. Justice upon a dreadful throne
maintains the rights of *God*;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
bought with a Saviour's blood,

8. Now to my soul, immortal King,
speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
the glories of my *Lord*.

CLXVII. *The divine perfection.*

1. GREAT *God*! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips, in songs of honour bring,
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

[2. Earth and the ſtars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne:
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their *Lord*.]

[3. His ſov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he commands, who dare oppoſe?
With ſtrength he girds himſelf around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

[4. Who ſhall pretend to teach him ſkill,
Or guide the counſels of his will?
His wiſdom, like a ſea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

[5. His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealouſy;
He hates the ſons of pride, and ſheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

[6. The beamings of his piercing ſight
Bring dark hypocriſy to light;
Death and diſtruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]

[7. Th' eternal law before him ſtands;
His juſtice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the ſceptre, or the ſword.]

[8. His mercy, like a boundleſs ſea,
Waſhes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and dy'd,
T' engage his juſtice on our ſide.]

[9. Each of his words demands my faith;
My ſoul can reſt on all he ſaith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largeſt promiſe of his lips.]

10. Oh, tell me, with a gentle voice,
Thou art my GOD, and I'll rejoice!

Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

CLXVIII. *The same.*

1. JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2. His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seals the grace.

3. Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles satan's deep designs:
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfill
The noblest counsels of of his will.

4. And will this glorious *Lord* descend
To be my Father, and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heav'n is secure, if *God* be mine.

CLXIX. *The same; as the* cxlviii. *Psalm.*

1. THE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2. The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,

His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3. Thro' all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs;
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.

4. And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name,
I love his word;
Join all my pow'rs,
And praise the *Lord.*

CLXX. God *incomprehensible and sovereign.*

[1. *CAN creatures, to perfection, find
Th' eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

2. 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know, or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3. But man, vain man, would fain be wise,
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
Thro' all the follies of his mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty wind.]

4. *God* is a King of pow'r unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne:

* Job xi. 7, &c.

If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

5. He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul:
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

6. * He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon:
† The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

7. He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent, and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

8. These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face;
Who can endure his light? or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

* Job xxv. 5. † Job xxvi. 11, &c.

The End of the Second Book.

HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK III.

Prepared for the Holy Ordinance of the LORD's Supper.

I. *The* LORD's *Supper inſtituted*, 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell aroſe
Againſt the Son of *God's* delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2. Before the mournful ſcene began,
He took the bread, and bleſs'd and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he ſpake!

3. *This is my body, broke for ſin,*
Receive and eat the living food:
Then took the cup, and bleſs'd the wine;
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

4 For us his fleſh with nails was torn,
He bore the ſcourge, he felt the thorn,
And juſtice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance, in our ſtead.

5. For us his vital blood was ſpilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When, for black crimes of biggeſt ſize,
He gave his ſoul a ſacrifice.]

6. *Do this* (he cry'd) *'till time ſhall end,*
In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

[7. *Jeſus*, thy feaſt we celebrate,
We ſhew thy death, we ſing thy name,
'Till thou return, and we ſhall eat
The marriage ſupper of the *Lamb.*]

II. *Communion with* Chriſt *and with ſaints*, 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

1. JESUS invites his ſaints
to meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels ſit and hold
communion with their *Lord.*

2. For food he gives his fleſh;
he bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour! matchleſs grace
of our deſcending *God!*]

3. This holy bread and wine,
maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living *Lord*
and int'reſt in his death.

4. Our heav'nly Father calls
Chriſt and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
and he the firſt-born Son,

5. We are but ſev'ral parts
of the ſame broken bread;
One body hath it ſeveral limbs,
but *Jeſus* is the head.

6. Let all our pow'rs be join'd
his glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
and ev'ry voice be praise.

III. *The new testament in the blood of* Christ; or *the new covenant sealed.*

1. *THE promise of my Father's love*
shall stand for ever good:
He said, and gave his soul to death,
and seal'd the grace with blood.

2. To this dear cov'nant to thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement of my *Lord*,
and make my humble claim.

3. The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace
and glory, shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
and all my powers are thine.

4. I call that legacy my own
which *Jesus* did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
and ratify'd in death.

5. Sweet is the mem'ry of his name
who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
made his own life the seal.

IV. Christ's *dying love*; or, *our pardon bought at a dear price.*

1. HOW condescending, and how kind,
was *God*'s eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
and pity brought him down.

[2. When justice, by our sins provok'd,
drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
without a murm'ring word.]

[3. He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
to raise us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
but cost his heart a groan.]

4. This was compassion like a *God*,
that when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
his pity ne'er withdrew.

5. Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
his love is still as great:
Well he remembers *Calvary*,
nor let his saints forget.

[6. Here we behold his bowels roll
as kind as when he dy'd,
And see the sorrows of his soul
bleed thro' his wounded side.]

[7. Here we receive repeated seals
of *Jesus'* dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
one soft affection move.]

8. Here let our hearts begin to melt,
while we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
mourn that we pierc'd the *Lord*.

V. Christ *the bread of life*, John. vi. 34, 35, 39.

D. LET us adore th' eternal word,
'tis he our souls hath fed:
Thou art our living stream, O *Lord*,
and thou th' immortal bread.

[2. The manna came from lower skies,
but *Jesus* from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
and rivers flow with love.

3. The *Jews*, the fathers dy'd at last,
who eat that heav'nly bread;
But these provisions which we taste
can raise us from the dead.]

4. Bless'd be the *Lord*, that gives his flesh
to nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh,
lest we should faint again.

5. Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
whilst *Jesus* finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For *Jesus* never dies.

[6. Daily our mortal flesh decays,
but *Christ* our life shall come;
His unresisted pow'r shall raise
our bodies from the tomb.]

VI. *The memorial of our absent* Lord, John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

1. JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2. He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3. The *Lord* of Life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the *God*.

4. Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5. Whilst he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

[6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning *Lord* shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

VII. *Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ, Gal. vi. 14.*

1. WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it *Lord*, that I should boast,
Save in the death of *Christ* my *God*:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

[4. His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

VIII. *The Tree of Life.*

[1. COME, let us join a joyful tune
to our exalted *Lord*,
Ye ſaints on high around his throne,
and we around his board.

2. While once upon this lower ground
weary and faint ye ſtood,
What dear refreſhment here ye found
from this immortal food!]

3. The tree of life, that near the throne
in heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
its ever-ſmiling boughs.

[4. Hov'ring amongſt the leaves, there ſtands
the ſweet celeſtial Dove,
And *Jeſus* on the branches hangs
the banner of his love.]

[5. 'Tis a young heav'n of ſtrange delight
while in his ſhade we ſit:
His fruit is pleaſing [illegible] ight,
and to the taſte as ſweet.

6. New life it ſpreads thro' dying hearts,
and chears the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
without a ſting behind.)

7. Now let the flaming weapon ſtand,
and guard all *Eden*'s trees;
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
that bears ſuch fruit as theſe.

8. Infinite grace our ſouls adore,
whoſe wond'rous hand has made
This living branch of ſov'reign pow'r
to raiſe and heal the dead.

IX. *The Spirit, the water, and the blood,* 1 John v. 6.

1. LET all our tongues be one,
to praise our *God* on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
to fetch us strangers nigh.

2. Nor let our voices cease
to sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' Ambassador of Peace,
how chearfully he came!

3. It cost him cries and tears
to bring us near to *God*;
Great was our debt, and he appears
to make the payment good.

[4. My Saviour's pierced side
pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
and pardon'd by the blood.

5. Infinite was our guilt,
but he, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
and offer'd with his groans.]

6. Look up, my soul, to him
whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
flow from his breaking heart.

7. There, on the curs'd tree,
in dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
and all our wants supplies.

8. Thus the Redeemer came,
by water, and by blood:
And when the spirit speaks the same,
we feel his witness good.

9. While the eternal Three
bear their record above,
Here I believe he died for me
and seal'd my Saviour's love.

[10. *Lord*, cleanse my soul from sin,
nor let thy grace depart,
Great Comforter! abide within
and witness to my heart.

X. Christ *crucified*; *the wisdom and power of* God.

1. NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her maker's praise abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a *God*.

2. But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines:
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

[3. Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.]

4. Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

5. O! the sweet wonders of that cross
Where *God* the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

6. I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the *Lamb*,
And worship at his father's throne.

XI. *Pardon brought to our senses.*

1. LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
how heav'nly is the place
Where *Jesus* spreads the sacred feast
of his redeeming grace!

2. There the rich bounties of our *God*,
and sweetest glories shine;
There *Jesus* says, that *I am his,*
and my beloved's mine.

3. *Here,* (says the kind redeeming *Lord.*
and shews his wounded side)
See here the spring of all your joys,
that open'd when I dy'd!

[4. He smiles, and clears my mournful heart,
and tells of all his pain;
All this says he, *I bore for thee,*
and then he smiles again.]

5. What shall we pay our heav'nly King
for grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
and seals it with a kiss.

[6. Let such amazing loves as these
be sounded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
and worthy of a *God*]

[7. To him that wash'd us in his blood
be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
eternal as his days.]

XII. *The gospel feast,* Luke xiv. 16, *&c.*

[1. HOW rich are thy provisions, *Lord!*
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2. Thine ancient family, the *Jews*,
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And *Gentiles* thy salvation taste.

3. We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh!
But, at the gospel-call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4. From the high-way that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

[5. What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'rers back to *God!*

6. It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls, it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7. Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pity'd rebels, when he knew
The vast expence his love would cost.]

XIII. *Divine love making a feast, and calling in the guests*, Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

1. HOW sweet and awful is the place,
with *Christ* within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
the choicest of her stores!

2. Here ev'ry bowel of our *God*
with soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
is food for dying souls.

[3. While all our hearts and all our songs
join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
" *Lord*, why was I a guest?

4. " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
" and enter while there's room;
" When thousands make a wretched choice,
" and rather starve than come?"]

5. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
that sweetly forc'd us in;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
and perish'd in our sin.

[6. Pity the nations, O our *God*,
constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
and bring the strangers home.

7. We long to see thy churches full,
that all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
sing thy redeeming grace.]

XIV *The song of* Simeon; or, *a sight of* Christ *makes death easy*, Luke ii. 28.

1. NOW have our hearts embrac'd our *God*
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die, as *Simeon* wou'd
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2. Our lips should learn that joyful song
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his;
" Our souls still waiting to be gone,
" And, at thy word, depart in peace.

3. " Here we have seen thy face, O *Lord*,
" And view salvation with our eyes,
" Tasted and felt the living word,
" The bread descending from the skies.

4. " Thou haſt prepar'd this dying *Lamb*,
" Haſt ſet his blood before our face,
" To teach the terrors of thy name,
" And ſhew the wonders of thy grace.

5. " He is our light, our morning-ſtar
" Shall ſhine on nations yet unknown;
" The glory of thine *Iſrael* here,
" And joy of ſpirits near the throne."

XV. *Our Lord* Jeſus *at his own table.*

[1. THE mem'ry of our dying *Lord*
awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he ſpread his royal board
and bleſs'd the food, and ſung.

2. Happy the men that eat this bread,
but double bleſs'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
and lean'd it, *Lord*, on thee.

3. By faith the ſame delights we taſte
as that great fav'rite did,
And ſit and lean on *Jeſus'* breaſt,
and take the heav'nly bread.]

4. Down from the palace of the ſkies
hither the King deſcends!
" Come, my beloved, eat (he cries)
" and drink ſalvation, friends.

[5. " My fleſh is food and phyſic, too,
" a balm for all your pains:
" And the red ſtreams of pardon flow
" from theſe my pierced veins."]

6. Hoſanna to his bounteous love,
for ſuch a feaſt below!
And yet he feeds his ſaints above
with nobler bleſſings too.

[7. Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
that brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
but dwell at th' heav'nly feast.]

XVI. *The agonies of* Christ.

1. NOW let our pains be all forgot,
our hearts no more repine;
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
when, *Lord*, compar'd with thine.

2. In lively figures here we see
the bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us hope, he dy'd for me,
and then our griefs remove.

[3. Our humble faith here takes her rise,
while sitting round his board;
And back to *Calvary* she flies,
to view her groaning *Lord*.

4. His soul, what agonies it felt
when his own *God* withdrew:
And the large load of all our guilt
lay heavy on him too.

5. But the divinity within
supported him to bear;
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
and made his triumph there.]

6. Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
the wonders of that day:
No mortal tongues nor mortal thought
can equal thanks repay.

7. Our hymns should sound like those above,
could we our voices raise;
Yet, *Lord*, our hearts shall all be love,
and all our lives be praise.

XVII. *Incomparable food*; or, *the flesh and blood of* Christ.

[1. WE sing th' amazing deeds
that grace divine performs;
Th' eternal *God* comes down, and bleeds,
to nourish dying worms.

2. This soul-reviving wine,
dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine,
for this immortal food.]

3. The banquet that we eat
is made of heav'nly things;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
as our Redeemer brings.

4. In vain had *Adam* sought,
and search'd his garden round,
For there was no such blessed fruit
in all the happy ground.

5. Th' angelick host above
can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
but not a Saviour's blood.

6. On us th' almighty *Lord*
bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some chearing word,
with pleasure in his face.

7. Come, all ye drooping saints,
and banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
and tune your voice to sing.

8. Salvation to the name
of our adored *Christ*:
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
his glory in the high'st.

XVIII. *The same.*

1. JESUS! we bow before thy feet!
Thy table is divinely stor'd;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread; we thank thee, *Lord!*

2. And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord! 'tis gen'rous wine,
Mingled with love; the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3. On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the *Lamb*'s flesh is heav'nly food:
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

4. Carnal provisions can at best
But chear the heart, or warm the head;
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5. Joy to the Master of the feast,
His name our souls for ever bless;
To *God* the King and *God* the Priest
A loud hosanna round the place.

XIX. *Glory in the Cross; or not ashamed of Christ crucified.*

1. AT thy command, our dearest *Lord*,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

2. Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3. Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;

We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4. With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting, 'till he come.

XX. *The provisions for the table of our Lord; or, the Tree of Life, and River of Love.*

1. LORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
and sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
for ev'ry willing guest.

[2. The Tree of Life adorns the board
with rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
to guard the passage to't.

3. The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
the fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming, for our use,
in rivulets of love.]

4. The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
the pleasure's well refin'd
They spread new life through ev'ry heart
and chear the drooping mind.

5. Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
ye saints that taste his wine;
Join with the kindred saints above,
in loud hosanna's join.

6. A thousand glories to the *God*
that gives such joy as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
and reach where *Jesus* is.

XXI. *The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin, and death, and hell.*

[1. COME, let us lift our voices high,
high as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
where pleasure never dies.

2. Jesus, the *God* that fought and bled,
and conquer'd when he fell,
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
dragg'd all the powers of hell.]

[3. *Jesus*, the *God*, invites us here,
to this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
for each redeemed guest.

4. The *Lord*! how glorious is his face!
how kind his smiles appear!
And, oh! what melting words he says
to every humble ear!

5. " For you, the children of my love,
" it was for you I dy'd;
" Behold my hands, behold my feet,
" and look into my side.

6. " These are the wounds for you I bore,
" the tokens of my pains,
" When I came down to free your souls
" from misery and chains.

[7 " Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
" and plung'd it in my heart;
" Infinite pangs for you I bore,
" and most tormenting smart.

8. " When hell and all its spiteful pow'rs
" stood dreadful in my way,
" To rescue those dear lives of yours,
" I gave my own away.

9. "But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
"I ruin'd ſatan's throne;
"High on my croſs I hung, and ſpy'd
"the monſter tumbling down.

10. "Now you muſt triumph at my feaſt,
"and taſte my fleſh, my blood,
And live eternal ages bleſs'd,
"for 'tis immortal food."

11. Victorious God! what can we pay
for favours ſo divine?
We would devote our hearts away
to be for ever thine.]

12. We give thee, *Lord*, our higheſt praiſe,
the tribute of our tongues;
But themes ſo infinite as theſe
exceed our nobleſt ſongs.

XXII. *The compaſſion of a dying* Chriſt.

1. OUR ſpirits join t' adore the *Lamb*:
Oh, that our feeble lips could move
In ſtrains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2. Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of Heav'n reſigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground,
To ranſom guilty worms from death.

[3. Rebels we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threat'nings ſets us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his croſs,
And nail'd the curſes to the tree.]

[4. The law proclaims no terror now,
And *Sinai*'s thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new bleſſings flow,
A ſea of joy without a ſhore.

5. Here we have waſh'd our deepeſt ſtains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood:
Bleſs'd fountain! ſpringing from the veins
Of *Jeſus*, our incarnate *God*.]

6. In vain our mortal voices ſtrive
To ſpeak compaſſion ſo divine:
Had we a thouſand lives to give,
A thouſand lives ſhould all be thine.

XXIII. *Grace and glory by the death of* Chriſt.

[1. SITTING around our Father's board,
we raiſe our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds our dying *Lord*,
and dooms our ſins to death.]

2. We ſee the blood of *Jeſus* ſhed,
whence all our pardons riſe;
The ſinner views th' atonement made,
and loves the ſacrifice.

3. Thy cruel thorns, thy ſhameful croſs,
procure us heav'nly crowns:
Our higheſt gain ſprings from thy loſs;
our healing, from thy wounds.

4. Oh! 'tis impoſſible that we,
who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal ſuff'rings bear for thee,
or equal thanks repay.

XXIV. *Pardon and ſtrength from* Chriſt.

1. FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
to ſee thy glories ſhine;
The *Lord*, will his own table bleſs,
and make the feaſt divine.

2. We touch, we taſte the heav'nly bread,
we drink the ſacred cup;

With outward forms our sense is fed,
our souls rejoice in hope.

3. We shall appear before the throne
of our forgiving *God*,
Dress'd in the garments of his son,
and sprinkled with his blood.

4. We shall be strong to run the race,
and climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
he bought a large supply.

[5. Let us indulge a chearful frame,
for joy becomes a feast;
We love the mem'ry of his name,
more than the wine we taste.]

XXV. *Divine glories and graces.*

1. HOW are thy glories here display'd
Great *God!* how bright they shine,
While, at thy word, we break the bread,
and pour the flowing wine!

2. Here thy revenging justice stands,
and pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
like *Jesus* on the cross.

3. Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace
on this great sacrifice;
And love appears with chearful face,
and faith with fixed eyes.

4. Our hope in waiting posture sits,
to heav'n directs her sight;
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,
and warmer pow'rs unite,

5. Zeal and revenge perform their part,
and rising sin destroy;

Repentance comes with aching heart,
yet not forbids the joy.

6. Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
let sin for ever die;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
and ev'ry tear be dry.

I Cannot perſuade myſelf to put a full period to theſe divine Hymns, 'till I have addreſſed a ſpecial ſong of glory to God *the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Tho' the Latin name of it,* Glor'a Patri, *be retained in our nation from the* Roman *church; and tho' there may be ſome exceſſes of ſuperſtitious honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought ſome unhappy prejudices in weaker Chriſtians, yet I believe it ſtill to be one of the nobleſt parts of Chriſtian worſhip. The ſubject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our Lord* Jeſus Chriſt *has ſo clearly revealed unto men, and is ſo neceſſary to true Chriſtianity. The action is praiſe, which is one of the moſt complete and exalted parts of heavenly worſhip. I have caſt the ſong into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain verſion or a larger paraphraſe, to be ſung either alone, or at the concluſion of another hymn. I have added alſo a few Hoſannas or aſcriptions of Salvation to* Chriſt, *in the ſame manner, and for the ſame end.*

A ſong of praiſe to the ever-bleſſed Trinity, God *the Father, Son, and Spirit.*

XXVI. 1ſt *Long metre.*

1. BLESS'D be the Father, and his love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe
Rivers of endleſs joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2. Glory to thee, great Son of *God*,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3. We give thee, sacred spirit, praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4. Thus *God* the Father, *God* the Son,
And *God* the spirit we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

XXVII. 1st *Common Metre.*

1. GLORY to *God* the Father's name,
who from our sinful race,
Chose out his fav'rites, to proclaim
the honours of his grace.

2. Glory to *God* the Son be paid,
who dwelt in humble clay,
And to redeem us from the dead,
gave his own life away.

3. Glory to *God* the spirit give
from whose almighty pow'r
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
and bless the happy hour.

4. Glory to *God* that reigns above,
th' eternal Three and one One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
has made his nature known.

XXVIII. 1st *Short Metre.*

1. LET *God* the Father live
forever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
the ground of all their songs.

2. Ye saints, employ your breath
in honour to the Son.
Who brought your souls from hell and death,
by off'ring up his own.

3. Give to the spirit praise,
of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace convey
salvation down to men.

4. While *God*, the Comforter,
reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
the same record within.

5. To the great One and Three,
that seal this grace in heav'n,
The father, son, and spirit, be
eternal glory giv'n.

XXIX. 2d *Long Metre.*

1. GLORY to *God* the Trinity,
whose name has mysteries unknown,
In essence One, in person Three,
a social nature, yet alone.

2. When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd,
the honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories over-match our mind,
and angels faint beneath the praise.

XXX. 2d *Common Metre.*

1. THE *God* of mercy be ador'd
who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
and new creating breath.

2. To praise the Father, and the Son,
and spirit, all divine,

The One in Three, and Three in One,
let saints and angels join.

XXXI. 2d *Short Metre.*

1. LET *God* the Maker's name
have honour, love and fear;
To *God* the Saviour pay the same,
and *God* the Comforter.

2. Father of lights above,
thy mercy we adore,
The son of thy eternal love,
and spirit of thy pow'r.

XXXII. 3d *Long Metre.*

TO *God* the Father, *God* the Son,
And *God* the spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

XXXIII. *Or thus:*

ALL glory to thy wond'rous name,
Father of mercy, *God* of love:
Thus we exalt the *Lord* the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

XXXIV. 3d *Common Metre.*

NOW let the Father and the Son,
and spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
or saints to love the *Lord.*

XXXV. *Or thus:*

HONOUR to thee, almighty Three,
and everlasting One;

All glory to the Father be,
the spirit, and the Son.

XXXVI. 3d *Short Metre.*

YE angels round the throne,
and saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
and bliss the spirit too.

XXXVII. *Or thus:*

GIVE to the Father praise,
give glory to the Son,
And to the spirit of his grace
be equal honour done.

XXXVIII. *A song of praise to the blessed Trinity. The* 1st *as the* cxlviii. Psalm.

1. I Give immortal praise,
To *God* the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

2. To *God* the son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe,
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3. To *God* the spirit's name
Immortal worship give,

Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4. Almighty *God*, to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs,
Their faith prevails,
And love adores.

XXXIX. *The* 2d *as the* cxlviii. Psalm.

1. TO him that chose us first,
Before the world began
To him that bore the curse
To save rebellious man,
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew,
Is endless praise
And glory due.

2. The father's love shall run
Thro' our immortal songs;
We bring to *God* the son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips address
The spirit's name
With equal praise
And zeal the same.

3. Let ev'ry saint above,
And angel round the throne
The sacred three in one:

Thus heav'n ſhall raiſe
His honours high,
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

XL. The 3d *as the* cxlviii. Pſalm.

TO *God* the Father's throne
perpetual honours raiſe
Glory to *God* the ſon,
To *God* the ſpirit praiſe;
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we ſing.

XLI. *Or thus:*

TO our eternal *God*,
The father and the ſon,
And ſpirit all divine,
Three myſteries in one,
Salvation, pow'r,
And praiſe be giv'n,
By all on earth,
And all in heav'n.

The HOSANNA; or, *ſalvation aſcribed to* Chriſt.

XLII. *Long Metre.*

1. HOSANNA to King *David's* ſon,
Who reigns on a ſuperior throne;
We bleſs the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings ſalvation down to earth.

2. Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in *Sion* ſing
The growing glories of her King.

XLIII. *Common Metre.*

1. HOSANNA to the Prince of grace;
Sion, behold thy King;
Proclaim the son of *David*'s race,
and teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to the incarnate word,
who from the father came;
Ascribe salvation to the *Lord*,
with blessings on his name.

XLIV. *Short metre.*

1. HOSANNA to the Son
of *David* and of *God*,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
and bought it with his blood.

2. To *Christ* the anointed King
be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
who made our peace with heav'n.

XLV. *As the* cxlviii. Psalm.

1. HOSANNA to the King
Of *David*'s ancient blood:
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from *God*:
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay.

2. Glory to *God* on high,
Salvation to the *Lamb*;
Let earth and sea and sky,
His wond'rous love proclaim:
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
And ev'ry age
Pronounce him bless'd.

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